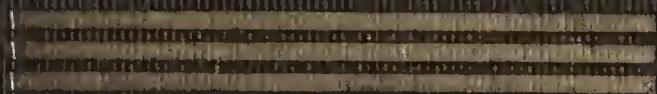


ITALY

A Stereoscopic Tour





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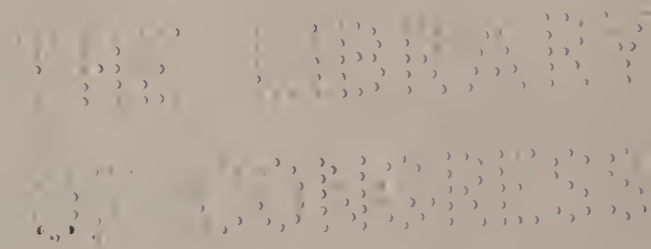
ITALY

A STEREOSCOPIC TOUR

CONDUCTED BY

FRANK GARDNER MOORE, PH.D.

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H. C. WHITE CO.

NORTH BENNINGTON, VERMONT, U. S. A.

1903

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

To accompany their series of one hundred carefully selected views of Italy, the publishers take pleasure in presenting a descriptive guide-book, written by Frank Gardner Moore, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Latin and of Roman Archæology in Dartmouth College, who has also contributed the Introduction, including an explanation of the stereoscopic effect, and a perspective view of Italian history. A series of twelve maps makes it possible for any one who would enjoy the delights of an imaginary tour in Italy to follow the itinerary step by step. It will be seen that the maps of Rome, Naples, and the other cities, are crossed by red lines. These mark the line of sight from the position occupied by the camera to the centre of the field of vision. If, for example, the general view of Naples (No. 1) is before us, and we wish to make the best use of the map, the latter (map No. 2) should be placed upon a table, with the red line numbered one leading directly away from the user of the stereoscope. The stereograph of the corresponding number being now placed in the instrument, held in the same direction as the red line, it becomes possible to get one's bearings with great accuracy, and to identify upon the map the various buildings and other objects of interest in the field of view. The limits to right and left are clearly indicated in the description. The sense of real presence before the scene is thus increased, as one is enabled to put himself on the precise spot chosen by the photographer, and to look in the

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

same direction. At the top of each page will be found the number of the appropriate map, as also that of the stereograph itself, to facilitate cross-reference. The smallest amount of practice in using the stereoscope, the map, and the description together, will produce the happy illusion of an actual visit—whether for the first time or the tenth—to these famous scenes, under the personal direction of a conductor who has allowed himself this diversion in the hope of giving others a pleasure which, unlike the real tour, may be repeated at a moment's notice, or handed on to others for their enjoyment and profit.

ON SEEING WITH BOTH EYES

To see Italy,—could anything be simpler and easier? A comfortable steamer, German, Italian, or Canadian, to Naples; another from Genoa, not less luxurious, to bring you home again. In the meantime good hotels, and railways at least tolerable,—nothing to do, but to keep your eyes open, and see all the things set down in the guide-book. And of these many are as familiar as possible from pictures brought home years ago by some traveled relative. Surely nothing could be so simple as to see a country under such conditions. The very slightest amount of attention and effort seems to be all that is required, to bring home an abundant store of clear and well-ordered memories. And yet brother John and cousin Mary, who have been, and profess to know, agree in saying that it will be years before they wish to see any more sights; that they never worked so hard in their lives. If questioned they will admit that they seldom rose before nine o'clock, that they drove everywhere, and never spent more than an hour at a time in a gallery; that they saw nothing that was not starred in their Baedekers; and came home to their hotel, after a day of racing about, thoroughly tired in body and confused in mind. And if they would confess the whole truth, they would tell you that at the dinner table, when asked what sights they had seen that afternoon, they sometimes hesitated, and had to refresh one another's memory. "What did we see this afternoon? Was it the Lateran, or St. Peter's? It had something to do with the Pope anyway." They do not usually forget things in this fashion, or claim that play is work. It was for rest and change that they went away; yet they claim to be worn out, and the change does not seem to have improved them. Is it a little affectation "made abroad," and brought back to create an impression upon the stay-at-homes,—this fashionable form of laziness which appears to be an unavoidable result of hasty travel? Are they so sure that they will go again some day, to see the things—such a long list of them—which they calmly omitted on their recent tour? So they say,

but one cannot help having doubts. The contagion is still there, and a second attack of the malady might be even more serious. To one who has lived for years in the hope of seeing those very things, it is perfectly incomprehensible that any one could so soon lose his interest, and come home with the bare-faced confession: "Yes, we ought to have seen this; and I don't know how we came to overlook that; but we were tired, and a hotel acquaintance told us they were not worth our trouble." The trouble of using two eyes, given us for no other purpose!

Plainly the explanation is not to be found in the eyes alone. The feast was too bountiful. At first they gloated over the endless variety so temptingly spread out before them. Then came a feeling of surfeit. It was not an affectation of delicate appetite. Even the strongest mental digestion could not dispose of all these varied impressions at once. It was not mere indolence, borrowed from half-hearted companions in travel. There was nothing to do but to select a few things, with such judgment as was possible under the circumstances, and let the rest go, in the hope that a few memories at least would be permanent, and that time for reflection at home would at last bring order into a confused mind.

Time to prepare in advance, time to think on the spot, might have given them the necessary perspective for their mental pictures. As it is, their impressions were much as if they had been looking with one eye—the other closed—and seeing everything projected upon a single plane, the nearer objects bigger than those more remote, but not standing out in clear contrast. For in the mind's eye the impression received from without needs the correction of another faculty, viewing things from another standpoint. Reflection is the other eye of the mind. And if the things seen are to be understood and remembered, this second and inward eye is as necessary as is one of the outward eyes to the other in the simple act of vision.

As for ordinary seeing, most of us have passed through the childish belief that Nature gave us two eyes as a mere precaution, to guard against an accident on the Fourth of July or in the baseball field. By and by we discover that the two eyes do not see precisely the same things, that they are in fact two independent observers, occupying independent posts, each reporting to the brain what it sees, leaving the mind to combine these slightly different pictures into one image. Taken separ-

ately, the right-eye picture occupies a different place from that produced by the left. The rapid closing of the alternate eyes shifts the view from side to side in a confusing fashion, and all objects near at hand move swiftly across a stationary background. Looking out of the window with one eye closed we see the sticks of the window as fixed bars across the landscape; open the other eye, and the vertical sticks conceal nothing of what lies beyond; they seem to be not transparent, and yet deprived of their solid substance. The truth is, of course, that they obstruct the view of the right eye at one point, and that of the left at another, leaving the one eye free to see what is for the moment invisible to the other; and the mental picture is as complete as if there were no interruption. It is not so, however, with the horizontal sticks, which are a real obstruction.

We have the reason, then, why objects in the foreground of any view seem to detach themselves from what is behind, and to stand out with an impression of reality which is usually lacking in pictures. The distant objects are practically the same, with whichever eye they are seen, but coming nearer, a tree, for example, shows the rounded form of its trunk, not merely by the light and shade, from which the mind might reason that it must have this form, in order to produce that effect, but by our consciousness that we actually see things behind the trunk. Hence the effect of relief, of things at their true distances from each other and from the eyes. Where vision alone is unable to decide, experience comes to our aid, and unconscious judgments enter into the impression of everything that we see. To such an extent is this true, that it requires a large gift of imagination to see things as little children see them, as we saw them ourselves, before we had learned to associate things seen with what we had remembered, and to use past experiences as a help toward the explanation and understanding of what was before our eyes. But in all such judgments we are very dependent on the slight distance between the eyes. Just as in the naval warfare of recent times everything turns upon ingenious contrivances for the determination of the range,—the exact distance from the enemy's ship or fort, and as these inventions require two distinct points of observation, in different parts of the ship, so in the most ordinary and everyday seeing we rely completely upon our two independent observers, less than three inches apart, reporting to the mind their distinct impressions, there to

be combined into one picture, with its distances unconsciously measured and recorded by the hidden mechanism of our mental range-finder.

When we look at an ordinary photograph we are really closing one eye, and looking with the other. For the common camera has but one lens,—a single eye. Here, for example, is a photograph of an old Greek temple in Sicily, standing upon a height. At one side is a venerable olive tree, and the foreground is overgrown with the cactus. It is a beautiful picture, cleverly taken, with every appearance, one would at first say, of absolute fidelity to Nature. In reality, however, this is not at all what the eyes of the photographer saw. This olive tree, with its gnarled trunk and gray foliage, did not altogether obstruct the view beyond, as it unquestionably does in the picture. And these cactus plants, as seen by two eyes, stood out in bold relief, and what is behind them was seen as clearly as what lies before. The ancient columns of the temple would have stood away from the wall behind and from the inner columns, giving one a distinct impression of those dark spaces in the shadow. But in the one-eyed photograph we are left to place them in their true position by the purely mental act of inference from the way in which the shadows fall. With the right eye we should have seen a little more on the right side of each column. In the same way the left eye would have supplemented the sight of its companion in seeing a little more on its side of the column. And while this seems a small matter, it contributes very much to that sense of actual relief which we constantly have in the most ordinary use of our eyes, but which the common photograph cannot possibly give us.

In spite of this obvious defect—and a very serious one it is—photographs of famous places and buildings, of sculptures and paintings, are sold in ever increasing quantities to travelers. And no country is so completely represented by them as Italy. Nor is there any country where they have attained a higher standard of excellence. As a business, photography has had an enormous increase even in the smaller cities in the last ten years. But the most beautiful of the great carbon prints labors under the fatal disadvantage of which we have been speaking. The largest camera is a kind of Cyclops, lacking the second eye, which alone would enable it to see things as we see them. Such photographs are therefore chiefly useful in enabling one who has

seen the subject of the picture to recall it to mind. Even with the help of a good memory he is not brought back into the presence of the original. And, unless it be a painting, no one else can possibly gain the same impression. It is a cold, lifeless thing, a record of what one eye saw. It can never produce an illusion of the actual scene.

On the other hand the stereoscope was invented by Wheatstone and Sir David Brewster to reproduce the two-eyed vision, with all its realism.* The camera is given two eyes, or lenses, carefully placed at the average distance between the human eyes. For every scene or subject there are thus two separate pictures, at first sight the same, or so nearly so that their differences seem to be largely a matter of trimming the edges. Examined more closely they show obvious differences in every object in the foreground. It is evident that as the right eye sees more on the right side of an object than the left can, and conversely, so the right-hand lens has given to the plate impressions which are bound to vary from those received and transmitted by the left-hand lens. And, as in ordinary seeing, so in these companion pictures, anything in the foreground appears projected against one point in the background of the right-hand view, and against a different point, as seen in its companion. Thus, when the two independent pictures have been combined by the stereoscope into one, even a row of slender columns may prove little more of an obstacle than the upright sticks in the window. An example would be the beautiful view of the cloisters of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, at Rome (No. 57). And there could not be a better illustration of the advantages of the stereograph. Close one eye, and you have the effect of the common photograph; the columns block the view of the garden, and the garden itself becomes flat; we lose all idea of three dimensions, except as the mind tries to supply the defects of vision. Open both eyes, and the sense of space and openness returns. It is as though we were actually present in that "studious cloister's pale." Everything appears on the scale of the objects themselves. We can estimate the actual dimensions without fear of being deceived.

In this is one of the greatest advantages of the two-eyed picture. There is always something gained in having life in

* For some further improvements we are indebted to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

the foreground, but the traditional expedient, so long employed in photography as a matter of necessity,—that is, of placing a man in some prominent place in the picture, in order to show the scale of things,—becomes entirely unnecessary in the stereoscopic photograph. We are as able to measure the scale of a building in a stereograph as if we were actually there before it. It is in the sense of actuality that the fascination of the stereoscope consists. We do not seem to be looking at mere pictures, but to be bodily transferred in an instant to the place itself.

This feeling may be observed in vistas down the length of churches, or halls, as for example the nave of St. Peter's (No. 24), or that of St. Paul's (56), or the Gallery of Statues in the Vatican (30), or the Sistine Chapel (28), or the principal gallery of the Colonna Palace (51),—all at Rome; or the corridor of the Uffizi (69) at Florence, or in the nave of San Marco (84) at Venice, or in the Campo Santo (98) at Genoa. In any of these the impression of bodily presence is a marvel which does not diminish with acquaintance. But a street scene is equally real, as in Naples (Nos. 3-5), in Florence (66), in Venice (87-88). And for distant views, especially where a confusing mass occupies the foreground, no photograph can compare with the stereograph. Examples are the views of the Forum at Rome from various elevated points of view (Nos. 21, 36, 41), from the dome of St. Peter's (48-49), of Naples from S. Martino (1), of Florence from S. Miniato (76), of Venice from the Campanile (89). Again in details close at hand, as in works of sculpture, the stereoscope proves its superiority (Nos. 6-7, 25-27, 31, 42, 70-71, 75, 93).

From such typical examples of the stereoscopic photograph it is clear that things are seen in their actual size. There is no need of casting about to find somewhere in the picture an object, or figure, by which the mind may judge of the scale of the whole, and thus know whether the appearance of spaciousness is real or deceptive. In a common photograph of a great interior, for example, the sense of size is not instantaneous, but due to separate inferences from the scale of the furniture, from human figures, or from the repetition of features in the architectural scheme. A moment of study is required before we have found ourselves in such a photograph, and are quite safe from the danger of deception, since a picture of a model might produce the same effect. But in looking through the stereoscope at a view

of the same interior, the first glance conveys an immediate impression of great size. An excellent instance would be the view in the nave of San Marco at Venice (No. 84). And what is true in that case is equally true in others; the real scale of things is just as apparent, for example, in a street scene. While it is never possible to separate sight entirely from thought, the effect of the stereoscope is to bring before us a series of objects in their natural sizes, as well as in their actual relations to each other. It eliminates, in other words, that impression of an intervening medium, which in the simple photograph seems to come between us and the things we would see,—a medium which it requires repeated acts of judgment to penetrate, and which even then may produce distortion and misunderstanding.

In all these ways it is evident that a stereoscopic photograph not only serves the purposes of the common photograph, in reviving fading memories of things which one has actually seen—and infinitely better—but also provides a far more adequate preparation for travel, since the possibility of misunderstanding the picture is so much less. It ceases in fact to be a mere process of looking over pictures. No imagination is required to feel that a strange witchcraft has transferred us to Italy, and ushered us into the very presence of its monuments. From the background things are made to stand out for us with the most perfect semblance of reality. And at our leisure we may return to the same scene twenty times over. There will be none of the haste which deadens interest and confuses every impression. We have no trains to catch, no bargaining with hotel proprietors, no cabmen, no beggars to be paid for their insolence, no steamer waiting to bring us home again.

If circumstances compel us to defer the real journey, and first-hand acquaintance with the scenes of which we have so long dreamed, we have in the stereoscope and our hundred carefully chosen subjects an excellent substitute, provided care is taken to prepare, and time given for comparison and reflection. In this way we may obtain at home what is, after all, the best and most lasting result of intelligent travel,—a habit of close observation, and an ability to make the past an interpreter of the present.

Even if we are planning to make this stereoscopic tour of Italy a long continued pleasure, as often repeated as the farewell trips of a certain *prima donna*, we shall need some refreshing

of the memory, or even a more thorough preparation in the history of a country which has not only had a long past of its own, but has also given of its best in various ages for the general service of the world. Not to go equipped with some knowledge of Roman and Italian history, would be again to shut one eye and lose all the perspective, which alone can make the moving figures of to-day stand forth in their proper relief against all that lies behind. It is a long vista,—back from the twentieth century and the new Rome, spreading beyond its old walls, back through measureless distances to far away Cumæ, by the sea, a thousand years before Christ.

THE HISTORY OF ITALY

A STERESOCOPIC VIEW

A visit to an old country loses the greater part of its charms if we are not prepared to appreciate the perpetual contrasts it offers between past and present. We may be ignorant of its history, and of the part which that nation has played in bygone centuries. If so, we may see with our outward eyes the stir and life of the moment, but cannot hope to understand their full meaning; still less can we avail ourselves of the historic treasures in venerable buildings or in works of art. On the other hand we may come—especially if that land be Italy—with a memory stored with classic lore, and an absolute ignorance of its recent history and conditions in our own day. If we visit Italy, as most people do, in this painfully one-sided state of mind, we shall awake from the dreams of years with a shock, to find that those long-cherished visions do not square with present-day realities; that the life of to-day, as in every other living and progressive country, fills the whole foreground, while the historic scenes and places, of which we have been thinking so exclusively, are thrust completely into the background.

That trolley-cars should be heard in the streets of Rome, and even in the Forum itself, seems at first a real profanation. And what shall we say of the ancient walls, broken down to admit the railway? Or of the cascades of Tivoli, the Tibur of Horace, made to furnish an up-to-date capital with electric lights? But it does not take long to recover one's balance, and to find that this busy life, and these modern improvements, if not so picturesque as a romantic wilderness, are yet of a greater human interest. The most enthusiastic student of the past would not wish that Italy should have no future, but rather that this active present, often jostling the sacred things of the past, may atone for its rudeness by producing other things, great and good, and as sacred, perhaps, to coming ages. In

Greece one may well feel that there has been but one great and productive period in the history of the land, that all which has followed has been in comparison mere refuse, to be cleared away, that the ancient ruin may stand forth more perfectly in its purity of taste. In Italy, however, the whole situation is altogether different; one is constantly reminded that the genius of Roman history was—and is—continuity. It is not a series of brilliant scenes, but one great picture.

The art of seeing Italy, then, will consist in understanding first this foreground of the picture—the present, with all its turmoil—and then in distinguishing broadly between the various degrees of receding perspective, through the middle spaces to one plane after another of background, until sight is lost in distance.

To begin with the figures that meet us on the streets,—what is the meaning of this officer in a long cloak of light-gray, draped about his shoulders with all the skill with which the Roman orator of old arranged the folds of his toga? What does the soldier of a secular king in the streets of a city ruled for many centuries by a spiritual monarch, the earthly vicar of an invisible King? Why does the palace upon this hill—the Quirinal—seem to frown upon the distant Vatican, across the Tiber? For what reason does this capital, of all the capitals in the world, alone have two ambassadors from each of the countries of Europe, one accredited to the Pope, and one to the king? Of these two sovereigns, thus acknowledged by the rest of the world, why does one show himself constantly with his troops or driving in his carriage, while the other is never seen beyond the limits of a single palace, together with its church and its gardens, and is pleased to be called the Prisoner of the Vatican?

Here, in these few questions and their answers, is the whole story of United Italy, of the heroic struggles and bitter animosities through which the fragments of Italy were at last brought together into a single kingdom,—for better, or for worse.

Yet this story, which deserves to be as well-known as any other chapter in the history of Italy, is precisely where most travelers find themselves completely in the dark. They have filled their minds with the glories of the past, ignoring the new-made history, for the very reason that it belongs to yesterday.

It is almost impossible for one who sees the Italy of to-day to appreciate the changes which have been wrought since the days of Napoleon the First. What is now the Kingdom of Italy was then the embryo Kingdom of Sardinia, taking its name from that inert island, and its hopes for the future from the active Piedmont, with Savoy and Genoa. The capital was Turin, the king belonged to the house of Savoy. To the eastward, north of the Po, the conquering Austrians still held Lombardy and Venetia, the regions, that is, about Milan and Venice. South of the Po, besides two or three small principalities, Parma, Modena, and Lucca, lay Tuscany, a grand-duchy, with capital at Florence; and then the States of the Church, extending the whole width of the peninsula and southward beyond Rome, where the Pope ruled over these his temporal possessions. The whole southern half of the "boot," together with Sicily, owed allegiance to the King of the Two Sicilies, with Naples for its capital. So complicated was the political geography of Italy down to 1859.

A dozen years saw the removal of all these lines of division, the map reconstructed, and the capital removed in the end to Rome. The hated Austrian was at last expelled from Lombardy in 1859, after the victories of Magenta and Solferino, not without the aid of Napoleon III. Tuscany and the smaller states made common cause with Sardinia and Lombardy. In the South a revolution in 1860 brought the rule of the Bourbon kings over Naples and Sicily to an end. Thus was formed the new kingdom of Italy, and five years later, in 1865, Victor Emanuel removed his capital to Florence. The States of the Church had been reduced to the immediate vicinity of Rome.

In 1866, as a result of the war between Prussia and Austria, in which the latter was defeated, Venice and its territory were given up by the Austrians, and the new kingdom could extend its bounds to the head of the Adriatic. One loss of territory had been suffered in the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, as the price of aid against the Austrian. And now Victor Emanuel found his kingdom interrupted by the small tract still held by Pope Pius IX. Insignificant in size, this piece of land contained Rome, destined by every political reason to become once more the capital. Circumstances, rather than his own wish, seemed to be leading the king toward its inevitable occupation. The Pope, however, limited as his resources were, was defended by

French troops, and the powerful influence of their master, Napoleon III, until 1870, when France found herself at war in an unequal contest with Prussia. Deprived of his support the Pope was helpless, and little more than a nominal resistance was made to the entry of the Italian forces on September 20. Thus Rome received a king and a government which had migrated first from Turin to Florence, and then from Florence to Rome. The Pope, naturally enough, could not resign himself to the loss of his capital, nor come to any terms with the invading power. Shutting himself up in the Vatican for years, he bequeathed in 1878 to a greater successor, Leo XIII, the policy of a self-inflicted imprisonment, and a calm, if not altogether patient, waiting for developments, in the hope—to this day deferred—that some other power might intervene.

Thus Rome presents the unique spectacle of a capital with two courts and two monarchs. One of these, residing at the Quirinal, is the political ruler of the brand-new kingdom of Italy, with Sicily and Sardinia, and a single ill-starred province in Africa on the Red Sea. The other, although deprived of temporal sovereignty, and in his own eyes a prisoner in the Vatican, is still the spiritual ruler of a large fraction of the human race, and is venerated not only as the head of one of the oldest institutions in the world, but also as a man of the highest character and ability,—the worthy restorer of the old-time prestige of the papacy. To make the contrast between these two monarchs still more striking, the king is nearly sixty years younger than the Pope, who was already a cardinal before the king's grandfather, Victor Emanuel, ascended the throne of Sardinia; and became Pope a few weeks after Humbert, the king's father, succeeded to the Italian crown.

Animosity between these rival powers still continues to be the main force in Italian politics, but with the lapse of time hard feelings have been somewhat softened. Scarcely a year passes in which something does not occur which may be interpreted as an omen of ultimate reconciliation. Only a short time ago the garrison of royal troops which since 1870 had occupied the Castle of St. Angelo, the ancient fortress of the popes, was withdrawn.

The rapid growth of the city since it became the capital has made great changes, and the new Rome is altogether different from the Rome of the popes. But for the throngs of visitors

to Rome the centre of interest is not the Quirinal. It is still the Vatican and St. Peter's, or the Forum and the Palatine. To the outside world Rome is not so much the capital of the new kingdom—after all one of the lesser states—as the ancient seat of power,—the head and centre of the Roman Church, and the ideal source from which flow so many of the springs of European and American culture.

So much for the foreground of our picture, and the most conspicuous of the living figures. Immediately behind them one is vaguely conscious of things in themselves unattractive, and suggestive of decay rather than progress,—a dull period, unrelieved by any form of greatness. It was an age of the commonplace, vainly striving after originality in art, and producing little that is worthy of permanence. This is the mental and artistic desert which separates Italy of the Unification in the nineteenth century, from the Italy of the Renaissance in the fifteenth and sixteenth. Politically there are no great figures; no great popes in the eighteenth century, to keep the name of Rome before the world; small states everywhere were quarrelling with one another, until all were crushed for the time by Napoleon; misrule and corruption prevailed. Further back, in the seventeenth century we make out some well-known figures among the popes, but less for their prominence in the world at large, than as the builders of Roman churches and palaces.

With the Renaissance we have reached the middle ground of our picture, and a bewilderment of striking features. All these we shall find the more suggestive historically, and the more inspiring artistically, the more we become familiar with the great movements which made Italy in its most brilliant modern period. These were the Revival of Learning, and that revival of the arts to which the name Renaissance has been given. Beginning at Florence the two related movements affected all Italy, gradually reached the rest of Europe, and renewed the whole European civilization. Their ultimate effects then are to be found everywhere, wherever the modern man of training and refinement is to be found. But externally their immediate effects may best be studied in Italy in the great churches and palaces and libraries, and in the paintings and sculptures, produced in the early and unabated enthusiasm of a fresh contact with what remained of Greek and Roman art and letters. In

this period Italian history offers a most inviting field for study, as the meeting-place of ancient and modern life. Politically it was a period of rival cities, fiercely competing with each other, or combining against the strongest, Venice; an age of worldly popes, far too skilled in the game of politics and war; an age of intrigue and corrupt diplomacy, of general weakness in the face of danger from without, as from the Turks.

But we may not limit our view, and neglect the more distant parts of the picture. Back of the great revival, the Renaissance, lies the interminable period of the middle ages, at first sight a dead level, but to the more practiced eye relieved by many a commanding height. To this period belong the older cathedrals and churches, many of the palaces, long stretches of city-walls and countless towers; also the mosaics and paintings of the early masters. Outstripped in so many ways by the works of the Renaissance, these of the middle ages have yet a character of their own, and give to many of the most picturesque cities the charms which have made their names household words the world over. Venice, Siena, Perugia, and a dozen others still remain in all essentials mediæval cities. And yet they abound also in the products of the greater period which brought the middle age to an end with the fourteenth century.

The buildings of this period divide themselves into two leading styles, the Romanesque and the Gothic. Of these the former represented late Roman methods of building, modified by influences which came from Constantinople, while the Gothic was a foreign importation brought from France, and never thoroughly at home in Italy, or perfectly understood by southern architects. But the Romanesque did not cease to be practised after the introduction of the Gothic. Different regions of Italy had their own peculiarities, and their own schools, according to the special influences affecting the different cities.

Politically speaking the whole mediæval period was restless and unsettled. On the one hand there was the perpetual war of factions within the cities, and no possibility of permanent alliance between city and city. On the other there was the constant interference of the German-Roman emperors and the popes, or the meddling of France and Spain. Above the din of lesser strifes were heard the rival claims of empire and papacy, and the clash of temporal with spiritual powers. Significant of the general disorder in such a state of society were the tall, al-

most windowless, towers of the nobles. Many of them remain, as the most striking feature of some of the smaller towns; and even in the larger cities a few still stand as grim reminders of days when all society was armed to the teeth.

Still further back in the middle ages we come upon a time of more complete chaos, before the re-establishment of the empire by Charles the Great (800). Devastated by the Lombards, pillaged by the Saracen pirates, divided in its allegiance between the Eastern Empire and the German invaders, now established in Italy, the country found increasing strength for defence in the enlarging powers of the popes. In earlier days it had looked to the emperors at Constantinople for aid against the Goths, and had received the ablest generals a Justinian could send,—Belisarius and Narses. Deeds of heroism shine forth out of gathering darkness in the sixth century, when Rome suffered the agonies of a siege three times, and was five times captured within sixteen years, while Milan was totally destroyed.

Another landmark in the distance, still more remote, is the German kingdom of the invading Ostrogoths at Ravenna, while the name of their king, Theodoric, stands out more conspicuously than that of any Italian of his time. For the traveler the days of Theodoric are vividly brought to mind by his massive tomb, and the churches of Ravenna, a quaint city by the Adriatic, provincial and unimportant now, but to the reader of history a picturesque link between the last age of the Western Empire, the Ostrogothic kingdom, and the rule of Justinian at Constantinople.

And now we have reached the old Roman Empire, and its five hundred years of sovereignty. The rude architecture of Goth and Lombard is forgotten as we begin to make out the mighty ruins of imperial Rome. First comes an interval of decline and disorganization, beginning a century and a half before, and continuing as long after, the removal of the capital to the Bosphorus. Over this period the eye would gladly pass at once to the happy era of the Antonines. But those three centuries produced many things which cannot be so lightly ignored, among them the full flower of the Roman law, and the conversion of the empire to Christianity, with the natural development of a distinctively Christian art, at first in the catacombs, and then in the basilicas and churches. With this period came a new architecture, pagan in its first stages, but destined to immediate

appropriation by the new faith as it emerged from obscurity and persecution into the dangerous sunshine of political favor.

Back of that age of transition is the reign of the good Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher on a throne, beset with many cares and anxieties. Then his adoptive father, Antoninus, preceded by Hadrian, and he by Trajan. These happy reigns made the golden age of the empire, at least on the side of peace and material prosperity. Out of this time rise before our eyes the Castle of St. Angelo, Hadrian's ponderous mausoleum, and the vast dome of his Pantheon, and the villa which stretches itself out like a city, beneath the heights and waterfalls of Tivoli,—then the sculptured Column of Trajan and his many triumphal arches. It was an age of building on a scale unrivaled in the earlier days of the Empire; an age of flourishing cities, from the Euphrates to the Firth of Clyde, and of highways bringing the most distant provinces into direct connection with the capital.

Another century carries us across a chequered period, of emperors good and bad, succeeding each other sometimes after civil wars, but more often by peaceful inheritance. It was an age capable of producing such monsters of self-indulgence as Nero and Domitian, along with able generals and administrators of provinces, who brought peace and order to distant countries, even while the court was running its wild course of dissipation at Rome.

At length the age of Augustus, the greatest and most favored of fortune in the long line of emperors beginning with himself. The brilliance of his court, and of the literature which it fostered, the splendors of the capital rebuilt in a single reign with the resources of a world,—all these have left a name never since eclipsed. One figure alone towers to a greater height than Augustus,—that of Julius Cæsar, dictator and ruthless destroyer of a republic hopelessly corrupt. Cut off by the insane jealousy of smaller men in the midst of a career which has affected every generation of civilized men from that day to this, he stands alone, absolutely alone.

Back of Cæsar the Republic, torn throughout its history by party struggles, and gradually falling away from the earlier ideal of severe military discipline. Nevertheless it had a strength which no foreign enemy could long withstand. Circumstances, far more than mere aggressiveness, led to the conquest, first of Italy, and then of a large part of the Mediterranean world.

From the later period of the Republic great men seem to rise to our view,—a Pompey, conquering the East for Rome, but unable to maintain the cause of a corrupt aristocracy, unable to direct the new forces of the time; driven out of Italy by Cæsar, defeated at Pharsalus, fleeing to Egypt, there to meet his death as he landed. And then the Younger Cato, the steadfast republican, implacable enemy of Cæsar, taking his own life at Utica in Africa, after the victor had once more defeated the remnants of Pompey's party. Among them all Cicero seems the most familiar figure, thanks to the power of speech. We see him as the great advocate, defending the oppressed, coming to the rescue of provinces by the prosecution of corrupt governors. We see him at the proudest moment of his life, suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline; and in exile, forlorn and dejected; later governing an eastern province, and doing his best to win even military laurels; then returning to find that a civil war was breaking out. Removed from any prominent part in affairs, he cannot decide between Cæsar and Pompey, until at last he takes the side of the Republic, and with its downfall is forced into complete retirement, and the company of books and his pen. Finally the assassination of Cæsar brought him forth again, to thunder against Antony, until the vengeance of his enemy silenced the orator, and exposed head and right hand at the Rostra.

A generation further back we come upon the commanding figures of Sulla and Marius, the one almost tyrant of Rome, the other its deliverer from the German hordes which were swarming into Italy,—both men of blood and iron. Back of those days of civil war comes the party strife in the times of the Gracchi, noble leaders of the down-trodden people. And now the Scipios begin to appear,—first Africanus the Younger, the destroyer of the rival Carthage, and champion of everything Greek.

Already Rome is mistress of many distant provinces, from Gibraltar to the Black Sea. Wars, east and west, seem to occupy her whole attention. The figures of Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedonia, of Flamininus, the “liberator” of Greece, are types of the period. But far greater is the old censor, Cato, schooled in all the hardships of war, and trained in every Roman virtue, the opponent of Greek culture, but one of the first of Roman orators, and the earliest Roman historian. And now the Second Punic War, and the long struggle in which

the hero was Hannibal, at first swiftly conquering, and then at bay for years; until Scipio Africanus was sent over at last to Africa, and won the victory of Zama. But the older Scipios, and Fabius, the Delayer, and Marcellus the conqueror of Syracuse,—these are among the great names of an age when every nerve was strained to save Rome from the domination of Carthage.

Further still lies the First Punic War, the beginning of the long duel, and then the conflict with Pyrrhus, and still earlier that with the Samnites in the South, and Etruscans in the North,—the age of Regulus and Curius and Fabricius, and the heroes of the older and homelier sort. The domain of Rome has shrunk first to the peninsula of Italy, and then to a small portion of the land, growing by slow conquest, but never giving promise of a great empire. An Appius Claudius appears as the champion of expansion, building the famous road which bears his name; a Camillus as the avenger of the defeat and disgrace suffered at the hand of the Gauls. The burning of the city by these invaders is a landmark beyond which we trace with difficulty the outlines of the early history.

Soon we reach a region of pure legend, and the shadowy forms of the kings. But in imagination they are still there,—Tarquin the Proud, bringing ruin to the kingly power by his tyranny; Servius Tullius, who was believed to have framed a constitution, and to have built the walls of the city; Tarquin the Elder, who introduced many customs from Etruria, and began the great temple on the Capitol; Ancus Martius and Tullus Hostilius; then Numa, the Moses of the Roman state; finally Romulus, the reputed founder of the Palatine city. We can only imagine that we see that primitive settlement upon a single hill. And the earlier Alba Longa quite baffles vision,—with Æneas and old Latinus. Yet we can discern the features of an Etruscan civilization, slowly working among a race of shepherds, and are vaguely conscious that other tribes, Umbrian and Samnite, seem to have equal claims with the Latin stock, and to show quite as much promise.

No part of the remotest background is so clear as the Greek colonies in the South. Cumæ, to the west of Naples, is the oldest of them all, and that which contributes most to the making of the Roman,—by its alphabet in the beginning, by its prophetic Sibyl in the end. And the founding of that an-

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cient city, in the eleventh century before Christ, brings us to the absolute limit of our historic vision,—the rock from which Cumæ looked down upon the sea, with an eye toward the setting sun and the distant future.

THE CHIEF PERIODS OF ITALIAN HISTORY

AND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION

It is quite impossible to travel about in Italy, without daily discovering some new debt owed to that country by the civilization of our twentieth century. We had never before suspected how many of the things which seem to belong emphatically to our own English or American life of the present, were due in their origin either to ancient Rome or to modern Italy. No other country has exerted so great an influence upon the northern and western nations, and for so long a time. We forget that Italy has also its independent history, apart from its contributions to the common stock of European institutions, arts, and letters, to everything, in fact, which enters into that complex thing which we call civilization. From this point of view we almost ignore the earliest and the latest periods of Italian history, to concentrate our attention upon the three productive ages, the Roman, the Mediæval, and the Renaissance. In each of these periods were developed certain definite principles or methods, and certain tangible results, which became the common property of the world at large, and hence enter still into the inheritance of every cultivated mind, however remote in actual distance from the old sources.

But what were the most important contributions which Italy in its long history has made to this common fund, now drawn upon by all the world?

I. THE ROMAN PERIOD produced:

- (1) A certain discipline, which made the individual strictly subject to the common good in the family and in the state; hence,
- (2) Political institutions, developed at first for a single city-state, but capable at last of welding the most diverse peoples into one great empire;
- (3) A system of law which has profoundly affected, and still affects, every modern western nation;

THE CHIEF PERIODS OF ITALIAN HISTORY

- (4) A language which became for some fifteen centuries the link between peoples of various race and opposite customs, and entered so largely into the modern tongues that it remains to this day one of the foundations of education;
- (5) An architecture whose later forms inspired nearly all of the mediæval building, except the Gothic, while the earlier and better works formed the models for the Renaissance;
- (6) The very idea that the civilized world is one, with common interests greater than all its differences;
- (7) Finally Rome was the almoner of gifts even greater than her own, or the stern schoolmaster by whom the nations of the West were brought into contact, first with Greek culture and art, and then with the Christian faith.

II. THE MEDIÆVAL PERIOD produced:

- (1) The Papacy, as a central force in religion,—a force often misapplied or abused, and destined to lose its universality with the Reformation, while in its intensity it still remains to our own time undiminished;
- (2) The Holy Roman Empire, a feeble reflection of that from which it took its name, but still one of the few influences making for unity;
- (3) A spirit of subjection, both individual and national, to the two great international institutions, the Church and the Empire;
- (4) The beginnings of a national literature and art,—a Dante and a Giotto.

III. THE RENAISSANCE produced:

- (1) A reaction against both State and Church, in favor of the individual,—the principle of a strictly personal liberty;
- (2) A universal culture based upon the renewed study of antiquity,—and this as a substitute for the forces which had formerly united the world;
- (3) An art and a literature, also based upon the Greek and the Roman, and true to the conditions just named, while in later times they have exerted a permanent influence upon other nations from that day to this.

Such are the three great periods in the history of Italy, and such the more important contributions—some temporary, more permanent—which each has made to the civilization of the world. Not that each, or any, is devoid of interest for what it brought to Italy alone.

It is in this latter direction that the remaining periods of Italian history are worthy of study, since their influence upon the world without has been so much less direct and obvious.

These are the first and last chapters in the long story, the one dimly realized out of a remote past, the other constantly forced upon our attention by a living present:

I. The Early Period, beginning with prehistoric man, and continuing through the age of Etruscan supremacy in the North and the Greek colonies in Southern Italy; through the early days of Rome, under its legendary kings and overshadowed by Etruria; finally through the earlier Republic, and ending where something like authentic Roman history may be said to begin, with the capture of the city by the Gauls in 390 B. C. In this time there was no Italy in a political sense,—nothing but the warring units, which were later to be brought together.

II. The Modern Period from Napoleon I to the present time, embracing the struggles for freedom from the Austrian and the Bourbon, and at length the unification of the entire peninsula into one kingdom. This period shows the individual city once more in subjection to the idea of a larger state. It has produced as yet nothing which other peoples have been prepared to appropriate. For Italy has been sharing in the greater movements of a stirring age,—itself not the source of motion, as in its earlier periods.

In thus dividing the history of Italy into five great chapters we have practically ignored times of transition. Certainly they were of less importance than the periods of which we have been speaking. But they must not be entirely overlooked, even if the results they left behind were often negative, or even destructive.

I. Thus there was an interval of transition between the end of the Roman Period and the real beginning of the Mediæval,—that is, before the latter had assumed those definite features which the name suggests. This interval covers a little more than a century, from the end of the Western Empire in 476 A.D., to the accession of Pope Gregory the Great in 590. The

German migrations which destroyed the Roman Empire had begun in fact before the end of the fourth century, but the Roman civilization continued, though doomed, and did not come abruptly to an end when the succession of the western emperors ceased. But in a general way these dates may serve our purpose in indicating this period of transition.

II. Another transition age, about two centuries in length, lies between the close of the Renaissance, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and the age of Napoleon and the beginnings of the national movement, which at last accomplished the union of Italy. Historically unimportant in its larger achievements—or the lack of them—this period constantly obtrudes itself upon the attention of the traveler, chiefly in the form of degenerate art, falling away from the purer taste of the Renaissance,—a perpetual posing and straining after extravagant effects. Such are the churches and palaces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in every phase of the restless style known as the baroque.

Only in that sense in which the trough of the sea belongs to the wave which preceded it, can the first of these periods of transition be reckoned with the Roman, or the second with the Renaissance.

HISTORICAL PERIODS

REPRESENTED IN OUR ITINERARY

- I. EARLY PERIOD, to 390 B. C. :
Pæstum, 17; Rome, 22 and 23 (the obelisk).
- II. ROMAN PERIOD, 390 B. C. to 476 A. D. :
(a) Greek sculptures: Naples, 6, 7; Rome, 30, 31, 53; Florence, 70, 71.
(b) In general: Pompeii, 11-16; Rome, 21, 32-41, 45-47, 52, 54, 55 (the bridges), 56 (the mosaics), 58-61; Verona, 90.
- [The TRANSITION PERIOD, 476-590, is seldom represented outside of Ravenna, and may be neglected here].
- III. MEDIÆVAL PERIOD, 590-1400 :
Rome, 21 (the Column of Phocas), 32 and 41 (do), 26 (sculpture), 43 (mosaics, tabernacle, etc.), 57, 59 (the upper part); Perugia, 65; Florence, 66-68, 72, 74; Pisa, 77, 78; Venice, 79-81, 83, 84, 85 (the palace); Milan, 92, 93.
- IV. RENAISSANCE PERIOD, 1400-1580 :
Rome, 22-24 and 46 (the dome), 25 (sculpture), 28, 30 (the hall), 42 (sculpture), 49; Florence, 66 (the dome), 68 (sculptures), 69, 70 (the pictures), 73, 75 (sculpture); Venice, 79-81 (in part); Pavia (near), 94.
- V. TRANSITION PERIOD, 1580-1800 :
Rome, 22-24, 26, 27, 29, 30 (decorations), 43 (do.), 44, 47 (sculptures), 48, 50, 51, 52 (the church), 62; Venice, 82, 85 (church), 87.
- VI. MODERN PERIOD, 1800 — :
Rome, 56; Milan, 92 (the façade); Genoa, 98; not to mention the various street scenes and general views.

NAPLES

With the great increase both in trade and in travel between American ports and the Mediterranean, Naples has come to be one of the strongest links in the chain of mutual interest and advantage which binds the old world to the new. And what was once, as a rule, the southern limit of wanderings which began at Liverpool, has become for many the starting point for northward travel, and the gateway of the East. For the American, at least, Italy has ceased to be a mere appendage to the continent of Europe, and is now visited every year by many who go no further, and by more who, either on the outward or the homeward voyage, prefer the Mediterranean route. To this great change in the commercial and traveling world the natural advantages of Naples have contributed in no small degree. Few maritime cities in the world are so favorably situated. And it was at a very early age that the advantages of this site began to be appreciated by Greek merchants and colonists. Upon a rock by the sea to the west of Naples the Greeks perched their first stronghold on the soil of Italy. This was Cumæ, in the eleventh century before Christ; and from Cumæ came the founders of oldest Naples, the town called Parthenope, and of the later town, Neapolis, also within the limits of the present city. The Greeks flourished by their trade with the Etruscans, the Samnites, and the neighboring cities of Campania. But by 326 B. C. the Roman had come to conquer and occupy, and to be conquered himself by the soft charms of this climate

and the abundance of all its good things. It was not, however, until the latter days of the Roman Republic and the beginning of the Empire that the fame of Naples and its shores was fully established. By that time the whole bay was encircled with the villas of noble, or famous, or wealthy Romans. Here emperors often resided, from the first of their number, Augustus, down to the latest, Romulus Augustulus, who was deposed in 476 A. D., and died in exile near Naples. Capri witnessed for years the dissipations of Tiberius, while Baia saw the orgies of a Nero.

In the prolonged wars in the sixth century between the Goths and the armies of the eastern emperor, Justinian, Naples suffered severely. But for centuries it was virtually independent, both of the emperors at Constantinople and of the Lombard invaders of Italy. At length, in the twelfth century, it was united to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies under the Norman kings, Roger and his successors. Later it exchanged these Norman masters for Germans, the Hohenstaufen, of whom the greatest was the Emperor Frederick II. Under the French house of Anjou the Kingdom of Naples was ruled for the best part of two centuries (to 1435). Then came the long age of Spanish rule, varied by intervals of subjection to Austria and France. At last, in 1860, the hated Bourbons were expelled, and their territory became a part of the new Kingdom of Italy, under the house of Savoy.

It has been a chequered history; unlike that of most other great cities of the world in never enjoying freedom from foreign interference for any length of time. While it has exerted a certain charm over the rest of the world, and has drawn many good things and gifted men to itself, Naples has never been one of the productive

centres in art or letters, or institutions. Not a few cities of Northern Italy, far inferior in size, have left a broader mark upon the page of human progress. A single generation at Florence in its golden age did more for learning, literature, and art than has Naples in its "cycle of Cathay."

Yet Naples is rich in artistic treasures, especially those gathered together in the National Museum,* a huge structure erected by some Spanish viceroy to serve as barracks, but converted more than a century ago into a museum, which has been steadily enriched, as the excavation of Pompeii† and other sites has proceeded.

More recently Naples has acquired fame among scientists, since the establishment of the Aquarium, with its laboratory for the study of the wonderfully varied marine life of the Mediterranean.

But the celebrity of Naples depends neither upon what has been done there by men, nor upon the treasures brought together from many sources. Nature herself gave a situation, and nothing more was needed. In sailing into the port of Naples we have already taken our measure of that famous bay with its mountainous shores and outlying islands, Capri and Ischia.

And now that we have landed and found our way through the din of the streets to our hotel, the first impulse is to climb up to some height commanding a broad view over the city, the nearer part of the bay, and above all, Vesuvius.

1. Birds-eye View of Naples and Vesuvius.

We have chosen the height of San Martino‡ close by the Castle of St. Elmo, and now look down upon the city

*See Nos. 6, 7.

†See Nos. 11-16.

‡See map 2.

from an elevation of more than eight hundred feet. As everywhere about the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius is the focus towards which all eyes converge. A cloud of smoke has settled about the crater, but the rest of the mountain is perfectly clear. Days without smoke are rare, but it is often blown inland by the sea-breeze, or directly away from Naples. In this transparent air the mountain, with all the white villages, climbing its blue and purple slopes, seems very near. And yet the distance, as the crow flies, is nearly ten miles.*

The lower peak to the left, and quite clear of cloud, is Monte Somma, in reality a long semicircular ridge described from Vesuvius as a centre. The height of this lower ridge is 3,730 feet, and is constant, while the cone of Vesuvius suffers such changes from time to time as to increase or diminish the height of the mountain by as much as 400 feet. It is now about 4,200 feet high. But an eruption to-morrow—certainly there are no signs of one to-day—may seriously affect the present altitude. The whole appearance of the volcano was very different before the first recorded eruption,—that historic one of 79 A. D., which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. In those days of its innocence it was probably about the height of Monte Somma, with a circular, barren valley occupying the great depression of an older and extinct crater. The present cone had not yet been formed.†

The shore of the bay is lined with an unbroken succession of suburbs along the road which leads on the right to Pompeii. If we produce the line of that breakwater beyond the warships on our right, it will strike the opposite shore at Resina and Portici, beneath which lies Her-

*See map 4.

†See No. 9.

culaneum, buried at a great depth, except for very limited excavations. Pompeii is much further from Naples, and lies beyond that point made by the projection of the lower slopes of Vesuvius into the sea. Returning to the warships and the outer breakwater, we see that the naval harbor is quite distinct from the *Porto Mercantile*. The great dark castle with round towers by the naval harbor and the Arsenal is *Castel Nuovo*. To the left of the castle lies another ironclad, and beyond it a lighthouse on the great mole which carries a whole row of bonded warehouses. These divide the naval from the general harbor, or *Porto Mercantile*. On the further side toward Vesuvius, the port is being enlarged by new harbor-works. On the left a number of white liners are lying near the principal landing, the (new) *Immacolatella*. One with a single stack is lying close alongside the custom-house, where we submitted with unnecessary trepidation to a customs examination which would have been just as vigorous in appearance, and as harmless in fact, if we had been landing from the little Capri steamer. This is the centre of the stirring life of the port, one of the busiest in the whole Mediterranean. To the left, near the furthest corner of the harbor, is the *Villa del Popolo*, a small park, with the *Marinella** beyond. The eastern quarters seem to stretch away indefinitely.

At our feet, beyond the green slope below San Martino, we have a wilderness of gray and yellow roofs, cut by black cañons of streets,† in which the eyes lose everything in the blackness of the shadow, always more intense in a southern climate. Straight across the middle of our view runs the *Toledo*, the principal street of Naples, now now called *Via Roma*, but stubbornly clinging to its old

*See No. 3.

†See No. 5.

name, with its memories of Spanish rule. Yet there are no great buildings or towers to mark the line of that famous thoroughfare. In this fact is one of the characteristics of Naples in general. Here and there rises a church dome, or, more rarely, a tower, but compared with other Italian cities it has few towers and domes, or other artificial eminences, above the common level of roof-tiles. And no great work of architecture claims a place in the history of art.

History of any kind seems in fact to be in the background. It is as difficult in looking down upon Naples, as in threading its streets, to realize that the past history of this city of the present mounts up to an antiquity of not far from a thousand years before Christ. We seem to be standing upon soil unquestionably Italian. And yet this city was for ages not Italian, but Greek, and retained even under Roman rule, and down to the middle ages, many features of Greek life. There were influences, too, from the East, through Constantinople, and through the Saracens, when once they had possessed themselves of Sicily. Add the Normans, the Germans, the French, the Spaniards, and it is no wonder that Naples should differ absolutely from the Italian cities of the North.

From San Martino we descend to the level of the city below, and turn in the direction of the harbor, reaching at last the *Strada Nuova*,* near the *Immacolatella*, to make a closer acquaintance with those busy streets of which we had a glimpse on landing from our steamer.

2. Washday, a House in the Old Town.

Certainly the streets of Naples are a never-ending source of entertainment, and it would be a strange party

*See map 2.

that did not find itself very much alive to the human interest of this passing show. To be indifferent to all this would be to shut eyes and ears—and nose—to the larger and far more animated half of Naples, with its perpetual hubbub, the beating of starved horses and braying of much-abused donkeys, the clatter over atrocious pavements, the excited voices, seeming at first to threaten a murder at every corner.

No quarter of the city makes a more striking display of all these features of a life which is emphatically of to-day, and yet differs but little from what it has always been on these sunny shores. It is a life in the open, except when rain or fierce heat drives their swarming inhabitants back into these tall cavernous hives.

But let us stop here and take a closer look at a Neapolitan house, for it offers too great a variety to be taken in at a glance. Fortunately this particular street is very wide, with no tall houses opposite to shut out the spring sunshine. Of course we are prepared to find such a house a perfect ant-hill, occupied by untold inhabitants. Below we see the shops, in one of which (on the left) we could fill our pockets with wax matches, or order that great cartload of charcoal in sacks. Before the central archway a fruit dealer has established himself, while a hawker is wheeling his handcart past two more small shops, displaying their wares in broad doorways. Behind lies a court approached through the large arch, by which one reaches the long flights of stairs, where odors of garlic and cooking are only the most savory that can be mentioned, forever ascending to heaven.

Above the shops we count five stories of cramped but high-ceiled tenements. The windows are tall and narrow, opening like doors upon a balcony. Without a balcony no Neapolitan family, except the poorest, could

possibly survive. Where else could flower-pots and boxes find their places? Or where hang the family washing, except from balcony to balcony? By its means also the family is never more at home than when out of doors. In a part of the three upper floors, but back from the street front, the place of the balcony is taken by wide-arched loggias, as they are called, enabling the occupants of these floors to live in the open air, although so far above the street. What matter? A basket lowered by a rope, aided by stout lungs, and what sounds like the most voluble profanity, will bring up anything which the frugal heart can desire, or the harsh-tongued man with the handcart can furnish.

The longer we look the more we find in this house-front to make it a study in itself, hung as it is with the most varied assortment of objects. There are lace curtains of uncertain hue within, tattered raiment of every color without, cactus plants and flowers, unkempt women scolding from the balconies, and above all the ceaseless noise of the street, the bedlam of shouting and cursing and singing. This surely is Naples.

We wander still further into the limitless East End of Naples, along the water-front, and pass the *Villa del Popolo*, the eastern counterpart of the great *Villa Nazionale*. On beyond, the *Castel del Carmine* is a relic of older times,—a fortress, now converted into barracks and a military prison. The street is the *Marinella*.

3. *The Lazzaroni.*

We are looking back along the *Marinella* to the castle, the *Carmine*, at the end of the street. The sombre walls of the fortress, with its port-holes and prison windows,

contrast with the life and color of the scene before us. This broad street, entirely open on the harbor side, at our left, is one of the warmest spots in Naples. Hence it swarms with people, not merely passing to and fro as they go about their business, but just living out of doors. Many of the women have brought chairs and gathered in knots to talk volubly over their work, and to scold the swarming children and each other. Not a few of these people have no homes,—are, in fact, the beggars of the street, the *lazzaroni*. No one cares if the sidewalk is completely obstructed. The street itself is the only thoroughfare, and that often filled with peddlers and hawkers. Down its whole length the scene is the same. Babies and children are everywhere, happy and noisy, dirty and picturesque. Rags and tatters, shock-heads, sun-burned faces, bare feet,—these are the swarms which will some day scatter to America, both North and South, to build the railways and aqueducts of the new world, to live on the most frugal fare until they have saved enough to return to Naples for the rest of their days, or perhaps to go back and forth a dozen times.

But the city will be just as crowded as before, although large Italian quarters are growing up in every American city, and the Argentina has become almost an Italian land. It is this out-of-door life that they long for in less favored climates. To it all these gray and yellow house-fronts seem to be only a painted scene, serving merely as a background. But abundant provision is made for entrances and exits, since dark alleys open out at short intervals, leading away from the water-front in the direction of the railway station.

At this hour the balconies appear to be almost deserted, but the ever-present washing hangs down from story to story. All the life is in the street, and the warm

sunshine and soft sea air make these street dwellers perfectly happy.

This group which flocks to the side of our carriage certainly appears to be as happy as the day is long. They all know, to be sure, what hunger is, but that does not make them sullen. It is an every-day experience with them, and something to be laughed at, like everything else in their careless existence. The sight of the stranger is too good a diversion not to be enjoyed to the full, and shared with the babies. They are sure that for some display of pertness, or for a pretty face and winning smile, there will be substantial rewards in the form of coppers. The art of begging gracefully and persuasively is certainly well understood by the children of Naples, and usually they have not yet learned to insist and annoy, or to display their dirt or deformity, as do their elders. Begging in this child-like fashion is as natural as to live the whole day in the sunshine, to sleep in a doorway, to wear a few old rags mismated, and eat a crust of bread with an onion, and call it dinner.

From the harbor and the *Marinella* we wander back in the direction of the railway and the *Porta Nolana*, with an eye for everything which makes the life of these busy, noisy, dusty streets.

4. *A Street Macaroni Restaurant.*

Before such a group as this it is a serious question whether we are not furnishing these Neapolitans with more amusement than they provide for us. There are keen eyes for every peculiarity of dress or figure, and honest staring is with them no reproach. There are also many smiles and nudges as they remark to one another upon the ways of the strange and incomprehensible

Americani. But we came to see, not to be seen, and must learn to be stared at and talked about with the greatest composure. It is all good-humored, at any rate, even where there seems at first a certain rudeness.

By this curbstone stall are standing two boys of the street, an old man and a girl, all dipping busily into steaming plates of macaroni. Not one of them is troubled because the establishment does not furnish a table and chairs, a waiter, or even knives and forks. There are no fees to cast their ominous shadow over the dinner,—no long waiting, no poring over bills of fare. Eating is here a return to Nature,—a plate, some macaroni, a hand, a mouth,—nothing more. But try it, and you will find that there is one other thing which they have and you have not. It is the skill to convey this weedy mass to your lips gracefully, without losing it as fast as you gather it up.

The curly-headed boy poses as though he had done duty for an artist's model. The old man, too, is absorbed in his frugal dinner, but smiles a smile of satisfaction, in spite of the fact that he seems to be nearing the bottom of the dish. The other boy is thinking much more about us than his macaroni, and looks as if he knew a dozen ways of enticing coppers from the pockets of the strangers who, by and by, will be ready to do anything in order to be rid of his attentions and offered services. The girl has the Neapolitan head of black hair, combed in great rolls by the skill of the hairdresser. For in Italy plain gowns and elaborate hairdressing often go together, and hats are conspicuous by their absence.

Behind this busy row of patrons is the stall itself, its centre a slab of white marble with an inlaid pattern,—a vase and flowers. Above is a great array of brass and copper braziers, pans, and what not. Pompeii itself

could scarcely rival that three-legged brass vessel in the centre, with its graceful handles and lion heads. All shine gaily in the sunlight and flash their invitation down the street.

Back in the shadow of the awning stand mine host and his assistant, the one absorbed in contemplation of the steam rising from the great pan before him; the other, in slouch hat and crumpled apron, is keeping an eye upon us, not without traces of half-suppressed amusement. Others, too, crowd in on either side to complete this motley group. The smallest crowd in Italy has always the largest outskirts. Where the macaroni is, there will the Neapolitans gather to the end of time.

5. *A Narrow Street.*

Wandering about the streets we find many typical scenes,—none more so than this vista. It seems like a cañon, rather than a street, with tall houses and deep shadows, and thronging inhabitants. One might think that the street was meant for foot-passengers only, so completely do they take possession of the thoroughfare. But let a cab suddenly appear, and a way is cleared, not without a cracking whip and impatient cries from the driver. It is even possible for two cabs to pass, but such an event creates something of a sensation, and hubs are sure to come into close quarters with open doors and boxes and stalls, if not also with each other. Yet some important streets, constantly crowded with people and vehicles, are no wider than this.

Balconies are less numerous than in the broader streets, or where there is a southern exposure, as is the case with this corner house on the right, where the wall is adorned by rows of straw-covered wine-flasks hanging

in the sun. There are plants, too, by the half-open windows, and these curved brackets of iron, supporting a rod which runs the length of the balcony, or where there is none, from side to side of the window. Some are very simple, others fantastic, as though forgetful of their practical purpose,—for hanging out the family clothes to dry. But lines are also carried across the street, to make their display of linen to the sun, which will soon have left this street in darkness, its native element.

There is an eastern look about it all, quite apart from the dirt and odors of an unswept street. At the corner boys and men have gathered in groups, while one boy has climbed to the top of a door to sun himself on his high, and not altogether comfortable, perch.

At last we have made the acquaintance of these crowded lanes, which appeared to be mere lines of blackness, as we saw them from the height of San Martino.* Black and forbidding they are, when seen close at hand, and filled with sounds and smells which do not tempt the stranger to linger in a quarter where he can neither stop nor go on without causing a crowd to gather. But this, after all, represents a large part of the living Naples, as of southern and eastern cities in general, and we shall appreciate the vast spaces of the Museum, peopled with its silent figures of the past, all the more after being jostled in these cramped streets.

From the eastern quarter—from any quarter of Naples—to the Museum seems a long distance, to be traversed in the little cabs which jolt unmercifully over deep-rutted pavements. Once within the huge building we are lost amid the embarrassment of its artistic riches,—above all, the sculptures.

*See No. 1.

6. *The Farnese Hercules, National Museum.*

This colossal statue of Herakles (Hercules), represents the hero as resting after the completion of his famous "labors",—the twelve tasks imposed upon him before he could free himself from the service of Eurystheus. The last of the labors (in some versions of the tale) had been the quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. From the farthest West, where these daughters of Atlas kept the golden apples under the guard of a dragon, Hercules was to bring them back to Mycenae. After long wanderings he came to Atlas, the Titan, who supported the heavens upon his shoulders. While Hercules relieves him of this onerous task, Atlas goes to the garden of the Hesperides and brings back the three apples. By trickery Hercules persuades Atlas to shoulder his great burden again, and returns to Greece with his prize.

In the statue the hero stands leaning upon his club, from which the lion's skin is hanging. The right hand behind the back holds one of the apples. The whole expression is of weariness after the performance, not of this one task simply, but of all the twelve. It is not the joy of the victor that is written in the lines of this colossal figure, but complete exhaustion after uninterrupted effort. Every muscle in the whole mighty frame is exaggerated to the utmost expression of Herculean strength. The neck is the neck of an ox, and every line and fold speak of unlimited power. But this vast strength has been so strenuously exerted that now not one atom is left in reserve.

The sculptor has inscribed his name upon the rock. It was Glykon, an Athenian, who lived at Rome about the time of Christ, perhaps later. In common with other sculptors of his day, he endeavored to revive the spirit

of older Attic sculpture, and the models which he chose to imitate in this, his best known work, went back to the famous Lysippos, in the time of Alexander the Great, For it seems to have been Lysippos who first introduced this type of the exhausted, melancholy Hercules, lost in reflection now that his labors are over, and peace and freedom have followed his mighty exertions,—the victory won, but the victor spent.

Like the Farnese Bull,* the Hercules was found at Rome in the 16th century in the baths of Caracalla,† and long adorned the collection of the Farnese family at Rome, until 1786, when it was brought to Naples.

On the walls behind the statue we see a host of ancient inscriptions, mostly from tombs. In the corner to the right, beneath the word LATIUM, is a marble slab which tells a tale from Roman history. It is a mere fragment, but even from this distance enough can be made out in these clear letters to show that this was part of an inscription in honor of old Marius, mentioning his triumphs over Jugurtha in Africa, and over the Cimbri and the Teutons, the German invaders of Italy (102-101 B. C.). In such historic stones the Naples Museum is very rich, as well as in Greek sculpture, in paintings and bronzes from Pompeii. And these inscriptions upon the walls of the galleries often point the contrast between the artistic triumphs of Greece and the material conquests of Rome.

7. *The Farnese Bull, National Museum.*

This great group ranks next in celebrity after the Laocoön of the Vatican.‡ It was brought to Rome from the island of Rhodes in the time of Augustus. At one time

*See No. 7.

†See No. 58.

‡See No. 31.

it adorned the Baths of Caracalla* in the ruins of which it was found in the 16th century. The sculptors were Apollonios and Tauriskos, of Tralles, in Asia Minor, and lived in the Alexandrian age. But first the story, and then the sculpture.

Amphion and Zethus were the twin sons of Zeus and Antiope. Separated from their mother the twins grew up among shepherds, while she was persecuted by Lykos, King of Thebes, and his wife Dirke. Antiope at last escaped and came to the shepherd's home, where her sons were still living, but was not recognized by them. Dirke, coming to the same spot in the forest, finds the fugitive Antiope, and plans to have her tortured to death by being bound to the horns of a wild bull. Amphion and Zethus are about to carry out her orders and execute the sentence, when the old shepherd tells the secret of their birth and exposure. In vengeance the twins inflict upon Dirke the very same punishment which she had devised for their mother, Antiope. But the god Dionysus intervenes, and Dirke is changed into a fountain near Thebes. This is the story which the sculptors have wrought into the group now before us.

At the right stands Amphion, perched upon the rocks which represent Cithaeron, the scene of the story. With the strength of a hero he holds the fierce bull by one horn and the muzzle. To the horns is attached the rope which Zethus holds in his right hand, while with his left he seizes the hair of Dirke, who is being bound, that she may be dragged to her death by the bull. Dirke as a suppliant clasps the knee of Amphion, and implores them to spare her life.

In the background, at the right, stands the mother, Antiope, calm and indifferent to the whole scene, showing

*See No. 58.

no trace of joy at her own escape, nor exultation over the impending death of one who has so long persecuted her. But this figure has been restored almost entirely by the hand of a modern sculptor under the direction of Michael Angelo. In fact, the whole group was so mutilated when first discovered as to need extensive restoration.

Interest centres in the athletic figures of the twins, in their heroic struggle with the infuriated bull, whereas Dirke appeals less to our sympathy, as the victim of a punishment she had wickedly devised for another. Beautiful as is her figure, it may be said that both Dirke and Antiope are mere pendants to the twin heroes.

The small form of the shepherd boy below, on the right, represents the personification of Mount Cithaeron, and is an unmoved spectator of the scene. Before him hangs his Pan's pipe. Above, and against the tree-trunk, is Amphion's lyre in the ancient form,—a tortoise-shell with a pair of horns for a frame. This attribute was intended to identify the figure above it as the cultivated, music-loving brother, while Zethus was the rough woodsman and hunter,—hence the hound. The round basket, to the left of the dog, was the symbol of the festival of Dionysus, which had been rudely interrupted by this scene of violence.

In many ways this group is related to the Laocoön,—most of all in the attempt to represent a moment of intense physical stress.

VESUVIUS

From Naples one usually drives, through the eastern suburbs of the city, skirting the bay, over the worst of roads to Portici and Resina, a distance of half-a-dozen miles. The latter lies over Herculaneum, but the remains

of the ancient city are buried so far beneath the deposits of successive eruptions, hardened into rock, that the small excavated portion has been recovered only with the greatest labor, and by operations which resemble mining far more than simple excavation. The theatre, for example, lies some eighty-five feet below the present level of the ground. But the very fact that excavations have always been so difficult at Herculaneum insures more valuable finds than have been made at Pompeii, where the survivors of the eruption were enabled to ransack the ruins immediately after the disaster. Unhappily, there is no immediate prospect of a thorough exploration of the site of Herculaneum. It was here that many of the choicest bronzes of the Naples Museum were found; also the famous library of papyrus rolls (1752), of which many have been deciphered.

Near the small excavations of Herculaneum the road to Vesuvius* turns off to the left and begins to ascend through vineyards and gardens. With many windings we climb up by the side of the great lava-stream of 1871.

8. *The Sea of Lava at the Base of Vesuvius.*

We leave the road for a moment to examine more closely the remains of this volcanic outflow. It is a sea of blackness,—dark masses, seamed and scarred and twisted into every shape. It suggests not so much a river of lava as a great black glacier, which gradually ceased to move. Nothing is harder to realize from its present condition than that it once was molten, flowing down toward the sea. The abomination of desolation could not be more dead. And yet wild flowers and grasses are found even here, doing their best to reclaim for Nature and life these barren rocks from the centre of the earth.

*See map 4.

Almost every one of them shows long folds and furrows upon its upper surface.

That block upon which the boy is standing enables us to see how the whole lava stream appeared while the cooling process was bringing all surface motion to a standstill, and before the cooling below the surface produced the great cracks and seams, which divided the once solid mass into these mighty fragments, strewn, as it were, broadcast down the mountain side.

We shall have no ambition to climb over these jagged rocks stretching away up the slope toward the great cone which towers above. It looks like nothing so much as a monstrous heap of ashes, as in fact it is. On the right we have the dark line of the cable railway, the *funicolare*, and at its top we can clearly make out the upper station, and estimate its distance from the crater. The rim of the crater is veiled in a breath of smoke, slowly curling down.

Such a scene of ruin as we have before us is an impressive reminder of the destructive power of a volcano, especially when one remembers that before the great eruption of A. D. 79 the slopes of the mountain were green and smiling, covered with gardens and vineyards to the very top. The ruin wrought in one age is slowly repaired, thanks to Nature's ability to heal her own wounds. But then comes another eruption, and all is once more devastated. At present about one-half of the mountain slopes show the ruin caused at some time or other by the streams of lava. At certain points they have even reached the sea. On the landward side the Monte Somma has proved a barrier against destruction in this form.

Returning from the lava stream of 1871-1872 to the

road, we continue to climb up to the Observatory, where the movements of the volcano and the slightest tremors of earthquake are carefully observed and recorded. This is about half way up the mountain,—2,220 feet above the sea, and some 2,000 feet lower than the crater. At the Observatory begins the road built by the owners of the cable railway, who exact a heavy toll of those who have not purchased tickets for the ascent.

9. *On the Road to Vesuvius.*

We are now nearing the end of the road, and have the lower station of the cable railway straight before us. The white buildings stand out against the blackness of the cone. We have climbed some 2,600 feet above the sea. Looking up the line of the railway we see an ascending and a descending car, which will soon pass each other in the centre. At the top are the white buildings of the upper station. And still higher, and farther to the left, is the summit of the mountain.

Of this immense ash-heap before us the greater part, if not the whole, has been formed since the mountain, after centuries of inactivity, resumed its career as a “live” volcano with the most memorable of all its eruptions, that of the year 79, in the reign of the Emperor Titus.

At that time the Monte Somma* (3,730 feet), was the crest of the mountain, being the highest point in the immense rim which had formed the crater of the prehistoric volcano. Within that vast crater was a great barren depression, including the site of the present cone. And that was the only part of Vesuvius which gave any evidence, by its blackened rocks, that the innocent mountain, cultivated from its base to the crater, had once been

*See No. 1.

an active volcano. But that age of greatest activity was long before the earliest records of human history on this coast. There had been an interval of centuries in which no one feared that danger might lurk beneath those green slopes. Premonitions came with a great earthquake in Nero's time, in the year 63. Sixteen years later the volcano resumed its activity, and has never since been extinct.

Its most conspicuous achievement from our present point of view has been the throwing out of this vast heap of ashes,—not all at once, but in the course of centuries. At the summit, looking down into the crater, we shall have a still clearer idea of the infinite powers of even a modest volcano. For certainly Vesuvius is not one of the greatest, although few are more impressive, and none so historic. Etna itself, more than twice as high (above 10,000 feet), is less imposing in outline, though in its vast bulk it seems to be a large part of Sicily.

And then the recent tragedy in the West Indies has reminded us of other and more mysterious forces,—those of gas explosion, by which still greater ruin can be wrought than Vesuvius has ever inflicted upon the surrounding cities and towns, and that in an instant. This power Vesuvius also has in reserve, but as it has never been used on any great scale, we may borrow from the inhabitants something of their sense of security, and assure ourselves that this volcano at least is comparatively well-behaved,—or has been for the past thirty years. Yet some day this beautiful coast may have its awakening, as did Martinique and St. Vincent.

10. *The Crater of Vesuvius.*

At last we have climbed from the upper station of the railway to the crater itself, and creeping cautiously

towards the brink we look down into the depths which no man has ever sounded, or ever will. Down, down into the depths of the earth, it seems ready to swallow any thing which even approaches this huge mouth. On the opposite side a great black mass thrown up from beneath only serves to make the impression of infernal grandeur more complete. To the left the chasm yawning beneath our feet; on the right white vapor ascending harmlessly from the pit,—nothing else. It is a day when the mountain is not “working,” as the people say,—when no black column of smoke rises skyward. Only the light film of vapor creeps over the margin of the crater and down the mountain side.

For the open crater of a volcano, could anything be more peaceful? But is it the peace which follows stormy outbursts, or the peace which is the prelude to another eruption? And will that be the innocent spectacle which merely serves to fill all the hotels, or a great eruption, throwing out vast rocks many tons in weight, along with showers of smaller stones and ashes, such as buried Pompeii in their gray drifts? Or this time will there be incredible volumes of explosive gases, such as might even destroy Naples in a moment, in spite of the security born of centuries of experience?

If the truth were told, we are thinking less about any of these things than of what might happen to ourselves. We cannot help wondering whether this harmless steam might suddenly change into a column of suffocating gas; whether this margin of the crater itself is safe from the danger of crumbling suddenly away, and carrying us with it into the fiery depths below. If by any improbable chance the latter should happen, we may console ourselves with the reflection that we should have lost all consciousness, thanks to the merciful vapors, long before we

had reached the fires beneath. And we should not leave our shoes behind, as legend says of Empedocles, the Sicilian philosopher, when he threw himself into the crater of Mt. Etna!

It is an experience, and a memorable one, to stand on the verge and look down into the unexplored regions, and think of these elemental forces stored up, no one knows where, in the hollows of the earth, and at times kept under such perfect control, at other times unrestrained beyond the power of man's imagination to conceive. Some day scientific observation, continued through patient centuries, will remove in part, if not completely, our present cloud of ignorance. For ourselves, we have peered over the edge, and seen all that even the scientist is able as yet to see,—the murky gateway of the unknown.

POMPEII

While other ancient cities have been brought to light more recently in many quarters of the old Roman world, Pompeii still retains its preëminence as the most perfect picture of domestic life and manners in the first century of the Christian era. In the middle ages the very site had been forgotten. It was not until 1748 that the accidental discovery of some bronzes and statues led the King of Naples to begin regular excavations, at first with the sole motive of enriching his collection of works of ancient art. Since 1861 the unearthing of Pompeii has been conducted in the most systematic manner, and the whole aim is to display the life of an ancient city, down to the last detail. While many fresco-paintings have been removed to Naples, those which are now discovered are retained in their original position. And the same

method is also employed sometimes for other objects of value. All the museums of the world fail to conjure up before our eyes the ghost of ancient life and civilization, when compared with the impression of reality which is made upon one in walking through the streets of Pompeii. It is all so tangible, so near, as though a single step had carried us right back into the distant past. And if the vacant streets are unpeopled, it is a striking fact that these ruins are visited every year by a number of travellers equal, or nearly equal, to the ancient population of the town (about 30,000). It need not surprise us then to find that Pompeii has its own railway station on the line from Naples to Salerno, the line which skirts the shore of the bay at the foot of Vesuvius. An entrance with custodians and stiles will not surprise us either, but we are glad to escape these modern things, decline the services of the official guides, and climb the road which leads to the *Porta Marina*,* the gate of the ancient city. Without delay we go on up the steep street to the Forum.

II. *The Forum of Pompeii, and Vesuvius.*

We are looking down the length of the market-place, or Forum, of Pompeii. But the eye is carried at once northward to the furthest distance, where old Vesuvius towers up above us. There is no smoke to-day, to obscure the outline of the cone. On the right is the jagged ridge of Monte Somma. Every outline is perfectly sharp and clear, and the changing shades of blue indescribable. All that was dark and ominous in the nearer view is now lost in distance.

It is not strange that Vesuvius should draw our atten-

*See map 3.

tion away from the things which we were most intent upon seeing. Certainly in the tragedy of Pompeii the leading part was taken by the volcano, which the citizens who traded and gossiped in this market-place had always regarded as a harmless neighbor. And to-day one cannot look down the Forum to the mountain without the thought that history might any day repeat itself, and bring to naught all the labor that has been expended in the last century and a half in excavating one-half of the buried city. But still the impression which this city of a bygone age has made upon the modern world would never be forgotten. By its revelations ancient life has been made to live for us with such vividness that it can never again become a mere matter of book-learning.

This market-square is deserted, to be sure, except for the tourists and students who come from every country to express their wonder and interest in all the civilized languages. The hum of trade and town politics will never again be heard in this, the centre of Pompeian life. The buildings which surround this long open place are mere wrecks of their former selves. But plan and arrangement are clear, and little imagination is needed to reconstruct the Temple of Jupiter at the other end of the Forum, with its six fluted columns rising above a broad flight of steps; or the triumphal arches on either side, and the long colonnade in two stories down the left side (west), or the similar, but less regular, portico of the right side (east). And the empty spaces we may people with the statues which once stood upon these vacant pedestals. The large one at our feet—a mass of concrete, faced with brick and stone in the net-work pattern—is thought to have borne the statue of Agrippina, the mother of Nero. The broken column just before us be-

longed to the colonnade, which crossed this end of the Forum also.

On our right a large patch of the ancient flagging, with its curb, remains,—so also in the distance near the eastern triumphal arch. Here and there a single flagstone remains. The rest have not crumbled away, but were probably removed in the very first excavations immediately after the eruption, as were also the precious marbles which adorned the walls of the public buildings on the east side of the Forum, and the triumphal arches and pedestals. For the city was not completely covered, but only to a depth of about twelve feet, of which one-half consisted of small pumice stones, while the upper stratum was of ashes. The owners, therefore, if they had survived, or speculators and contractors, could return and remove for building purposes whatever remained above ground, that is, the upper stories of the houses, the complete disappearance of which is thus readily accounted for. They could also dig down to the old level in search of valuables, and carry away marble slabs and other stones.

The area of the Forum was closed to vehicles of every kind, but for that reason all the better adapted to its proper purposes, as the focus of the municipal and commercial life of the town, as the general gathering-place of its citizens.

At the further end, to left and right, lay markets for vegetables, meats and fish. Near us on our right the portico gave entrance to the market for woollen-stuffs, erected by the generosity of a woman, Eumachia. Other public buildings adjoined the Forum on each side, but the most conspicuous is the Temple of Jupiter, which seems from its elevated base to command the entire space. Before it is a long platform obstructing the steps.

This probably served for the *rostra*, or speaker's platform, from which orators addressed the townspeople,—another imitation of Rome, though Pompeii never made its mark in oratory.

But the Forum of Rome* was far less orderly and symmetrical in its arrangement than that of this provincial town, which gives us so good an idea of the Italian town of nineteen centuries ago.

We look again, and out of this silence conjure up to ourselves the stir and bustle of a market-day in old Pompeii. But after all it is like those wonderful night photographs of some public square in New York or Washington, taken by electric light with long exposure, while hundreds of people have passed in every direction, without leaving one trace of themselves upon the photographic plate, which shows only the familiar buildings, standing in solemn stillness, deserted by every sign of human life.

We walk the length of the Forum, under the triumphal arch at the east side of the Temple of Jupiter, and follow a street which leads straight from the Forum to the wall of the city on the north. One block brings us to the little Temple of Fortune, and turning to the right we are in the long street which leads to the Nola Gate, and is called first Fortune Street and then Nola Street.

12. *The Street of Fortune.*

It is a long vista down this street, with its ancient paving just as it was on that fatal day in the year 79. The broad ruts worn in the large lava blocks of the pavement by the wheels of ancient carts are most

*See Nos. 21, 32, 41

real and unmistakable. They call up images of long processions of carts and wagons fleeing to places of safety, or, in happier times, bringing the produce of the country into Pompeii.

Between Pompeii and Nola—lying off to the north-east—there was an active trade, and much of it must have passed through this street. It was by this street, and the Nola road beyond, that the traveler from Pompeii could most directly reach that great thoroughfare, the Appian Way, near Capua, beyond Nola. Hence no small part of the travel between Rome and Pompeii must have been by this long street, which speaks of its ancient importance in these eloquent stones, worn with generations of use, and then preserved intact for many centuries.

Across the corner we see the great stepping-stones, which also appear again and again as we look down the street. Those at our feet have been partly removed. They are a regular feature of the Pompeian street, and spared the foot-passenger the trouble of stepping down from the broad curbstones to the level of the paving. To wagons and carts they were less of an obstacle than one might suppose, since the beasts of burden were more loosely harnessed and had greater freedom to step between the stones. One must assume, however, that fast driving and runaways were strictly forbidden in Pompeii.

Few of the streets are quite so worn as this particular spot of pavement. In general the thoroughfares of Pompeii were about as well kept as those of Naples, or the smaller towns of the region to-day. The present street has uncommonly broad sidewalks. In many other cases there is not much more than the width of the curb. The houses come out invariably to the line of the sidewalks.

These wide doors are those of shops, the narrower openings giving access to the house itself, which usually lies behind.

For every shop we must supply some kind of a counter, like our macaroni stall in Naples,* and almost reaching the inner margin of the sidewalk. In many cases they were faced with marble, and still remain. Shopping was thus, as it is to-day in South Italy and the East, a mere matter of sauntering down the street, with the blissful assurance that there is no need of entering the shop, since it probably contains nothing which you cannot see from the street. Everything was displayed so as to attract the attention of the passer-by.

On our left, after a number of shop fronts, we have a more pretentious doorway, with tall pilasters. That is the door of the House of the Faun, one of the great houses of Pompeii, belonging unquestionably to some old family. For it dates in the main from the second century B. C., and was not less than two hundred years old at the time of its destruction,—or rather respectable interment in clean pumice and ashes. Of extraordinary size and stateliness, this house with the adjoining shops occupies an entire block, or “island” (*insula*), as the Romans more picturesquely called it. Besides two *atria*, or central halls, it has also two peristyles, or colonnaded courts, one of them of great size for a town-house. But the chief ornament of the house was the celebrated floor-mosaic, now in the Museum at Naples, representing Alexander in battle with Darius,—a mosaic copy, that is, of some famous historical painting.

Behind the door of the House of the Faun a modern roof has been erected, as in other houses of Pompeii,

*See No. 4.

to protect valuable frescoes from the weather. On the right are other houses, hiding themselves behind their shops.

But just at the street corner on our right is the small temple of *Fortuna Augusta*, standing as usual with Roman temples, upon a high platform approached only by steps from in front. The marble blocks and slabs, which once faced the walls and covered the steps, have been removed, except for a few fragments. One beautiful Corinthian capital of the time of Augustus is placed in the corner, but base and column have disappeared. It was in honor of Augustus that this particular goddess of fortune received her title *Augusta*, and her priests were chosen from the slaves and the freedmen. By such means the emperor contrived to secure the loyal devotion of even the humbler classes.

On our way towards the Herculaneum Gate we pass some of the best known houses in Pompeii,—that of the Tragic Poet (the house of Glaucus in the “ Last Days of Pompeii ”) and the great House of Pansa, covering an entire *insula*, also a baking and milling establishment, and the House of Sallust. Passing through the city-gate we descend along the road to Herculaneum, the thoroughfare which linked—in their prosperity and in their destruction—the two unlucky “ cities of the plain.”

13. The Street of Tombs.

The road is paved, after the manner of streets within the walls, with large polygonal blocks of lava, here less worn by traffic than near the Temple of Fortune, but still capable of producing most decided jolts, if wheeled vehicles were allowed in the silent streets of the un-earthed Pompeii. Instead of the broad, flat curb which

we saw within the city, we have by the roadside a less regular curbing, interrupted at frequent intervals by higher stones, serving as mounting-blocks. But why they are so many in number, has never been satisfactorily explained. Sidewalks are wider than was the rule in the city.

But the special feature of this street is the tombs, which line the road on either side, as was the custom outside the gates of Rome, and of every Italian town. On the right is a massive tomb in solid masonry, dating from the time of Sulla, and the days when Pompeii became a Roman colony (80 B. C.). It is known as the Tomb of the Garlands, from the sculptured festoons, one of which we see upon the nearer face. Before it lie carved fragments from another tomb near by. Then comes a semi-circular niche, facing the road,—possibly a tomb, for the urn containing the ashes may have been placed in a chamber beneath; but its exact use remains uncertain. It contained a bench, and was adorned with pilasters in stucco, and a stuccoed ceiling.

Shops follow, since in this street of tombs the peace of the dead was broken by the trade of the living. At the fork of the road a large arch marks the beginning of an arcade, with more shops and drinking-houses. In the triangle between the two roads are other tombs,—to the left of these the sentry-box of the custodian, who guards the ruins from the depredations of the souvenir-hunter.

On the left the road is also lined with tombs, broken at two points by villas, to one of which the name of Cicero has been attached without the slightest reason. The so-called Villa of Diomedes lies beyond the tall cypress. Of the tombs in this left-hand group some are sufficiently picturesque to attract the artists. One of that guild sits here now on his folding stool, and endeavors to bring

away with him some impression of the dark cypresses, relieved by the white marble of those particular tombs,—in the distance white villages, dotting these lowest slopes of Vesuvius.

In general one finds the tombs of Pompeii far less impressive than those which line the Appian Way near Rome. But without comparing small things with great—the Herculaneum Way with the “Queen of Roads”—one may still find much to study with a quickened interest in this simple wayside cemetery. Certainly the buried city would lack its perfect completeness, if it witnessed to ancient life alone, and did not also recall every custom associated with death, and the strong desire that the tomb should not be in some secluded and dreamy spot, where few would come to read the epitaph, but by the most frequented way, that the passing multitude could not fail to mark the name, the career and virtues of the departed.

Returning through the arched gateway into the city, we turn eastward along Mercury Street, towards the quarter where the most recent excavations have been made and where we may see the work actually in progress. It goes on slowly and with great care, but some day the whole of Pompeii will be uncovered. Luckily the deposit of ashes and scoriae has not hardened into rock, and the difficulty is no greater than in removing old ash-heaps, except that the greatest pains must be taken not to injure frescoed walls, and to sift everything that is taken out, that no objects of value may be lost. A procession of men and boys carries away the ashes, and with the help of a miniature railway the debris is deposited in baskets without the walls. By this slow method is Pompeii being brought to light. That the most interest-

ing house yet discovered has been excavated within the last ten years seems a favorable omen for future discoveries.

The *Casa Nuova*, or New House, more properly called the House of the Vettii, from its ancient owners, contains so many valuable features that it is treated as a small museum within the larger museum precinct of Pompeii itself. By the restoration of the peristyle and roofs over certain portions of the house the preservation of its precious frescoes is insured.

14. *House of the Vettii.*

We are here in the *atrium*, or hall of the house, looking through into the colonnaded court, or peristyle, which in this house comes close up to the *atrium*, instead of being separated from it by an intervening room, the *tablinum*. A broad doorway and two smaller openings unite these two essential features of the house. In the floor of the *atrium* is the *impluvium*, a small tank for water. As the roof of the *atrium* sloped inward from all sides to an opening (*compluvium*), of the same size, the rain-water dripped directly into the *impluvium*, and was carried thence into a cistern. This *atrium* conforms to the usual type also in having no columns. With its lofty ceiling, admitting light through the open *compluvium*, and with its vista into the peristyle, it must have been a stately and attractive hall. The floor is of cement, into which a simple pattern was worked by inserting little cubes of white marble at regular intervals. The same white lines may be seen in the pavement of the peristyle. As though the three doorways were not sufficient, a great square window on the right added to the open and airy effect of this rarely interesting house. What remains of the fres-

coes against the piers of the doorways is now carefully protected by sheets of plate-glass. In the peristyle the railing is also not a restoration of anything of which fragments or traces have been found, but a mere necessity, in order to keep the numerous visitors out of the garden.

For in the open rectangle between the columns a garden has been laid out as much like the original as possible, and the fountains—a whole series of them—have been restored to their old places. There are marble basins in the form of tables, supported by two heavy legs. There are graceful circular basins on slender pedestals. And by the columns stand tall bases from which little sculptured figures in bronze or marble sent jets of water into the nearest basins. To the right is a beautiful three-legged table in marble, with lions' heads and feet. In the center the tiny marble column bears sculptured heads, or rather a head with two faces, Janus-like.

To the ancient Italian taste, as to the modern, the plastic art was a real necessity of life, out of doors as well as indoors. And it was a poor garden, indeed, which did not have sculpture and fountains. Such a garden, with all its naïve and toy-like features, was more intimately associated with the daily life of the household than are our gardens. It was not a place to stroll in after meal-times, but a spot to live in, whenever the weather permitted, and if not, then it could be enjoyed from the surrounding portico, or the rooms which opened off from it. For a southern climate it was surely a happy idea to bring the garden thus into the centre of the house, and have the whole life of the family revolve about it. Nature, as thus served up for domestic use, was, it is true, very far from the free Nature of the true out-of-doors. It was artificial and almost childish, but it held the affec-

tions of the family, and with the limitations of even the largest house, it would not be easy to lay out a garden which should be really natural in appearance, except perhaps a toy-garden after the Japanese method, with everything on a Liliputian scale. But that would be no less childish than these peristyle gardens of the Pompeian house, with their figures and basins and tables, and the other artifices which seem to be doing their best to drive out Nature,—but unsuccessfully.

The chief fame of the House of the Vettii is from its frescoes, which have become one of the principal attractions of Pompeii. They are to be seen in nearly every part of the house, some on the opposite wall of the peristyle. But the most beautiful are in a large room to the right of the court. It is for the protection of the paintings that the large folding doors have been restored.

In leaving the *Casa Nuova* one cannot fail to take away with him a lasting impression of the artistic surroundings in the midst of which the people of this small provincial town went about their daily tasks.

The way to the amphitheatre from the House of the Vettii carries us at first through the streets of the excavated city, and then among gardens which lie over the portion as yet uncovered. It is a long distance, since the amphitheatre was built at the extreme southeast angle of the city-wall. Unimpressive from without, owing to the low walls, the great structure is far more imposing from within, since the level of the arena was depressed some distance below the general level of the ground.

15. *The Amphitheatre.*

In one of the upper tiers we take our stand for this view down the long stretch of the arena, and over row

upon row of seats to Vesuvius, sharply outlined against the sky,—the broken ridge of Monte Somma to the left and behind the cone of the volcano. A light film of smoke is floating down the mountain side and away toward the Bay of Naples. One cannot help imagining for himself the scenes of the eruption, as witnessed from this point of view, in the midst of surroundings which would increase one's sense of the spectacular elements in the tragedy.

The immense ellipse of the arena is surrounded by a high wall to insure the safety of the spectators against attack by the wild beasts. It was originally covered with fresco-paintings representing combats of gladiators, or of wild animals. But these have perished since the amphitheatre was excavated and exposed to the weather. At the north end is a dark archway, like a tunnel, under the ascending seats. Close to these entrances—that to the north and its counterpart to the south—were the dens for the beasts. The seats are divided vertically by the long flights of steps, making wedge-shaped sections which were hence called *cunei*. A more important division is that made by the horizontal aisles, of which there are two. First come five rows of seats. But in the middle of the sides there are merely broad steps, upon which were to be placed the chairs brought in by the slaves of persons privileged to claim these, the most conspicuous seats,—namely, the municipal Senators. Low partitions divide these lower places into sections, to distinguish officials from common mortals. In the rear is a curved parapet, behind which runs the first of the horizontal aisles. This is not continuous, but plunges at intervals into the dark depths by means of stone stairs. Up these staircases those who had seats in this part of the house

climbed to the level of the aisle, and then by the narrow flights between the *cunci* to their proper places. There are twelve rows of these seats, after which we reach another horizontal aisle, and then eighteen more rows up to the enclosing wall, with its small arched openings. These highest rows were for women. The seats, while hard enough, no doubt, were not planned without some reference to comfort; for the front projects slightly, while a depression behind provides for the feet of those in the next row above. Of course the interest of all such details lies in the fact that these were the familiar arrangements at Rome, and in every provincial city, and not only for an amphitheatre, but for the theatre and the circus as well. In other words, wherever those immense crowds assembled, their comfort, convenience, and safety were secured by the means employed in this old amphitheatre of Pompeii.

Its capacity is estimated at 20,000, or about two-thirds, probably, of all the inhabitants. In length the structure measures some 440 feet. That it was filled with people at the first outbreak of the eruption has often been said, but on no sufficient authority.

Here in this Campanian region gladiatorial exhibitions flourished at an early date, and nowhere was there more interest in the bloody sport. In their excitement over the victory or defeat of favorite gladiators the spectators sometimes fell out themselves. A fresco, now removed to Naples, represents the amphitheatre as it was in the days of Nero, with a serious riot between the Pompeians and their neighbors of Nuceria.

Pompeii had its amphitheatre some forty years before Rome thought of erecting one,—the first, in the Campus Martius. The Colosseum* was begun a century later

*See No. 37.

still, and was as yet unfinished when the rain of pumice and ashes covered up the amphitheatre of Pompeii.

Retracing our steps along the foot-path which winds through several gardens until it reaches the excavations, we follow the *Strada dell' Abbondanza* to the south end of the Forum; and thence down the steep street leading to the *Porta della Marina*. Here is the small museum. But the artistic treasures of Pompeii are not to be found there. So far as they have not been left in their original places, as in the House of the Vettii, they have been removed to Naples.

16. Casts of the Victims.

The most striking objects in this little museum are these casts of victims of the eruption. So real are they in appearance that we seem to be transported to the scenes of desolation in the first days after the catastrophe. It is difficult at first to appreciate the fact that they are merely casts, obtained by an ingenious method. The bodies of those who were suffocated by gases, or overcome in any other way, were buried under layers of fine pumice stones and then ashes, to the depth of twelve feet or more. Soon the surrounding mass had hardened sufficiently to keep the impress of the body, and in time decay left nothing but the bones lying in a cavity in the lowest depths of the pumice. From the hollow sound the excavators approaching such a cavity suspect its presence, and then, proceeding with great care, they make an opening, remove the bones, and pour in plaster of Paris, as into a mould. Then breaking away the surrounding mass, they have a complete cast

of the nameless victim of that disaster so long ago, just as he was overtaken in a last effort to carry away his valuables, or to save his own life.

The tall jars in the cases against the wall are *amphoræ*, or wine-jars, each with two handles and a slender body tapering to a point at the bottom, so that it could not stand alone. Other vessels of small size and varying shapes enrich this collection of Pompeian earthenware, but as these are to be found in every Italian museum, they scarcely draw attention for a moment from the central cases with their ghastly contents.

The man before us must have struggled helplessly in the pumice drift, rising all about him, before death came to his release. When first produced a generation ago these casts aroused the greatest interest, and have been extensively illustrated in books in every language. But the present management of the excavations devotes itself to other things more important, and has no intention to increase this collection of grim reminders of the calamity. Popular interest in them has lessened, too, since the great eruption of Mount Pelée on the island of Martinique in May, 1902,—a disaster recalling in many ways that which overtook the Campanian cities in the year 79, but on a vastly larger scale. For one day at Martinique, in fact, a single hour, destroyed some 30,000 lives, a number probably equal to the entire population of Pompeii. And since we know from a detailed description of the eruption of Vesuvius by the Younger Pliny, in his celebrated letters to Tacitus, that the tragedy of Herculaneum and Pompeii was long drawn out, it is assumed that far the larger number of its people had ample time to flee to a safe distance. Hence the estimate that the number of victims did not greatly exceed two thousand.

But while St. Pierre completely outweighs Pompeii in

the scale of horrors, the eruption of Vesuvius will always remain more memorable, if not in the event itself, still for the unique result in preserving the perfect image of an ancient civilization for the delight and instruction of the present and the future.

PÆSTUM

Pæstum* is visited by travelers in the region of Naples, on account of three ancient Greek temples, picturesquely placed between the mountains and the sea. We make the journey by rail from Naples,—58 miles, or 24 miles beyond Salerno. The city itself dates from about six hundred years before Christ, when Greek colonists established themselves here, and named their city Poseidonia, after the god of the sea, Poseidon, the Neptune of the Romans. But the prosperity of the city, during which the existing temples were built, did not last much more than two hundred years. First their Italian neighbors came, and then the Romans, to rob the Greek city of its independence. A colony was established by the Romans, and the name changed to Pæstum. But the Roman city too, was destined to a short-lived fame, subdued this time by the relentless enemy of this coast, the malaria. In the middle ages the columns and sculptures were carried from the abandoned city to adorn the churches of Salerno and other cities of the region. An amphitheatre and a theatre fell into complete decay. Nothing of old Pæstum was left but its walls and the three venerable ruined temples of the sixth and the fifth centuries before Christ.

17. Temple of Neptune.

Here we seem to stand face to face with the remote past. Before us rises a Greek temple in the Doric style,

*See map 1.

built in honor of the sea-god, Poseidon, to whom the Greek colonists of these Italian shores might well have felt that they owed their commercial prosperity. Upon a low platform, three steps above the present level, six massive fluted columns support wide projecting capitals, and these heavy beams of stone, the architrave,—then a Doric frieze, a plain cornice and a pediment. Such is the front, in all its majestic simplicity. Down the length of the temple we may reckon twelve more columns, in addition to those which stand at the angles, and are common to both front and side. The fewest words suffice to describe the main features of such a temple, constructed according to the mathematical rules of the Greeks. But the impression of the whole cannot be so readily formulated. It carries us right back to the old days when the many Greek colonists in Southern Italy all the way from Cumæ, the oldest of their number, west of Naples, to Tarentum in the extreme south, were leavening the whole region with Greek culture and taste.

Looking more closely we see that the columns are shorter, thicker at the base, and more tapering at the top than was the rule in the most finished Doric style, for instance in the Parthenon at Athens. They are only twenty-eight feet high, and yet seven and a half feet in diameter. Capitals, too, are heavier than in the best Athenian examples. Architrave and frieze also are more ponderous. The frieze has all the members prescribed by the Greek architects,—the projecting blocks (triglyphs), grooved to resemble beam-ends, and separated from each other by plain slabs (metopes). But the latter show no trace of the usual sculpture,—nothing but the severe architectural forms.

Within the temple, at one point, between the corner column to the left and a bit of broken wall, we may catch

a glimpse of the upper tier of inner columns. For the temple proper, or *cella*, within its inclosing colonnade, was adorned in the interior with a row of columns on either side. And these columns sustained smaller shafts in the same style, making a gallery to right and left. No other example of the Doric temple preserves this arrangement, so suggestive of church interiors in more recent times. Beyond the temple, but at some distance, lies the sea,—the southern portion of the Bay of Salerno.

Time has given this venerable temple a rich brown coloring, which, by itself, would attract artists, if there were not so many other charms possessed by these solitary ruins, standing in solemn grandeur between the sea and the mountains. We seem to have left Italy far behind, and to be standing on Greek soil. Such it was, in fact, in the brilliant days of colonial Greece, when such temples as this were to be found all over the south of Italy and in Sicily.

But the tide of life long ago ebbed away from Pæstum, and the silence is like that of the grave. The roses, for which the city was famous in Roman times, have no wild descendants among these weeds. Custodians, who have left us to our own resources, and these ragged boys, have all a malarial look. Desolation is in the air,—a desolation which is less the work of time than of the deadly mosquito, at last discovered!

SORRENTO PENINSULA

From Pæstum we return to Salerno,* for the drive around the Sorrento peninsula. We may drive, or walk, or take to a boat, but no other mode of locomotion will

*See map 4.

ever be possible along these mountainous shores. The carriage road itself is of recent construction, and its more difficult section has been completed within ten years,—the portion from Amalfi to Sorrento.

Between Salerno and Amalfi the road skirts the shore, wherever that is possible, but often it is obliged to turn inland for a time, among lemon groves, along the margin of some mountain gorge, which it presently crosses, and then faces seaward again. The views are thus a rare combination of the sea and the mountains in perpetual alternation. At one point we round some rugged promontory at a great height above the sea. With the next bay we descend again to the beach, at a fishing village.

The last descent brings us to Amalfi and the busy little harbor. For the views, both to east and west, we must climb as far as possible up the towering cliff. Climbing about Amalfi is a thorny business, it is true. Paths and winding stairs usually bring one to any but the desired destination, and clambering over garden-walls is discouraged by broken glass set in cement along the top of the wall.

18. *The Cappuccini, Amalfi.*

From a rocky height we are looking westward, towards the point of the Sorrento Peninsula. One headland after another rises from a line of foam, where the fringes of coral show themselves with each retiring wave. The eye follows these beautiful outlines from the sea up through terraces and houses, and rough precipices, to the great mountain above our heads, the Monte Sant' Angelo, the peak of which is higher than Vesuvius. It is this rare combination of wild nature—mountain and sea—

with gardens and villages and towers, filling every possible and impossible spot, which gives this famous coast its unfailing charm.

Away below us the road to Sorrento plunges into a short tunnel, piercing the rock beneath the wreck and ruin of the great landslide of 1899, to reappear at several points in the distance. On the horizon directly above the tunnel appears a convent loftily perched. This we shall see again as we round that distant headland. To the right against the cliff is the Convent of the Cappuccini, white in the noon-day sun. The monks have departed, and their monastery has been for years the most famous hostelry of Amalfi, where guests accustomed to every luxury have been ready to pay a large price for one of its cells, partly for the pleasure of dreaming that they were monks of a bygone age, meditating upon the beautiful views below, but also because the house has been admirably kept as a hotel, while preserving all of its peaceful charms as a former convent. The quaint old buildings in their simplicity form a picture of the middle ages, against the background—almost vertical—of the mountain side. The church is concealed, except for its belfry. Above it are the terraces of a garden. At the right are the white columns of the *pergola*, a beautiful rose-garden, which has figured in more than one novel. To the left great buttresses and retaining-walls below used to add to the impression of security, as of the everlasting hills which frown down from above. But since the memorable disaster of a few years ago these devices of man seem feeble efforts to resist the forces of Nature.

The Convent of the Capuchins formerly possessed a garden to the left of the buildings. In the garden was a great open grotto, beneath the towering cliff. Here

the monks came to say their prayers at a "Calvary," which they had established in this grotto,—or to look out upon the sea from a low wall along the brink. Later, when tourists came from the ends of the earth, to displace the pious monks, that spot became one of the most celebrated in Europe for its superb view. Here painters painted, poets—and other people—dreamed, as they breathed the soft air, until a day of awakening came.

On the 22nd of December, 1899, at two o'clock in the afternoon, after ominous warnings of a coming landslide, an enormous mass of rock above the Calvary tore itself away from the mountain side, and rolled with the roar of thunder into the sea. Some thirty thousand cubic yards, or more, of rock had fallen. About one-third of the convent front was swept away, with perhaps twenty of its rooms. The story of ruin is told by those enormous rocks down there by the harbor, and by the immense pile of débris rising up to the convent itself. One whole corner of the harbor was filled,—just where a few years ago we might have taken a boat for an excursion along the shore.

Close by the tunnel on the left we see the start of a path which circled around the promontory and led to a smaller hotel, the S. Caterina, down by the water. One guest of that hotel, an English lady, who had returned to her room for her valuables after the warning was given, lost her life, with her companion. About ten other persons perished, mostly fishermen in their boats, or on the shore, where the tidal wave was terrific. Had a similar accident occurred at any other spot, the loss of life must have been far greater; but lovers of Amalfi—and their name is legion—will never cease to mourn the ruin of a favorite spot. It is a sad wreck of what once was there,—the great overhanging rock and the unspoiled

cliff descending to the sea. The piercing of the tunnel, about 1892, seems to have been the ultimate cause of the disaster. But one may almost imagine that, as the sea once swept away a large part of Amalfi, so the mountain has joined in a conspiracy of Nature's hidden forces to rob the old city, first of its naval power and commercial prosperity, and then, many centuries later, of its most picturesque view.

Clambering down over the rocks we reach the long terraced garden and famous *pergola* of the Cappuccini.

19. Amalfi, from the Cappuccini.

From the hotel itself we have this superb view to the eastward, in the direction of Salerno. We are, perhaps, a hundred and fifty feet above the sea, almost directly below us. The greater part of Amalfi seems to have disappeared. For far the larger portion of the quaint old city is now lost to our view in the deep gorge, across the mouth of which we are looking. We might never suspect its presence, if we had not had glimpses of it in passing. Into the dark shadow of that defile narrow streets ascend, tunneling under houses, and doing their best to keep company with the mountain torrent which turns the noisy wheels of one paper-mill after another. But all that is hidden from us at present. Out of that gorge Amalfi seems to be discharging itself down steep slopes into the sea, across that little beach, the *Marina*, where the fishing boats are drawn up upon the sand.

Far below us, against the vertical cliff, and boldly supported by arches, runs a stretch of the high-road, only to disappear presently in the gloom of a tunnel, above which the houses clamber over one another up the rock. After reaching the *Marina* it is hemmed in between the sea-wall

and the houses, by the little church, then veers, first to left and then to right, finally disappearing at the point between the old ruined tower by the sea and the white convent of the Luna, now a hotel. These two convents, now given over to the traveling public, mark the limits of Amalfi. Between them some seven thousand people have managed to stow themselves away, mainly in that quarter of the city which the gorge has swallowed up from our sight.

Above the city the red rocks tower to a great height. One commanding position on our left is occupied by a round tower; on another are the ruins of a castle. From the latter a long ridge descends with varied outline to the Luna and the tower by the sea. The slope which faces us is covered with terraced gardens, almost down to the *Marina*. Beyond we see the jagged lines of a great headland, from that rounded mountain-crest through a veil of clouds to the blue sea. And the descent is so sharp that the road is obliged to climb high above the water in order to round that promontory, the Capo Tumolo. We can clearly see the white line of the ascending road, which climbs down again on the other side to Vietri and Salerno.

At our feet the sea is rolling in over the beach, and whitening the whole line of the shore, while the deep blue changes into every shade of green, emerald, or of amethyst.

In such surroundings, with the soft southern air, the vivid coloring, and, in the distance, the intangible Mediterranean horizon, it is difficult to think of anything but the natural beauty of a coast where the mountains forever dispute the claims of the sea. Yet Amalfi has had its history, and a history which smacks of its native element. Unknown until the beginning of the middle ages, Amalfi

grew up under the rule of eastern emperors at far-away Constantinople, until it reached the dignity of a republic with a doge of its own, and a power on the sea which enabled it even to carry on war with the Kings of Naples, and with Pisa. It had not less than seven times its present population, and was really of the first importance in the maritime world. And this small republic had its part in the development of commerce, and still more of admiralty law. Its most precious treasure was a law book,—a sixth or seventh century manuscript of the *Digest* of Justinian, which fell as a prize in war to the Pisans in 1135, and later (1406), to Florence, where it is now to be seen in the Laurentian Library.

But Nature, which had so grudgingly given land for this growing city between the mountain and the sea, took away a large part of what she had given. By a great catastrophe in the middle of the fourteenth century (1343), a large part of the town and the arsenal and harbor-works were swallowed up in the sea. The trade of the Levant, which had been the wealth of the city, fell immediately to its rivals, Pisa, Genoa and Venice. So the greatness of Amalfi was at an end. For more than five centuries and a half it has dreamed of its past, as it looks across the bay towards Pæstum, with memories of an age much more remote.

The road from Amalfi along the southern shore of the Sorrento Peninsula, and then over a ridge at a height of 1,200 feet, and down to Sorrento or Castellammare, is even more picturesque than that we have traversed from Salerno to Amalfi. That section which brings us from Amalfi to Prajano was the last to be completed. As recently as 1891 the road came abruptly to an end at the rock beneath the Cappuccini, compelling travelers to take

a boat for Prajano, some six miles away. It was more primitive, but it had its charms, as one was rowed along beneath the cliffs, close enough to see the coral just below the water-line. One landed in a little bight, to climb up a steep path to the road. But the highway, now finished, offers greater variety and is preferred by all.

20. *An Old Convent, near Amalfi.*

We have come two or three miles from Amalfi, and looking back have this varied scene before us. The little donkey-cart has stopped, too, at this turn in the road, while these half-dozen sunburned boys exercise their natural right to stare at strangers. It is a much-traveled road,—a procession of carriages, large and small, carrying tourists around the peninsula in this direction or that. But one sees fewer picturesque carts than about Salerno or Pompeii.

Over the low wall the rocks pitch in broken masses to the sea, while the whole view is filled with this magnificent mountain side. High up on the left towers this lofty convent, with its square buildings and small tower, almost directly overhanging the road, and so high that one wonders whether the monks ever came down again. Beneath the garden, and its wall on the very brink, a deep shadow recalls in a certain way the former grotto of the Cappuccini at Amalfi, and one can only fear that this crag, too, may some day prove the ruin of the convent above.

Directly over those buildings a mountain-peak loses itself in the cloud. Below, the wild outline of the mountain rapidly descends to the level of cultivation, where orange and lemon groves climb up and down the terraces among white houses, here and there clustering about a church. These villages often seem to have a feeble hold

upon the side of the mountain, as though an earthquake or landslide would readily topple them over, one upon another, into the sea.

On our right a rocky point bears an old watch-tower, standing out boldly against a background of blue sea. The whole coast is studded with these towers, erected, we are told, by the Emperor Charles V, to guard against attacks by pirates, who still flourished in the sixteenth century. No doubt many of these points had similar towers in an earlier time, to warn Amalfi of some sudden descent of the Saracens. Certainly we are constantly reminded of the Saracens all about Naples. These flat-roofed houses and the low domes give to the villages, and even to larger towns, a very Oriental appearance.

Beyond the tower the cliffs are as vertical as at Sorrento, and the road is often close to the margin. At a greater distance rise the flat-topped heights about Amalfi. Beyond these higher peaks are wreathed in light clouds.

Long stretches of the road can be made out at various points, as it keeps near the sea. But we cannot trace the long loops which occur wherever a gorge is encountered, obliging the road to make a detour beneath still more frowning heights, before it can return to the sea to round the next headland. Such is the varied character of this wonderful road. In celebrity it rivals the famous Corniche in its most beautiful stages, along the French Riviera. But if the Monte Sant' Angelo is not equal to the Maritime Alps, there is here a greater wealth of coloring, and all the charms of a more varied and picturesque history. In the making of that history many hands have had a part, not so much in leaving behind tangible

memorials, though these are not lacking, as in producing this mingled civilization of the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

We are in Europe, but Sicily, the half-way house, is near, and Africa itself seems to be not far away, along this coast where Moorish pirates came and went. And in the towns are many things which show that Constantinople and the East were once strong influences in making Amalfi and its neighbors what they were.

The road to Sorrento gradually rises and leaves the coast to cross over the crest of the ridge, and down with long windings to the northern shore of the peninsula. In other words, we have returned to the Bay of Naples. We cross to Naples by steamboat.

In journeying to Rome* we travel through a country of varied scenery, and of countless historical associations, by way of the ancient Capua, with its huge amphitheatre, and then along the line of the ancient Latin Way, which ran at some distance from the sea, behind the lower coast ranges. Through the beautiful valley—that of the classic Liris—we reach Cassino, where an immense group of flat-topped buildings, and a domed church upon the summit of a mountain instantly attract attention. It is Monte Cassino, the original home of the learned Benedictine order, and historically the most important monastic establishment in the world. The next station is Aquino, which produced the famous schoolman, St. Thomas Aquinas. Near by was Arpinum, the birth-place of Marius and Cicero. But we are bound for Rome.

*See map 1.

At length we reach the margin of the Campagna, near Palestrina, the ancient Præneste. Soon we are running parallel to the ruined aqueduct arches,* with rising excitement as we see increasing evidences that our train is actually carrying us into Rome. There is a breach in the walls, another ruin—a dome of brick on the left—and the vision of a classic world is dispelled by the prosaic railway station. Here are the Baths of Diocletian opposite the station, here a great fountain, and then another. Prose or poetry, fact or fancy, this is Rome.

ROME

Once we have found our hotel in the strangers' quarter, and settled ourselves in all haste, we set out down the Corso for a first view of the heart of old Rome, its Forum. Over the Capitol, past the bronze Marcus Aurelius, we hasten down the steps from which the view spreads itself out before us.

21. Temple of Saturn and the Forum.

We are looking down upon the Forum from the ascent to the Capitol. On our left the columns of the Temple of Saturn first attract our attention, as we recognize in them the most familiar object in all the pictures of the Forum which we have ever seen. They seem like old friends, not to be admired for any beauty that they possess, but still assured their place in affectionate memory of a spot which we have long tried to imagine for ourselves, and now at last have before our eyes. It is as though we had been here before, and had looked down from this identical spot in some previous existence. So

*See map 8.

hard is it to believe that things most familiar are now seen for the first time.

It is a rude shock to one's imagination to find that these massive granite columns are not exactly mated, that one or two of them seem to consist of parts rudely joined together, with the upper section inverted.

And then the capitals are stiff and crude,—every detail suggesting the degenerate taste of an age in which the purity of classic forms had ceased to be appreciated. These indications alone would prove that this Temple of Saturn is not that which looked down upon the historic scenes enacted in the Forum in the days of Cicero or Cæsar. Like most of the other buildings in or about the Forum, the Temple of Saturn was restored, or rebuilt from time to time upon the same site, and what we see dates from the age of Diocletian and the last days of paganism. By that time Rome was no longer the residence of the emperors, except at intervals, and while the costly monuments of the Eternal City were not entirely neglected, the work of repair and restoration was often hastily done, and by incompetent hands. It seems strange that this most conspicuous ruin in the Forum should represent so late an age. It would meet our expectations far better if by some strange power the Roman Forum had been preserved just as it was at some given period, as the age of Augustus, for example,—very much as the Forum of Pompeii* gave us a clear picture of one definite moment—the last—in the life of that thriving town. But without the intervention of a Vesuvius the capital of the world could not possibly have the same experience as provincial Pompeii. Roman history never came abruptly to an end. The chain is absolutely unbroken from our own day back to the Roman Republic. Nothing ever

*See No. 11.

came to a standstill. While the overgrown Empire required many capitals, at Ravenna and Milan and Arles, Trèves or York, Nicomedia or Constantinople, and the sceptre had departed from the city of Rome, still the ancient seat of power remained the ideal centre of the Roman world, and dominated the imaginations of distant peoples, as it has continued to do in one way or another to the present time.

But are there no remains here of the early Empire? Has everything been overlaid with the work of later and less glorious ages?

On our right—as we look over the dark concrete foundation from which the Temple of Saturn has disappeared, except for those columns and their entablature—a broad level space of marble floor stretches away between long lines of square bases. That is the *Basilica Julia*, begun by Julius Cæsar, completed by Augustus. This great building of which so little now remains, served the purposes of an exchange, and also sheltered some of the principal law-courts. It was one of the busiest spots in Rome in the time of the Empire. Other buildings of the same general type had served these public needs before the time of the great dictator, but, as with his other mighty projects, this was to outstrip anything that had been built before. In form it is a huge rectangle,—a broad central space, or nave, in the centre, and on either side two aisles. Open arches, on at least three sides, made the whole building accessible from the streets and the Forum. Above there was a second story over the side-aisles.

The street which runs along the left side of the basilica is the Sacred Way, the scene of so many triumphal processions. On the left of that famous street lies the open space of the Forum, much obstructed by cumbrous monu-

ments to forgotten dignitaries, and in large part hidden from us by the columns of the Temple of Saturn. But between these we see a single fluted shaft,—the Column of Phocas, the latest monument in the Forum (seventh century). A wider opening in the portico of the Saturn temple reveals the front of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, which lies beyond the limits of the Forum proper. In front of Antoninus's temple is a confused mass of ruins, among them the Temple of Julius Cæsar, facing towards us, and bounding the Forum in that direction. It can be recognized by a small shelter-roof, recently placed over the spot where Cæsar's body was burned.

On the right, beyond the Basilica Julia, a high concrete foundation supports the three fluted columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, dating from the reign of Augustus. Behind the Castor temple is the angle of the Palatine Hill. Beyond, and over the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and the palace of the Vestal Virgins, the Arch of Titus stands out conspicuously at the highest point of the Sacred Way.

In the distance the Colosseum fills nearly the whole background, though hidden in part by the Church of Santa Francesca, with its slender Lombard tower. The church occupies in part the site of one of the greatest of the Roman temples, that dedicated by Hadrian to Venus and the goddess Rome.

But we have come to this spot for a general view only, and to form our impressions of a spot about which centres so large a part of European history. We shall need to come again and again to study the details which at first seem so confusing.*

*See Nos. 32-41.

For the morning we have planned to visit St. Peter's and the Vatican.

A DAY AT ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

We make our way down to the Tiber, cross it by the *Ponte Sant' Angelo*,* reserving the castle for a later visit. and keep on through the *Borgo Vecchio* towards St. Peter's. To avoid the disappointment which usually attends a first view of the church from the level of the square, where the great dome is partly hidden by the flat-topped façade, we climb to the roof of a house, and looking over the tiles to the west, we are rewarded for our pains by the very best view of both church and palace which can anywhere be obtained.

22. *St. Peter's and the Vatican.*

Before us lies the greatest cathedral in the world, but far away across this vast forecourt. No other building could be named that has so superb an approach. In the first place there is an outer court, as it were,—this square at our feet, extending to the point at which the piazza proper begins, with its forest of columns to right and left. That great ellipse, marked by the white lines in the pavement, and at the ends by the colonnades, is large enough to contain the entire church placed crosswise, if only the vestibule were omitted. In other words, the elliptical piazza alone is about the size, and not far from the shape, of the Colosseum.†

The long curving colonnade on our right is exactly matched by another on our left. From the dome we shall see the whole great plan spread out before us.‡ On either hand there are four rows of Tuscan columns in yellowed

*See Nos. 46, 47.

†See Nos. 37, 38.

‡See No. 48.

Travertine,—the material of the church itself. To appreciate these unique colonnades we must walk the length of the central driveway beneath the portico, turning with the curve of the whole great structure. But they are most praised, by strangers as well as Romans, when a southern sun makes the unsheltered piazza into one fierce Sahara.

Above the columns, upon a balustrade, the sculptor-architect Bernini ranged a small army of sculptured saints in restless poses. These saints in stone keep watch, as sentinels upon the walls, in unbroken line to the very front of the church. For the curved colonnade on either hand is continued by a straight wing. These wings gradually ascend, enclosing another broad open space in the shape of a keystone. But this—the more immediate forecourt—is nearly filled by the spreading steps.

From our present position the church seems interminably remote. The actual distance is upwards of eleven hundred feet, and we might readily believe it even more, as we accustom ourselves to the mighty proportions of everything about St. Peter's.

In the centre is the well-known obelisk from the Neroian Circus. The fountain on the right and its companion on the other side of the piazza are of great size and volume,—far larger than they appear at this distance. As the wind is blowing they send their cool spray over a wide circle of pavement.

Above the colonnade on our right rise the irregular masses of the Vatican Palace, or rather one end of that unlimited pile, which extends indefinitely to the northward. The square portion furthest to the right contains the apartments of the Pope himself, at the angle of the court upon the third floor and commanding a full view of the square and St. Peter's. To point out his win-

dows is the delight of cabmen and itinerant dealers in pictures below. On the fourth floor, at the same angle of the palace, resides the Cardinal Secretary of State.

The nearest court of the palace, with one side open toward the piazza, is the court of St. Damasus, a fourth century pope. That is the official centre of the Vatican. It is approached by the Bronze Doors, which lie behind those two wide-spaced columns, directly opposite us, to the left of the fountain. This is the principal entrance to the palace.

But the picturesqueness of the court of St. Damasus—one of the works of the great Bramante—has been spoiled by glazing the open arches, which once admitted light and air freely to the long corridors running around three sides of the court. These are the famous loggias, but the fame of their fresco and stucco decoration is limited to that upon the third story (the second visible to us), and the west side of the court,—that nearest to the church. A visit to these works of Raphael and his pupils is best combined with the Picture Gallery upon the top-most floor, opening upon the upper loggia, but it is well to take our bearings in advance, since the geography of the Vatican is very confusing. For the same reason we must notice the simple, low-pitched roof of the Sistine Chapel, between the palace and St. Peter's.

Behind the buildings which we see stretch away in magnificent distances the far larger portions of the palace. Of these successive popes have, as it were, dispossessed themselves, as one after another of the papal collections and apartments of historic and artistic importance have been put at the service of the public, that is to say, of visitors from every corner of the world. Of the historic apartments the most celebrated are the *Stanze* of Raphael, and beneath them the Borgia

Apartments, first opened in 1897. These are near the Sistine Chapel, while Library and Sculpture Gallery extend away to the north. After traversing these galleries from end to end we shall be quite ready to believe that the long corridor of the Library is more than a thousand feet in length, and cease to wonder that the Pope is carried about in that venerable institution, the sedan-chair.

In spite of the immense size of the Vatican, its present owner may be said to inhabit one small corner of a vast museum. The wing containing the few rooms with which he contents himself is not older than the beginning of the seventeenth century. Indeed, one is impressed by the fact that in all this huge pile there is nothing to recall the middle ages, nothing older than the fifteenth century.

The reason, however, is not far to seek. It was only after the "Babylonian captivity" at Avignon (1309—1379), that the popes began to reside regularly at the Vatican, deserting the old palace of the Lateran, which had been their home for nearly a thousand years.

As for St. Peter's itself, as one first looks upon it from this point of view, it is difficult to analyze the impression. Colossal it is, beyond anything else with which one may compare it. Giants seem to have built for all time, with the assurance that future ages would share their love of the gigantic. As it happened, the generations that were to come agreed at first, and then began timidly to think for themselves, and to think differently. Yet, however loudly the façade may be condemned by the modern critics, no voice is ever raised against the perfection of the unrivaled dome of Michael Angelo and della Porta.

In order to gain a nearer view we climb to the roof of

another house just at the corner of the smaller square and the great piazza.

23. *St. Peter's.*

Here too we have the advantage of elevation, and the wonderful dome, instead of being lost behind the nearer front of the church, as when it is seen from the square below, rises to nearly its full height above the façade.

On the right and left we have the wings enclosing the broad space directly before the church. Above that upon the right rises the roof of the Sistine Chapel; over that upon the left is the low dome of the sacristy.

The façade extends so far on either side of the nave of the church that there is room for those great open arches to right and left. Under that arch on the left, in fact beneath the lower arch, which looks so small in the distance, passes the street which leads around St. Peter's, and along the whole length of the palace to the entrance to the Sculpture Gallery and the Library. Everything is dwarfed by the vast scale of St. Peter's. The few people lost in empty space before the central door give us some measure of the height of those gigantic columns. The whole façade is 165 feet high, with a length of 369 feet, while the cross upon the dome is 435 feet above the floor of the church. But figures add little to the almost superhuman impression made by the vast structure itself. As though the enormous columns and pilasters with their colossal entablature, were not enough, an upper story was added, with open windows, of which some are used for bells. Above is a long row of colossal figures 19 feet high, representing Christ and the Apostles.

The dome itself is buttressed by paired columns, above

which rise the mighty ribs, to the lantern at the top. Smaller domes on either side relieve the flatness of the roof.

In the history of the fabric of St. Peter's, the old and the new, one may read whole chapters in the history of Christendom in general. The old basilica was a noble church of great size, erected in the age of Constantine. It witnessed many historic scenes, among them the coronation of Charlemagne in 800. The building of a new church was planned by Pope Nicholas V (1450), but not begun until 1506 under Julius II. Most of the great architects of the Renaissance labored on the slowly rising structure, which was not finished until 1626, after many changes of plan. Meanwhile the last vestige of the old church had been removed, except the crypt.

Above the central door is the balcony where the popes used to be crowned, and from which they gave their blessing *urbi et orbi*, to the city and the world. Within the vestibule, opposite the last door to the right is the *Porta Santa*, closed except in years of jubilee (the last in 1900). On our right, in the centre of the piazza, rises the Egyptian obelisk of Caligula, removed to its present position in 1586. The removal had been entrusted to a celebrated architect, Fontana, but was not accomplished without great danger, caused by the stretching of the ropes. Silence had been imposed upon the excited crowd by Pope Sixtus V under the penalty of death. The suspense increased as the enormous mass ceased to rise. Suddenly a sailor's voice rang out,—“Water upon the ropes!” He had risked his life, but the obelisk was saved.

Originally brought from Egypt by the Emperor Caligula (37-41 A. D.) for the adornment of his circus, this obelisk was dedicated to the memory of Augustus and Ti-

berius, and witnessed Nero's appearance in chariot races, and then the martyrdom of Christians, torn by wild beasts and burned as torches for the illumination of the same circus, while Nero, in the dress of a jockey, mingled with the crowd.

By and by the circus fell in ruins, and furnished foundations for the first basilica raised by the triumphant church to her Apostle, whose tomb stood by the Cornelian Road close to the circus. Still the obelisk remained standing, crowded into a corner to the left of old St. Peter's and its chapels (near the present sacristy), until the new church was nearly completed.

Not to mention far-away Egypt, it serves to link the ancient with the modern Rome, just as the great plan of the piazza recalls the sumptuous Fora of the emperors, although in size the popes have far outstripped the Cæsars.

As the old St. Peter's—like many of the early churches—had an atrium, or forecourt, so this whole vast piazza is merely a forecourt to the new temple, the chief temple of Christendom. Thus here—one may say everywhere in Rome—ancient and mediæval and modern meet in one lasting impression of the unity of history, and the community of interest which binds the whole western world together.

From our housetop view-points we have tried to absorb all that we could of St. Peter's in its vastness. Descending to the piazza we pass between the obelisk and the fountain, between the heroic figures of Sts. Peter and Paul at the foot of the broad stairs; then through one of the great doors into the vestibule, which is itself as large as many churches; at last through the inner doors into the huge temple. But again we will get the

best view from an elevated position,—this time from a balcony above the vestibule, directly over the central doorway.

24. *The Nave of St. Peter's.*

The boundless spaces of this enormous interior seem absolutely deserted. Yet thirty thousand people do not make a crowd in St. Peter's. Even now in the side-aisles, the transepts, and chapels, there may be hundreds of people, while in the nave all is solemn stillness. There is not a sign of pew or chair to break the expanse of marble floor. It is a new floor, the gift of the Pope Leo XIII. Down its centre runs a series of inscriptions in brass letters let into the marble, marking the length in each case of some famous cathedral, as that at Milan, or St. Paul's at London (for Protestant churches are included). Of course they all fall far short of the length of St. Peter's, which measures upwards of six hundred feet in length within, or nearly seven hundred feet, including walls and the broad vestibule.

The height of the nave is 150 feet, its width 87 feet. And the coffered and gilded vaulting in solid masonry, which spans this great width at such a height, seems built to last forever. And yet it is not without a certain lightness. The weight is borne by great piers, faced with colossal pilasters in pairs. Upon their Corinthian capitals rests a gigantic entablature; upon this the vaulting. The entablature is carried all the way around the church, and its frieze is adorned with inscriptions, Latin, or Greek, all in letters six feet high. The piers are joined together down the length of the nave by wide arches, through which one passes into the side aisles. The pilasters which support these arches are adorned with medallions of popes and saints, or tiaras and keys,

supported by lively cherubs,—all against a background of polished marble. The same style of restless sculpture also appears above in the spandrels, or triangular spaces on either side of the arches. Bernini and his school have done their worst with the sculptures of St. Peter's, and the result is that noble proportions, vast scale,—everything which increases the architectural effect on the one hand, is belittled on the other by frivolous, irreverent sculpture. But we shall find everywhere in St. Peter's this contrast between the purer taste of the Renaissance architecture at its best, in the hands of Bramante and the rest, and the theatrical and spectacular features which mark the decline in the seventeenth century.

Beneath the dome is the papal altar, above which tower the twisted bronze columns, supporting the canopy, or baldachin. This is also in bronze with ornaments in gilt. The cross upon its top is 95 feet above the floor, or about the height of the cornice. Beneath this altar is the *Confessio*, the Holy of Holies, with golden lamps burning about that balustrade within which stairs descend to the tomb of the Apostle.

Even at this distance we can form some impression of the huge circular space beneath the dome. The sunlight streaks across the great rotunda from the windows in the drum, suggesting those soaring heights which are lost to us by the vaulting of the nave, itself catching hazy sunbeams from the windows of the clerestory. The light in St. Peter's always seems to come from upper regions, far above our heads. There is but one stained window in the whole church, and that we can see at the extreme west end of the choir, through the openings in the upper part of the baldachin. It is simply a glory, with a dove descending. Beneath that window is the chair of St. Peter.

The famous statue of the Apostle* we can barely see on the right in the distance, as he sits with uplifted hand upon his marble throne, against one of the principal piers of the dome.

In building St. Peter's it was the aim of the popes and their architects to reproduce the grandest works of imperial Rome, and, if possible, outstrip them. Thus the dome was to rival the Pantheon, which it does not indeed equal in diameter by a few feet, although the height is vastly greater, and the construction far bolder, reared as it is upon four massive piers at the crossing of nave and transepts. For these latter members the model was taken from the Roman baths and the Basilica of Constantine†. Whereas the old St. Peter's recalled the Christian Rome of the fourth and fifth centuries, and its flat-ceiled basilicas, born upon row after row of columns, the new St. Peter's was to recall in its stupendous piers and audacious vaulting the constructive triumphs of pagan Rome. And the church remains, not so much a church as an embodiment of old Rome itself,—a temple of the ages.

We descend from the balcony above the central door to begin our tour of St. Peter's and its chapels and tombs. The very first chapel of the right (north) aisle contains the most celebrated work of art in the church.‡

25. *The Pietà of Michael Angelo.*

This group—Mary with the dead Saviour—forms the altar-piece of the chapel, and has been raised so high upon its lofty pedestal, behind the tall altar-candles, that

*See No. 26.

†See Nos. 34 and 58.

‡See map 7.

it is seen with difficulty from below. And the effect is further marred by the dazzling background of precious alabaster and by the senseless addition of the gilded cherubs floating above the Virgin's head and bearing a crown. The wrath of the fiery sculptor, if he could see his work thus placed and thus "improved," can readily be imagined.

The *Mater Dolorosa* sits holding the lifeless body of her Son upon her knees. Grief is so completely restrained that nothing mars the serenity of that beautiful face,—no tears, no parting of the lips to utter even one subdued cry of anguish. This is not the grief that could be outwardly expressed. It lies too deep for tears. With perfect composure, but with unutterable sorrow, Mary sits inconsolable with the wasted form of her Son in her lap. It is the Madonna, still unfaded by age or grief, and she recalls in her new sorrow the memories of the child in arms,—the infant Saviour. Calvary and the Cross are past. Her Son has been given back to her,—into her lap, as though He were a little child. But He is dead. The arms and legs hang limp, not yet stiffened by the grip of death, the head drooping, the body sunken. Self-denial and anguish in life, and the agonies of an unspeakable death, have given a premature age to his three-and-thirty years. By contrast the Virgin appears young and vigorous, with the perennial youth of the Virgin-mother. At first the critics found fault with this seeming contradiction, but Michael Angelo came to his own defence, and we have the words in which he explained and justified his deliberate purpose to emphasize the worn humanity of the crucified Son, in contrast with the "maidenliness and imperishable purity" of the Mother.

The sculptor was but twenty-four years old when he

completed this group in 1499. What he had done before had already brought him a name. The Pietà gave him at once his place as the first living master of sculpture. It was placed in a chapel of the old basilica of St. Peter's, in surroundings much more in keeping with its deep religious feeling. For with all that the young Michael Angelo had learned from his ancient models, this greatest of his earlier works is still true to the religious sentiment of the middle ages. But here in its new surroundings, amid all the pomp and worldliness of the new St. Peter's, the tender pathos of the Pietà seems stifled as in an unwholesome atmosphere,—an air for imposing spectacles of earthly grandeur, but fatal to every purely religious impulse.

We return to the great nave, and slowly walking towards the centre of the church, find ourselves lost in the sense of its overpowering vastness, until it is a positive relief to turn to smaller things, whether they are of historic interest or not. And among the few things not colossal in St. Peter's is the venerable statue of the Apostle, just where the nave enters the rotunda.

26. *The Statue of St. Peter.*

On a quaint white marble throne, raised upon a pedestal of veined marbles highly polished, sits the bronze figure of the Prince of the Apostles, whom tradition makes the first bishop of Rome; in other words, the first in the unbroken succession of the popes. His right hand is raised in the act of benediction, with two fingers erect. The left hand holds the keys in a stiffly vertical position. Hair and beard are curled after a mechanical and helpless fashion. Upon the head is the nimbus, in this case perforated, with rays like the spokes

of a wheel. One cannot doubt for a moment but that this is a venerable statue, in spite of all the controversies about its age. And it has been honored by crowds of pilgrims for so many centuries that the toes of the projecting right foot have been quite worn away by the kisses of the faithful. On the festival of St. Peter, and on other great occasions, it has been the custom to array the statue in rich robes and papal state.

Behind the saint is a rich mosaic background, and in the angle of the great pilaster are hung votive offerings in the shape of silver hearts. In front hangs a massive lamp between two graceful bronze candelabra, supporting tall candles. The throne suggests an old Roman marble chair, and is clearly imitated from such models. But what of the statue? Is it also imitated from the antique, or itself antique, with possible alterations to adapt a pagan statue to Christian purposes, as has often been claimed? There is no evidence that the head is not as old as the body. Everything indicates that the whole was cast at the same time. The stiff draperies suggest an awkward attempt—perhaps in the fifth century—to copy some sitting statue of a Roman emperor or magistrate. The left arm seems almost to be held in a sling, so unskillful was the sculptor in handling the folds of the toga, in which the saint appears as a Roman. Such inexperience might belong to the last days of a declining art, but it is far more likely that this statue represents a much later age and the crude beginnings of the sculpture that was to blossom forth with the Renaissance in the fifteenth century into the *Pietà* of Michael Angelo. While critics do not agree, and never will, the balance now inclines to the belief that this St. Peter dates from the thirteenth century. But a highly venerated statue of the Apostle stood in the old St. Peter's, or in one of

its cloisters, as long ago as the eighth century, and many are ready to believe this to have been the same. By the fifteenth century the throne must have been replaced, for this surely is not mediæval, but of the early Renaissance, when antique forms were being revived with such enthusiasm.

Beyond the statue we have a view of the "tribune" in the distance. In almost any other cathedral it would be called the choir. Its floor is raised two steps above the level of the church. The altar has for its background one of the most tasteless of all the works of Bernini. At either side stand two Fathers of the Church supporting a great throne in bronze. It is in fact a huge reliquary, for it contains the very ancient wooden and ivory "chair of St. Peter." Above are angels and rays of light, encircling the stained window with the descending dove.

To the left tower the monstrous columns of the baldachin above the high altar.* They are of bronze and of immense weight, imitating some columns which stood near the *Confessio* of the older church, and were supposed to be from the Temple at Jerusalem. Some of them now adorn, with their fantastic outlines, the balconies of the dome, and one of these we can see directly above the head of St. Peter.

It was Urban VIII who erected the colossal baldachin,—the same pope to whom it fell to dedicate the completed St. Peter's in 1626. His tomb—another work of Bernini—we see in that niche to the right of the altar in the tribune.

Before the papal altar beneath the canopy is a marble balustrade enclosing the most sacred spot in the church. About it are burning a long line of richly gilded lamps.

*See No. 24.

27. *The Confessio, or Holy of Holies.*

We are leaning upon the marble rail and looking down into the small crypt before the tomb of St. Peter. Directly above the tomb is the papal altar, at which no one but the Pope may say mass, except by special authority. And it is now a rare occurrence for this altar to be used at all. The gilded branching lamps encircle this sacred spot, and follow the balustrade to the foot of the stairs. Other hanging lamps are suspended from the edge of the enclosure; and all are lighted and perpetually burning. There are also candelabra on either side of the bronze gates.

Upon the adornment of the *Confessio* polished marbles of many varieties have been lavished. Not a spot is left unadorned, as though this central shrine could not possibly be overloaded. Gilt-bronze statues of Sts. Peter and Paul stand in niches on either side. Between the alabaster columns in the centre the gilt-bronze doors are open. These are a relic of the older church. Within we can see a smaller opening framed about with precious marbles and a bronze grill. Something very like a bronze casket may be seen through that small opening. But the actual tomb lies at a lower level, and has not been opened since 1594, when the giving way of the ground, as the floor of the church was being laid, disclosed the ancient coffin with its golden lid, and upon it a golden cross of great weight which bore the names of Constantine and the Empress Helena. Thus it appears to be capable of proof that neither Goth nor Vandal, nor yet the Saracen, ever desecrated the tomb of the Apostle. It remains to this day as it was in the days of Constantine. But of all that we are permitted to see nothing is older than the fifteenth century. Even the nineteenth century is represented in that kneeling

statue of Pope Pius VI by Canova, near the foot of the stairs, directly facing the shrine.

The tomb of St. Peter is now generally believed to have been at first a family tomb by the Cornelian Way. For that road, like other Roman highways, was lined with tombs, being beyond the limits of the ancient city. In trying then to picture to ourselves the appearance of this spot in the time of Nero, we must first reconstruct in imagination the Circus of Caligula and Nero, which lay along the line of the road of which we have just been speaking. On the opposite side of the road were tombs, and in one of these the body of the Apostle appears to have been given a resting-place. He had suffered martyrdom in the neighboring circus, close to the great obelisk, and nothing could be more natural than that he should be buried in a tomb by the Cornelian Way. The road ran to the left of the present *Confessio*, and parallel with the axis of both the old and the new St. Peter's. The foundations of the old basilica rested on one side upon the substructions of that circus, so memorable in the history of the first great persecution. The altar of the first St. Peter's found its place above the tomb of the Apostle, and the same spot remains the centre of the present church. From a roadside tomb, across the street from a circus of bloody memory—where the Roman mob had been delighted by the torture and death of the Christians and of their great leader—to this gilded and glittering shrine, still the goal of so many pious pilgrimages, is a long, long way. But it is a way which shows no breach of continuity from the fisherman of Galilee and his persecutor, Nero, to the present day.

After making the complete tour of St. Peter's, with its chapels, its tombs of recent popes, its confessionals,

inscribed with the language in which the penitent may there confess his sins—and every language seems to be represented in this church, which exists for all the world—we stroll out into the great piazza again, and down the broad steps to the Bronze Doors, the principal entrance to the Vatican.* Here we pass the Swiss Guards in their gay uniforms of other days, and slowly ascend the long corridor which at last brings us to the Royal Stairs. For the Sistine Chapel, as we have seen it from without,† lies high above the level of St. Peter's, and is only to be reached by long flights of stairs.

28. *Sistine Chapel, Vatican Palace.*

We enter the chapel of Sixtus IV by a small door in an angle of the wall, to find ourselves behind a beautiful marble screen, carved in the purest taste of the early Renaissance and bearing a row of marble candelabra. Beyond is the broad open space of the Sistine Chapel, unbroken by columns, unobstructed by stalls,—nothing to draw the eye away from the glories of the ceiling, and the majesty of The Last Judgment, which fills the further wall of the chapel.

But it is the ceiling which arrests and keeps our attention until every muscle of the neck rebels. At first one seems to see nothing but a great architectural framework in fresco, supporting and supported by figures large and small, in every variety of attitude.

Most conspicuous are the incomparable Prophets and Sibyls, seated upon thrones. High above the altar sits Jonah, recognized by the head of a sea-monster and by the inscription beneath. To the left above the side wall, Jeremiah, lost in thought; opposite the latter the Libyan Sibyl, with a great open book. So down the length of

*See No. 22.

†See No. 23.

the chapel Sibyls and Prophets alternate, to emphasize the agreement of pagan oracles and Jewish prophecy which a famous line of the mediæval judgment hymn, the *Dies Iræ*, had impressed upon the minds of all succeeding generations.

The centre of the ceiling tells, in a series of larger and smaller pictures, the story of the Creation, the Fall, and the Flood. The first picture is the Separation of Light from Darkness. Above the angles of the chapel, on either side of Jonah, are two in the series of Deliverances, —on the right the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, on the left the Hanging of Haman. In the spaces above the windows are the ancestors of Christ, in solemn anticipation of his coming.

Such was the ceiling decoration which the genius of Michael Angelo produced in the four years 1508-1512. As many centuries have done their work in the dimming of colors and in cracking of plaster.

Time has dealt even less kindly with the Last Judgment, which occupies the whole of the altar wall, some sixty feet in breadth. Begun twenty-two years after the ceiling was completed, it represents the same unrivaled master, who gave seven years to this great work, discarding all the architectural restraints which he had imposed upon himself in the earlier frescoes.

It is that Day of Wrath in all its terrors, foreseen by Prophet and Sibyl, and foreshadowed in those wonderful figures of the ceiling. Most conspicuous, above the centre, is Christ the stern Judge, in figure a Hercules. By his side is the shrinking Virgin, while apostles and saints and martyrs complete the central group, below which angels are sounding the last trump.

On the left saints rise to take their places at the Judge's right; on *his* left sinners are hurried down to

punishment, where Charon and his boat upon a pagan Styx call to mind that strange mingling of classical with Christian ideas which marked the age of the Renaissance.

As if to atone for these touches of paganism, two groups of angels at the extreme top of the picture are bearing the instruments of the Passion,—on the left the cross, on the right the column of the scourging.

Overpowered and confused by the almost superhuman greatness of the artist, from whose personality there is no escape, we turn at last with a sigh of relief to the more human works which adorn the side walls beneath the lofty windows,—a series representing on the one side (the right) the life of Christ, and on the other that of Moses. Painted soon after the erection of the chapel (1473) by some of Michael Angelo's celebrated masters and elder contemporaries, in any other situation they would arouse interest, but here are lost in the spell of a greater genius.

When one is weary of pictures the chapel is in itself a study in simple proportions, nobler than many churches, - worthy of its high privilege as the scene of jubilees and all the strictly papal functions; for since 1870 the Pope has rarely officiated in person at any ceremonies in St. Peter's, and that only within recent years. Beyond the basilica and the gardens of the Vatican, he is never seen outside the limits of the palace in which he is a voluntary prisoner.

From the Sistine Chapel we retrace our steps down the stairs, along the corridor, past the Swiss Guards again, and out through the Bronze Doors. And now we have a long walk before us. For the authorities of the Vatican have calmly assumed that no one will dream of visiting all its treasures in one day. Certainly we shall do well

to re-cross the piazza to a neighboring restaurant, and satisfy the peculiar hunger of the sight-seer.

Returning to St. Peter's once more we pass under the low arch beneath the southern end of the huge facade, and then under two more arches beneath the corridors which connect the church with its huge domed sacristy. We skirt the gigantic foundations of St. Peter's, around the west end of the church, then keep on through a picturesque and irregular court of the older palace, near the altar end of the Sistine Chapel. More arches bring us into a long, straight lane between the blank wall of the garden and the west side of the Vatican,—coach houses below and Library above. The lane climbs, as it nears its end before a domed pavilion, which is the entrance to the Library and the Sculpture Gallery. It is not less than three-quarters of a mile from the Bronze Doors!

29. *The Vatican Library.*

This is the central hall of the Library, massively vaulted, and divided into two aisles by a series of six piers. The fresco decorations, though in inferior taste, have a certain splendor and a warmth of color which atones for many faults. Just why a library should be so gorgeously decorated is a question one cannot help asking. And on looking about for the books, and finding none, we are tempted to think that this is not a library at all, but only a state apartment for show and nothing else. Compared with other famous libraries the complete absence of books, so far as the eye can see, is the most striking and at the same time the most unaccountable feature of the Vatican Library. Other great collections of books would keep their rarest treasures in places of safety, but the less valuable books would be freely displayed on all sides. It is the unique habit of the Vatican

to conceal all its precious volumes—in fact, nearly all the books contained in the rooms to which visitors have access—in low cases against the walls, or ranged around the piers in the centre of the hall. Paneled doors, richly painted, cut off the view completely. And except for a few glass cases mounted upon tables to display certain manuscripts of the greatest celebrity, one may wander about this sumptuous hall without seeing a single book. We might imagine that these cases contained the papal robes, or even the palace linen, had we not been assured by the custodian that we were in the Library. This peculiar arrangement, adopted for the literary treasures of the Vatican, had its special reasons in the desire to imitate an ancient library, with its wall-presses for papyrus rolls. And no library in the world so faithfully reproduces the character of a public library in ancient Rome. The vases adorning the book cabinets are all ancient pottery, while the candelabra and other objects dispersed about this long hall are gifts to recent popes,—Sèvres vases, Russian malachite, Berlin porcelain, etc.

In the glass show-cases we find some of the most famous manuscripts, among them a codex of Terence of the fourth century, a Vergil of the fifth, a Greek New Testament of the fifth, and the sole existing manuscript of the Republic of Cicero (fourth century), written over with a later text of St. Augustine in a smaller hand. These parchments are known to scholars the world over. It is in such unique examples that the fame of the Vatican Library consists. In other libraries there are few books which could nowhere else be duplicated. At the Vatican the printed books, although some two hundred thousand in number, are relegated to crowded storerooms below, while the place of honor is given to the priceless manuscripts, of which there are more than twenty thousand

in Latin and Greek. It was for these that the closed cabinets were built and placed against the walls and piers,—and not in this hall alone, but also the whole length of that long corridor through which we entered, extending down one entire side of the palace, a distance of a thousand feet, divided only by broad doorways that are never closed. The main hall, in which we now are, is a wing built in 1588 across from one side of the palace to the other, dividing the great court of Bramante into two courts, of which one has been still further divided by the New Wing. (*Braccio Nuovo*) of the Sculpture Gallery. The windows look down into these courts, and the outside world is completely excluded from this palatial home of classical learning, the Mecca of scholarly pilgrims ever since the middle of the fifteenth century, when the present collection of manuscripts was begun by Nicholas V.

It is but a step from the Library to the Gallery of Sculptures, but the length of hall and corridor to be traversed in seeing the statues is scarcely less than those magnificent distances of the Vatican Library. We are not long in reaching the conviction that no other collection of sculptures in the world is so magnificently housed. Vaulted halls of every shape, paved with variegated marbles, and adorned with costly columns and over-elaborate carvings, all suggest a princely lavishness, which is far removed from the commonplaceness of the typical museum. And an historic interest in halls once inhabited by famous pontiffs adds something indefinable, but real, to the impression.

30. The Gallery of Statues, Vatican Palace.

This particular hall was never planned for the exhibi-

tion of statues to a world of tourists armed with Baedekers, but for the refined luxury of Pope Innocent VIII, who shortly before the discovery of America built for himself a casino, or summer-house, far away from the palace as it then existed, and beyond the walls. Of this pleasure-house, called the *Belvedere* from its commanding view of Rome, the Gallery of Statues formed a part.

But the villas of Italian prelates and princes were often adorned with works of ancient sculpture. And many of the popes were great collectors. So the Belvedere became in time over-populated with statues, and the pontiffs of the last two centuries bestirred themselves to provide ampler quarters for their collections by turning to this use corridors already existing, or by erecting new halls. It was not until about the time of our Revolution that this gallery became a museum of sculpture. Other galleries of the Vatican are more imposing in their size, others contain a vastly larger number of statues, but none is more characteristic of its general air and its perfect order.

In the foreground we see an ancient basin for a fountain, from the court of some Roman house. Beyond it an alabaster urn for the ashes of the dead, and also in alabaster, but of a less costly kind, a Roman bath-tub. The vase does not quite conceal the beautiful form of the Sleeping Ariadne,—sleeping the troubled sleep in which she was deserted by Theseus and claimed by Dionysus. It was a favorite subject for ancient paintings and reliefs. In Raphael's time this statue stood by a fountain in the garden of the Belvedere.

On either side of the Ariadne rises a superb marble candelabrum from Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. Close to the columns in the middle distance, dividing the statues from the busts, sit Menander and Posidippus, with their

backs to us, celebrated Attic statues of two comic poets,—a study in Greek chairs and drapery, as well as in living portraiture.

On our left are ranged rows of busts, among them some of the emperors and a Cicero. One bust in basalt stands upon a black marble column, spirally fluted after the late Roman manner.

But apart from the individual works which attract attention, the Gallery of Statues is in itself a beautiful vista,—these long lines of converging statues, carrying the eye to the Sleeping Ariadne in the distance. And yet this is but a single gallery among many, some far larger, some even richer in treasures of Greek and Roman art.

The popes have been great collectors from the fifteenth century on, and with enlightened interest, centuries of time and unlimited resources, it is no wonder that the Vatican collection of sculptures still retains the foremost place, in spite of more recent rivals in the British Museum and the Louvre, or at Berlin and Munich and Athens, or even the Capitoline and other museums in Rome itself.

Within a few steps of the Gallery of the Statues is the octagonal court of the Belvedere. The sculptures of the court itself are not of great importance, but there are four pavilions, or cabinets, containing some of the best known works in the entire museum, among them the Apollo, the Hermes (Antinous), and the Laocoön.

31. *The Laocoön, Vatican Museum.*

This celebrated group was found in 1506 on the Esquiline Hill, not far from the Baths of Titus. Its discovery was one of the sensations of the time, and it was immediately identified with a group described as

standing in the palace of Titus by the Elder Pliny, the author of the *Natural History*, himself a victim of that great catastrophe of Titus's reign, the eruption of Vesuvius. According to Pliny it was the work of three Greek sculptors of the island of Rhodes, Agesander, Polydoros, and Athenodoros, and was to be preferred to all other works of painting and sculpture. It was also stated by Pliny that the group was made from a single block of marble, which does not prove to be the case with the group now before us.

The story of Laocoön is well known to everyone from a passage in the second book of the *Æneid* of Vergil. Laocoön, the priest of Neptune at Troy, endeavors to persuade the Trojans not to accept from the Greeks the suspicious gift of the wooden horse. But this honest attempt to defend his native city was an act of hostility toward the gods who favored the Greeks. Hence the divine punishment. From Tenedos, the island off Troy, come two great serpents which make straight for Laocoön's two sons. After these have been fatally bitten, while the frenzied father comes to their defence, he too is entangled in the fatal coils, and neither heroic efforts to release himself nor loud cries to heaven delay his horrible fate.

But a glance at the group shows that Vergil, if he had ever seen this work of the Rhodian sculptors, was entirely independent of it in his narrative. On the other hand it is equally evident that the authors of this work have not followed either Vergil himself, if their age could allow, or the same tradition which the poet accepted. The story was differently told by different writers, and more commonly Laocoön was described as a priest of Apollo, and as having offended that god by forgetting

the sanctity of his temple. In this version but one of the sons was killed by the serpents with his father, while the other escaped.

In the group before us Goethe observed that the son on the right, the elder, has still a chance to escape, since but one arm (restored) and one ankle are held in the coils. But he is fascinated by the sight, and filled with sympathy for his father's agony, he cannot think of himself.

The other son is beyond all hope of escape, tightly held in the grip of the serpent which has bitten him below the left breast. The left hand grasps the hideous head, but is too relaxed to offer a real resistance. The uplifted right arm is a modern restoration; in the original the arm must have been bent over the drooping head.

The right arm of Laocoön himself has also been falsely restored, destroying the pyramidal symmetry of the original group. No doubt the right hand was close to the ear, and the whole position more natural, if less Herculean, than in this restoration. Attacked while performing sacrifice, and wearing a bronze wreath, of which there are indications behind, the father, with the younger son, has been drawn back against the altar. While the son's struggles are over, and he is drawing his last breath, the father has just felt the bite of the second serpent; writhing with pain, he makes one supreme effort to free himself. The lips are open, as he utters a cry of anguish. The face is drawn in an agony that expresses itself in every line. Muscles and veins stand out upon the body and limbs with the tension of a desperate struggle. Yet he is not attempting to rise or to escape; and the left hand clutches wildly at the body of the serpent. Fear has paralyzed intelligence and reduced everything to mere instinct.

The group is closely related in its style to the Farnese Bull,* in Naples, and the whole aim of its sculptors was not to tell a tragic story, but to express the supreme moment of the tragedy. It is in striking contrast with the inward anguish of an inexpressible grief as suggested in the Pietà of Michael Angelo.† Here all is outward and physical, nothing spiritual, except in the face of the older son. That the sons should be so much smaller than their father, although they verge upon maturity, was in accordance with Greek custom, as adding emphasis to the principal figure and securing a pyramidal group.

For the date of the Laocoön the critics are left to conjecture, and guesses have been ranged all the way from the Alexandrian age to the reign of Titus. But we may reasonably prefer the earlier date, and assume that it could not have been later than the second century before Christ, and more probably falls within the limits of the third.

A DAY IN THE FORUM

After an entire day at St. Peter's and the Vatican, we have resolved to devote another day to the ruins in and about the Forum. Our first view from the stairs of the Capitol, near the Temple of Saturn,‡ has prepared us to locate in a general way the chief monuments which surround that historic market-place. But another view from a higher level will be the best possible introduction to a more serious and detailed study.

32. *The Forum, General View from the Tower of the Capitol.*

We have climbed the tower of the Capitol to look down

*See No. 7.

†See No. 25.

‡See No. 21.

upon the Forum.* The view extends over the whole tangled mass of ruins from the foot of the Capitol to the Colosseum and up the northern face of the Palatine. On our right the *Basilica Julia* spreads out before us its vast expanse of marble floor reaching to the Tuscan Street (*Vicus Tuscus*) at the three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. At the nearer end, almost at our feet, we discover the top of the Temple of Saturn,† showing but one of its heavy granite columns.

By the basilica runs the Sacred Way, rudely paved in some late imperial restoration. At various points it has been opened for deeper excavations. In front of the Castor temple, or the Three Columns, on their massive concrete foundations, an older paving of the Sacred Way in large slabs is clearly seen. To the left of this is the low ruin of the Temple of Julius Cæsar, showing a dark mass of concrete and a few marble steps. This temple marked the limits of the Forum in that direction, all that lies beyond, and is now carelessly included in the name Forum, being anciently beyond its precincts.

To the left rises the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, now a church, rearing its green marble columns high above the level of the street. The ruins lying between us and that temple along the left side of the Forum are the remains of the other great basilica, the *Æmilia*, excavated in 1900. Directly below us on the left we have the deep cuttings of recent excavations, and a bit of the Arch of Septimius Severus ‡ To the right of the broad trench stand the two marble reliefs, whose original purpose remains a mystery. Even at this distance good eyes will make out at the left an emperor standing upon the

*See map 6.

†See No. 21.

‡See No. 33.

platform of the Rostra, while before him other figures lift their hands in acclamation.

In the foreground, upon the lofty base, is the column of Phocas, the very latest monument in the Forum. Plundered from some relic of a better time, this Corinthian shaft was erected here in the beginning of the seventh century in honor of an emperor of Constantinople. Other smaller columns on cubical bases of concrete, and similar bases with fragments of columns at their feet, line the Sacred Way. In its present state the open space of the Forum is much obstructed, not only by these monuments, but by piles of broken marble covering a large part of its pavement.

This is the Forum in the narrowest sense, extending from the Rostra by the Arch of Severus, to the Temple of Julius Cæsar, a distance of less than 400 feet. So small was this, the most historic spot in Europe.

Behind the temple just named, at a turn in the street, we see the ruins of the *Regia*, the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, and as such occupied by Julius Cæsar. Shops and other buildings follow in the direction of the Colosseum, but we can see with great clearness that the direction of the Sacred Way has been changed. On its left is the round temple of the princelet Romulus, son of Maxentius (fourth century); beyond this the gable and roof of the Temple of the Sacred City, and appearing above the last, the huge arches of the Basilica of Constantine.

To the right of these, and directly facing us, is the church of a Roman saint, Francesca, with a seventeenth century front and a slender mediæval campanile, which will give us our best view of the Forum from the east end.* Here stood Hadrian's great double Temple of

*See No. 36.

Venus and Rome. Directly above the tower, beyond the Colosseum, we see the quaint pile of another church, the Four Martyrs, and beyond that, reaching the horizon, the towers, colossal statues, and obelisk of the Lateran.

Returning to the right of S. Francesca Romana, the Arch of Titus* stands out prominently at the highest part of the Sacred Way. Above it we see the Arch of Constantine, the groves of the Cælian, and finally a glimpse of the Campagna.

Between the Arch of Titus and the Three Columns lie first a mass of confused ruins, and then the clear outlines of the palace of the Vestals, the Atrium of Vesta, its great court occupying one of the costliest sites in the city. Between the nearest corner of this court and the adjacent turn in the Sacred Way, we may make out the circular mass of concrete, which remains, with a few marble fragments, to tell the story of the Temple of Vesta, the hearthstone of the Roman state. Behind the Three Columns is another mass of ruins, brought to light by the most recent excavations, and containing, at the right, the sacred fountain of Juturna. Above the last rise the mighty substructions of the Palatine and the trees of its gardens. A great staircase once ascended from the Forum behind the Castor temple to the Palace of Caligula. Over the Palatine we see two of the best known churches of the Cælian, the convent church of St. John and St. Paul (not the Apostles), and beyond it the round church of St. Stephen. But it is rather upon the foreground that the thoughts dwell while looking down from the Capitol, and recalling, not so much single events, or individuals, as the national life which bequeathed so large a part of itself to our western civiliza-

*See No. 35.

tion, and thus hallowed this small spot of earth to the end of time.

A long detour brings us down from our lofty perch upon the bell-tower of the Palace of the Senator, first to the level of the streets surrounding the Forum, and then to the ancient paving far below. We begin with the monuments beneath the Capitol,—the ruins which were directly below us as we looked down from the Campidoglio.

33. *Balustrades of the Rostra, and Arch of Septimius Severus.*

After a visit to the Vatican sculptures it is not strange that the first thing in the Forum to attract our special attention should be a sculptured relief, not a work to be compared in any respect with the Laocoön, but still of interest as a Roman representation of a Roman scene. It is of the time of Trajan (98-117 A. D.), and the background of the relief represents the buildings which looked down upon the Forum. The event commemorated by the sculptor took place then just where we are now standing,—that is, directly in front of the Rostra,—the speaker's platform, which is concealed for the moment by these great sculptured slabs of marble.

A crowd of soldiers, most of them now headless, are bearing bundles of tablets toward the right of the scene. These are the records of unpaid taxes, which the emperor has generously remitted. The tablets are to be burned publicly in the presence of the emperor. An official stoops to apply the torch. Unhappily the right-hand slab is missing, and with it the figure of Trajan, except for a part of the legs and of a hand. He was sitting upon the Rostra, facing the crowd, and the front of the platform has been indicated in the lower right-hand cor-

ner by one or two of the actual *rostra*, or ship's beaks, a long double row of which adorned the real platform, in memory of a naval victory gained in 338 B. C. In the background behind this representation of the Rostra is a temple-front with six Corinthian columns,—the Temple of Vespasian. To the left is another temple with Ionic columns. In this it is easy to recognize the Temple of Saturn.* On the left the long side of the Basilica Julia is also represented, but it is now difficult to make out in the present condition of this relief. Its mate stands behind, the top being visible over the heads of the tablet-bearing figures. Of the similar sculptures of that relief we had a distant view from the Capitol.† The inward faces are also sculptured, but with large figures of a boar, a ram, and a bull on the way to sacrifice.

It has been conjectured that these reliefs formed part of a sculptured balustrade for the Rostra as restored by Trajan. But at some time they have been moved from their original site, and there is no means of deciding with certainty what was their purpose. Whatever end they may have served, their chief interest now is the fact that they picture for us actual occurrences in the Forum in the time of the Empire.

A whole corner of the Forum is occupied by the huge triumphal arch of Septimus Severus. It has one great central archway, and two smaller arches for foot-passengers. Corinthian columns upon stilted bases bear the entablature, which supports a lofty attica, that in its turn once sustained a great display of sculpture in bronze,—Severus himself driving a six-horse chariot, while a Victory placed a crown upon his head. There were also statues of his sons Caracalla and Geta, and other

*See No. 21.

†See No. 32.

equestrian statues at the four corners of the arch. But these sculptures have all disappeared, and the marble reliefs which cover whole surfaces of the arch are sadly mutilated. These represent scenes from the Parthian campaign of the soldier-emperor, who fought in nearly every quarter of the Roman world, subdued the great enemy in the East, the Parthian, and finally died at York in 211 A. D., while endeavoring to complete the conquest of Britain. The arch, which is of Pentelic marble, was erected in 203 in commemoration of the conquest of Parthia. The proud inscription dedicates this triumphal monument to Severus and Caracalla, with all their high-sounding titles. Geta too was named, but after his murder by Caracalla in 211 the inscription was altered, and more titles took the place of the obliterated line,—the fourth from the top. But as we can readily see, the alteration betrays itself in the depression of the surface. The letters were of bronze, but these have been carried away, and nothing remains but the sockets cut in the marble.

On our right, and below the arch, recent excavations have been carried on beneath the present paving of the Forum. The discoveries around the “Black Stone” carry us back to the early days of Rome, and form a striking contrast to the Arch of Severus.

Behind the arch and to the right, is the church which stands above the *Tullianum*, or Mamertine Prison, famous in the annals of republican Rome, as the scene of the execution of Jugurtha, the African king, and of the conspirators who supported the infamous Catiline in the consulship of Cicero. According to Christian tradition St. Peter was also imprisoned in that historic dungeon.

Through the central arch we see stairs ascending to the Capitol. These too, or their ancient predecessors, had

their place in the history of Roman executions. For upon these *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Stairs of Sighs, the bodies of the unfortunates were exposed.

On the left rises the lofty wall of the Palace of the Senator. The upper part is mediæval, but the lower half dates from 78 B. C. It is a massive wall, at first an almost solid substruction. Above it had at least one story, probably two, of open arcades with half-columns. Those that remain are of the Doric order. The building was the public record-office and was called the *Tabularium*. Directly in front of it stood the Temple of Concord, but of this we find very scanty remains, mostly beyond the modern street which crosses this end of the Forum. We can see at the left a dark mass of concrete just above Trajan's reliefs. This sustained the marble steps of the temple. But in restoring the Temple of Concord in imagination one must think away every vestige of the Arch of Severus, which was planted directly in front of it, with that reckless disregard of older structures which often marked the triumphal memorials of the late emperors. And even in an earlier day the crowding of buildings about the Forum is difficult to appreciate.

From the region of the Rostra and the Arch of Severus we pick our way through heaps of marble fragments and then follow the Sacred Way, past the Temple of Castor and Pollux, with its three columns, and the desolate ruin—a mere foundation—of the Temple of Vesta. We could spend hours or even days in studying the remains of a single building, such as the stately House of the Vestals, beneath the picturesque slope of the Palatine. On the other side we pass the Temples of Antoninus and Romulus, and still following the winding course of the *Sacra Via*, we are brought again to the ruins be-

neath the Palatine near the Arch of Titus. Climbing up for the view we look across to the Basilica of Constantine.

34. *Basilica of Constantine.*

These mighty arches are the chief object, at least in point of size and general impressiveness, between the Forum and the Colosseum. As compared with the columns of the Forum temples, we seem to have reached another age, with absolutely different methods in architecture,—an age indifferent to the old-fashioned columns and pediments, and seeking after something bolder and more massive. The contrast marks the great revolution which separates the builders of the Republic and the early Empire from their successors in the second, third, and fourth centuries. New methods of construction led to experiments in new forms, and in reality a new architecture had to be created. Thanks to the abundant supply of volcanic materials of great strength and lightness, the Romans of the Empire began to construct vaults in concrete, and of a much greater span than had been attempted before. While the older basilicas had provided ample space for crowds of busy people, they had contented themselves with flat wooden roofs. Even the great basilica of Julius Cæsar, and that of Trajan, followed the old method of construction,—many piers or columns dividing the space into aisles, and then a flat roof over the nave.

The basilica which Maxentius had begun, but left unfinished when defeated by Constantine (312 A. D.), borrowed its construction from the Baths of Caracalla.* Points of support were to be few, leaving vast spaces of

*See No. 58.

unobstructed floor, and instead of the inflammable roofs, which had often meant the destruction of previous basilicas, this new exchange was to have a vaulting of solid masonry, such as could be destroyed by nothing less than an earthquake.

Earthquakes have done their work, however, and what we see represents less than one-third of the entire edifice. Before these immense arches spreads out a vast platform, raised considerably above the level of the street. It was not a mere terrace before the building, but simply a floor, every portion of which was covered by the lofty vaulting of the basilica. In plan the building consisted of a broad nave, extending from right to left, parallel to the street. But instead of the side-aisles, as in St. Peter's, for example, the architect provided additional space by a system of three transepts side by side. What remains is merely one-half of each.

The transepts are 78 feet in height and 66 feet in width, though a single span covers their whole breadth. The vaulting, faced with brick in the form of an arch, as we may plainly see even at this distance, was not an arch in principle, but a solid mass of concrete which has hardened into rock, so that, immense as is the weight suspended at such a height above the floor, there was no fear that it would prove too great for its supports. The under surface of the vaulting is relieved by coffered panels of great size. The central transept has an apse. Here certainly a court of justice sat. There was another great apse at the west end (left) of the nave. At its further end, towards the Colosseum, was an entrance hall or vestibule.

When we come to restore the fallen nave it is difficult to bring ourselves to the belief that such proportions were possible. The nave was 80 feet in width and

112 feet high. Of its lofty vaulting three fragments remain, with portions of the marble capitals which appeared to support them. In reality the tall columns which once bore these capitals were merely to satisfy the eye, for the vaulting would have stood without the columns. The effect of the interior must have been somewhat like that of the nave of St. Peter's, especially in its great height and breadth, and the general sense of colossal proportions. Above the transepts were broad windows as in the great halls of the baths.

But one must clothe these masses of brick-faced concrete with their original linings of variegated marbles, and stucco painted and gilded, in order to restore the sumptuousness of the old basilica as it stood in the days of Constantine. Of its wealth in precious marbles and rare stones little now remains, but in front we see some fragments of columns in red porphyry from Egypt, now set up, perhaps incorrectly, by the entrance from the Sacred Way.

Below us runs the *Nova Via*, through a mass of ruins. But nothing of historic importance has been unearthed here,—nothing which could distract our attention from the imposing masses and the deep shadows of the Basilica of Constantine.

Turning to the left a few steps will bring us to the most important of all the triumphal arches in Rome.

35. *The Arch of Titus.*

We are standing by the Sacred Way, at the crest of the little hill called the Velia. It is this elevated position which makes the Arch of Titus a landmark, whenever one finds himself lost for the moment in the maze of ancient ruins. And from this eminence we command

a distant view of the Forum. High above it all is the tower of the Campidoglio, from which we looked down upon the ruins of the Forum.* Below the tower is the Palace of the Senator, mediæval above—with an observatory crowning the square tower at the angle—but ancient in its lower portions. To the right of the observatory is the church of Aracocli on the Capitol. Below it the Arch of Severus, and the church which stands over the Mamertine Prison. To the left we see two of the three columns of Vespasian's temple and an angle of the Temple of Saturn. Lower down the Column of Phocas and two other similar monuments rise out of the confused mass of ruins. Through the arch appears the round temple of Maxentius's son, Romulus, and the roofs of two other temples, converted into churches,—that of Antoninus and, to the right, that of the Sacred City. There is also a small arched portico. At the right of the arch is the western end of the Basilica of Constantine.

But we are enjoying the distant view and indulging in the pleasure of identifying one after another our new-found friends, the monuments of ancient Rome, instead of studying the arch before us. It certainly has many other attractions to commend it, besides its elevated position.

In the first place it is a historical monument of great importance. The campaign which brought to Titus the honors of a triumph, and then, years afterward, this triumphal arch, was the last in the protracted war with the Jews. Vespasian, his father, had been proclaimed emperor by his troops in the year 69 A. D., and with the aid of the armies of the East had defeated his rival, Vitellius, whom the armies of the Rhine had combined

*See No. 32.

to place upon the throne a few months before. To Titus then was left the completion of the Jewish War. After a long and memorable siege in the year 70, he succeeded in taking Jerusalem. The city was destroyed and the sacred treasures of the Temple were brought to Rome, to grace the triumph of Vespasian and Titus in the next year. The relief on the inner face of the arch represents Titus in the triumphal chariot. On the opposite side (the left) we shall find the very celebrated scene from the procession,—the sacred vessels of the Temple borne in triumph. Among them the golden candlestick with seven branches is the most conspicuous. These golden spoils were deposited in Vespasian's Temple of Peace, only a short distance away, behind that Temple of the Sacred City through the arch. And there they remained until the Vandals carried them off to Africa in the fifth century. Restored to Constantinople in the sixth century, they were returned at last to Jerusalem, only to be carried away by the Persians in the seventh, and never heard of again.

Quite apart from its historical significance the Arch of Titus has a place of its own in Roman architecture, as the first example of the perfected type of the triumphal arch, and of that more pleasing and less ponderous sort which has but a single arch. In perfection of proportions no later arch can claim superiority. Unfortunately it was built over with a tower in the middle ages and formed part of the stronghold of one of the warlike Roman families, the Frangipani. In this way it has suffered serious losses. In fact only the central part remains. The rest was restored in 1823. But the white travertine of the restoration can be instantly distinguished from the sun-browned Pentelic marble of the genuine portion.

Fluted columns mark the angles of the piers and stand upon a lofty base. The capitals are of the "composite" order, that is, a mixture of Corinthian with Ionic. And this is said to be the oldest example of that type, so frequently used in later buildings. The broad key-stone bears a sculptured figure, Rome on one side, Fortune on the other. On either side in the spandrels are Victories. The frieze is sculptured in small figures. The attica bears the inscription in clear letters, although the bronze has been removed from these marble sockets, as from the Arch of Severus. The inscription simply says, "The Senate and the Roman People to the deified Titus Vespasianus Augustus, son of the deified Vespasian." That the title, "deified," was used is a proof that the short reign of Titus (79-81) was over, and hence, that Domitian had erected this arch in memory of his brother, or permitted the senate to order its erection. From the top of the arch the bronze sculpture has disappeared. It must always be supplied in judging of the effect of a Roman triumphal arch. For while we are apt to think of the arch as a beautiful form in itself, or capable of beauty, to the Romans it was chiefly a pedestal of great height, raised above the street through which the procession had passed, in order to support the triumphal sculpture to which all the rest was subordinate.

From the Arch of Titus, with its memories of the destruction of Jerusalem, we cross over to the Church of Santa Francesca Romana, by the southern angle of the Basilica of Constantine. We climb the tall mediæval tower for the view of the whole Forum region.

36. *The Forum from the East.*

At our feet on the right is the broad floor of the Basilica of Constantine. The broken columns of red porphyry mark the entrance from the Sacred Way. The piers which once sustained the mighty vaulting have been destroyed, almost down to the level of the floor. But at the western end one piece of substantial concrete wall remains. Over this is the tiled roof of the Temple of the Sacred City, which appears to have contained the municipal records of Rome. The end wall to the right was adorned with a plan of the city, engraved upon marble slabs. These still exist in part, in the Conservatori Museum, and are of the greatest importance for the study of the ancient city. The building dates partly from the time of Vespasian (78 A. D.) and partly from that of Septimius Severus (193-211). It has been a church since the sixth century, under the name of Sts. Cosmas and Damianus.

The round building with a cupola to the left of the church and incorporated with it, was the Temple of Romulus,—not the legendary founder of Rome, but the son of Constantine's rival, Maxentius. Over the dome appear the columns of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. That emperor, the adoptive father of the philosopher-emperor, Marcus Aurelius, built the temple in memory of his wife, Faustina, who died in 141 A. D.; but after his death (161) his name was also added to the dedicatory inscription. The columns are of the variegated green and white marble from the Greek island of Eubœa, known as *cipollino*. A sculptured frieze can be seen even from this distance. The pediment has disappeared, and the temple was much disguised by its conversion into a church of St. Lawrence. Over the roof of this church is that of another, Sant'

Adriano, very similar, but provided with a belfry and a small dome. This is historically of far more importance, since it was once the senate-house, or *curia*, as restored by Diocletian. The old republican senate-house lay somewhat further back from the Forum, behind the large dome of Santa Martina.

Above and to the left of S. Martina we see the long church of Aracoeli on the Capitol. Next comes one end of the Capitoline Museum, built by Michael Angelo. Directly below this are the stairs descending to the Forum, the "Stairs of Sighs."* On their right the Church of St. Joseph, which stands over the Mamertine Prison, and on its left the Arch of Septimius Severus.

But the Palace of the Senator fills nearly the whole background as we look down the length of the Forum from this point of view. Below is the old wall of the Tabularium, from the time of the Republic, retaining some indications of its architectural forms. Above, a plain wall in three or four stories, of mediæval and modern date. On the right the mediæval tower; at one time the building was provided with four such towers at the angles. This one is crowned now by an observatory. In the centre is the tall and graceful campanile, or bell-tower, while over the roofs of the building, and to the left of the central tower, the dome of St. Peter's stands out clearly in the distance. To the left of the dome we have the outline of the Janiculum, the highest of the Roman hills. The western crest of the Capitoline is marked by a mass of buildings,—in part the Caffarelli Palace, now the German embassy.

At the left of the Tabularium we see the stairs descending, and recognize the corner from which we took

* See No. 33.

our first general view of the Forum.* Just to the right of that point, and below, is a portico of small columns, that of the Twelve Gods, whose shrines lie behind the columns. In front or to the right of these we recognize the heavy granite columns of the Saturn temple, then to the right the three columns of Vespasian's temple. One of the columns, however, disappears behind its companion. Still further to the right, and above the street which crosses the Forum close to the Arch of Severus, we see the foundation of the Temple of Concord.

Below the Temple of Vespasian stands the Column of Phocas on its high base. To the right of the last, good eyes can make out Trajan's reliefs, and beyond them the ruins of the Rostra.† But the area of the Forum is a confused mass,—on its left margin two monumental columns, and the bases of others on the Sacred Way, which runs by the broad floor of Julius Cæsar's basilica, and turns sharply to the right on reaching that lofty foundation of the Temple of Saturn.

At this end of the Basilica Julia we have the dark concrete substruction of the Temple of Castor, and its three fluted columns. Nearer by, to the right of the columns, and just at a turn in the street, we can make out the circular base of the small round temple of Vesta. Close to it on the left is the entrance to the palace of the Vestals, with its large court. Beyond the last we have a glimpse of the latest excavations about the Fountain of Juturna and the ascent to the Palatine.

At our feet is a tangle of ruined shops along the Sacred Way. Over these, and just before we reach the open space of the Forum again is the concrete mass

*See No. 21.

†See No. 33.

which remains to tell the tale of the Temple of Julius Cæsar. A little nearer are the few existing fragments of the Regia.*

Certainly this view of the Forum from the east is less inspiring than those we have had from the west. The most important things are further away, and the foreground is more prosaic, even down to these half-finished saints and angels on the roof of S. Francesca at our feet. But in spite of commonplace buildings on the left, the Capitol stands out nobly, and the dome of St. Peter's adds its mighty self to the western horizon, serving to recall the many things which make it the modern centre of Rome, in contrast with this, its ancient centre. For the tourist we may say that Rome is one great ellipse, with St. Peter's at one focus and the Forum at the other. Thus far we have scarcely thought of anything which does not belong to either the one or the other, and here we seem to be looking down the long diameter which joins the two, as if to emphasize the fact that, though rival attractions, they are inseparable.

To widen our range, however, we have only to face about, and there is the Colosseum!

37. *The Colosseum from the West.*

No other point of view gives so complete an impression of the Colosseum as a whole, in spite of the fact that we are looking in the direction of its long axis, so that the apparent breadth is the length of the short diameter of the huge ellipse. As seen from a point over there to the left, on the Esquiline, the amphitheatre would seem longer, but we should lose many other advantages

*See No. 32.

which belong to the present point of view,—the campanile of S. Francesca Romana.

We have here the contrast between the external architecture on that side to the left, where the structure has suffered least, and, on the right, the inner walls which sustained the tiers of seats. In fact we must distinguish three concentric ellipses of masonry visible from this point,—in the first place, the well-preserved exterior arcades to the left, ending with a few restored and buttressed, to prevent further ruin, by Popes Pius VII and Leo XII, in the early part of the nineteenth century. To the right of these buttresses mounting up from story to story, we see two arches, also buttressed, in each of the two lower stories. These are largely restored, but they represent the second in a series of concentric shells, so to speak, which originally were carried all the way around the amphitheatre. The outer wall has disappeared entirely, thus exposing a part of the inner arcade. But look a little further to the right, and we find that the second arcade has also disappeared, and what we see there belongs to the third shell, as it were. These are massive arches borne by heavy, square piers, unrelieved by any ornament except for simple mouldings and the flat pilasters of the lower story. But this whole great plan, with its concentric rings of masonry, was not designed for show. Its purpose was severely practical,—merely to provide a stable support for the tiers of seats, and to insure ample passages and stairways for the enormous crowds. From this standpoint, security against fire or collapse, and against any possible panic, the Roman emperors made far better provision than is made in any modern theatre, however lavish in its appointments. The exterior was simply the logical result of this arched construction,

combined with the much-abused Greek "orders." Whatever merit it has as architecture, is due to its close relation to the practical requirements. The architect is unknown,—a fact which shows that he was regarded as a simple builder, working on a greater scale, to be sure, than had ever been attempted before, but with no opportunity to embody in his work any original ideas. Theatres and the circus, and finally this great amphitheatre, were regarded as works of utility, to be classed with bridges and aqueducts,—not with temples. Over these last Greek architecture exerted an influence which was far weaker in the case of buildings of the merely useful class. For the latter there was one scheme endlessly repeated. We have met it in the Tabularium* already. It consisted simply in relieving the solid piers which bore the arches, by placing a half-column, or a pilaster, against the faces of the piers, and carrying it up to an entablature which it appears to support. Repeat this motive on the second story, and again on the third, if there is one, and we have the characteristic architecture of the Roman theatre, amphitheatre, or circus, in whatever corner of the world. For variety the half-columns were of different orders in the different stories. Here, as in other cases, the Doric comes first, then the Ionic, the columns on high bases; then the Corinthian, the columns again raised on pedestals.

But here we have a fourth story, of later date, showing tall pilasters and windows and the corbels, or brackets, which bore the masts sustaining vast awnings over the heads of the spectators. The total height of this great wall, with its countless open arches, is one hundred and fifty-six feet, not so high by ten or a

*See Nos. 33, 36.

dozen feet as the façade of St. Peter's. To those who have come prepared to look for a work of architectural beauty, the Colosseum is sure to be a disappointment. But in the sweep of its curves, in the emphasis of its horizontal lines, in its effects of light and shade, it has real, even if unconscious, merits. And the dimensions are imposing enough to have impressed every generation from Vespasian's time to the present. It is the type of the Roman civilization,—practical and orderly, not artistic or imaginative in itself, but able to stir the imagination of all who came after, by the generous scale of everything, by the boldness and tenacity of purpose with which obstacles were met and conquered.

This particular spot was once a marsh, and in the time of Nero was occupied by a lake in the enormous gardens of his Golden House. It was no small feat then for Vespasian's nameless architect to rear this ponderous mass upon ground which had first to be made secure. The whole of the exterior was built of travertine, the hard white limestone of which St. Peter's also is constructed. But with time it has taken on a rich brown coloring in various shades. The lowest tier of arches constituted the entrances and exits, and each arch bears upon its keystone a large Roman numeral. In the upper arches statues were placed.

As for the date of its construction, we have little information beyond the fact that it was begun by the Emperor Vespasian, who died in the year of the eruption of Vesuvius, and was dedicated—perhaps still incomplete—in the next year, 80 A. D. The topmost story was possibly of wood at first, but what we see there dates from the third century and the reign of Alexander Severus. There had been a smaller amphitheatre in the Campus Martius as early as the time of Augustus, but

that emperor planned to build a larger one in the centre of the city. His purpose was not carried out until the time of Vespasian, and hence the amphitheatre bore the Flavian name. Its popular name, the Colosseum, is mediæval, and probably from its colossal size, —not from the colossus of Nero which stood near by, on our left, where we see a large square pedestal of concrete.

For the distant view, we have the Lateran Palace, the old home of the popes, with its Egyptian obelisk, and to the right, with many pinnacles and statues, the church of the Lateran. The venerable-looking building between us and the Lateran is a church, in spite of appearances, and a very quaint and interesting one,—the *Quattro Coronati*, or the Four Martyrs.

In the furthest distance is the blue outline of the Alban Mountains. To the right of the Colosseum we have a glimpse of the Cælian Hill.

Below us, in the foreground, is a great apse with paneled vaulting, massively constructed in brick-faced concrete. It stands back to back with another similar apse, and both are remains of Hadrian's great double temple dedicated to Venus, the mythical ancestress of the Julian line, and to the goddess Rome (*Roma Æterna*). It stood upon an immense platform, of which we see a part below and to the left. But the beautiful colonnades which enclosed the whole area of the temple, have left but a few fragments of broken columns. In its glory that temple was one of the chief ornaments of the city, and its cult of the deified Rome had no small part in giving currency to the familiar title, the Eternal City.

A MORNING AT THE COLOSSEUM AND THE PALATINE

We enter the Colosseum at the west end, passing through the lofty archway into the arena, and then along

the north side to the further end of the amphitheatre. Diving into dark passage-ways, and climbing stairs, we emerge at a higher level, among the seats, or where were once the seats from which the Roman populace looked down upon gladiator and wild beast and Christian in conflict in the arena.

38. *Interior of the Colosseum.*

The first impression is of the vastness of the space enclosed within those great encircling walls. It is not like the vastness of St. Peter's, but something still more superhuman in its scale, and seeming to claim for its roof no small part of the blue sky itself. On the right the lofty wall of heavy blocks of travertine rises to a height of more than a hundred and fifty feet. At its end we recognize the sloping buttresses which we saw yesterday from the tower of S. Francesca Romana. The top of the tower itself shows over the wall to the left. The upper wall on the right corresponds with the fourth story of the exterior, which, as we saw, was not a part of the original amphitheatre of the Flavian emperors, but an addition from the early part of the third century.* Many blocks from older buildings—even drums of columns—were employed in the construction of that upper wall, but all these were covered by the brick-faced concrete which formed the internal finish of the wall. There are larger windows near the top, and below these, smaller windows, originally lighting the passages beneath the upper seats. For in imagination we must restore all the upper tiers of seats which have disappeared. This is easier to do for the lower part of the amphitheatre. The seats are everywhere missing,

*See No. 37.

but we can easily see that those arches, and sloping vaults in concrete, now so ruinous, once sustained tier upon tier of seats, divided by the broad horizontal aisles, which are so plainly marked, and which served to emphasize social distinctions among the spectators.

At some points we can see the staircases ascending beneath the arches to the upper levels of the house. The disappearance of the seats has left no trace of the *cunei*, or wedge-shaped divisions, marked by ascending aisles between the seats.

In general the arrangements for the seating of so vast a throng, for access to the seats, or for egress, were very similar to those which we have already studied in the amphitheatre of Pompeii.* Here, of course, everything is on a vastly larger scale, suited to the difference between a provincial town of Campania and the capital of the world.

According to a fourth century authority the Colosseum could contain eighty-seven thousand spectators, and this traditional number has been repeated from age to age. Recent investigations, however, tend to reduce this figure by more than one-half, and if we say that the amphitheatre had forty thousand seats we shall probably be not far from the truth. Even so it is a large number, especially by comparison with modern times, when no such crowds have to be provided for at public games, except at football contests. And if we compare our wooden grand-stands, in their liability to fire and accident, with the solid construction of the Colosseum, we shall have more reason than ever to admire the Roman habit of building all things for all time.

*See No. 15.

The lowest seats were for dignitaries of every kind, and for them was provided a *podium*, a low platform, raised about twelve feet above the arena, and running all the way around the entire circuit of the ellipse, except for interruptions at certain points. Upon the *podium* were placed marble thrones, instead of the marble steps which served as seats in the rest of the house.

To protect these distinguished spectators from possible attack by the wild beasts, a low wall was carried around the inner margin of the arena, separated from the *podium* by a narrow passage. Upon the wall was a screen with wire netting in gilt bronze. This may suggest the luxurious appointments of the Colosseum,—the wealth of marbles which hid all this nakedness of concrete and brick. There were long rows of columns, too,—a continuous colonnade above the highest seats, sweeping entirely around the amphitheatre; and probably a similar colonnade sheltered the *podium* down below.

As for the arena itself, excavations have brought to light a complicated system of walls beneath, but the effect of the immense sanded area has been lost. A little more than one-half has been excavated. It is impossible to make out the purpose of all these walls, straight and curved, under this eastern end of the arena. But we know that the amphitheatre was not used for gladiatorial shows and the combats of wild beasts alone. There were spectacular performances of all kinds, requiring elaborate scenery and stage-effects. And for these it was necessary to have ample room beneath the level of the arena. It is, in fact, twenty feet down to the bottom of those pits. The smooth layer of sand which commonly covered the whole area could be swept aside at any point, plank-

ing or slabs of stone removed; and then the scenery and machines could be raised from below. At times the whole space was flooded, and sham naval battles delighted the populace.

Following the curve of that wooden railing on the right we have glimpses of the dens of the wild beasts,—those dark arches opening out of the pit below. Originally they were provided with iron bars. Incredible numbers of lions and other animals were brought out for the short-lived amusement of the Roman mob. The persecution of the Christians added new zest to the jaded taste for bloody spectacles. How many martyrs stained the sand of the arena with their blood it is impossible to say. But in the popular excitement which attended the spasmodic efforts of the emperors to suppress the new religion which threatened to destroy the old, many Christians were compelled to fight as gladiators, were exposed to the lions, or suffered still greater cruelties. In the memories of the martyr age of the church the Colosseum has a prominent place, and yet it was not until the eighteenth century that it began to be treated as a sacred spot. Previously it had been the chief quarry for the builders of Roman palaces in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Several entire palaces were built out of travertine taken from the Colosseum with the permission of the popes. Finally the hand of the destroyer was stayed, after two-thirds of the masonry had disappeared, and the scene of so many martyrdoms at last seemed to deserve the veneration of pilgrims. But the cross and the altars erected in the arena a century and a half ago have been removed again. Pilgrims come, however, from every corner of Christendom, to this spot, where the memories of pagan Rome—the hard-hearted and bloodthirsty Rome—linger about

these countless arches. To the mediæval pilgrim the Colosseum was something more than a place in which to dream of Roman mobs and the courage of martyrs,—it was the symbol of the power of Rome, and inseparable from the very existence of the city and the world.

So long as Colosseum stands, stands Rome;
What day the Colosseum falls, falls Rome;
With Rome and Colosseum, falls—the world.

So prophesied the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims as long ago as the seventh century. And the age which made it already to their eyes a venerable relic of the past, has now been trebled; but the end of the world, to which they looked forward as something near at hand, is not yet. Still Rome stands, with a new lease of life and power; and still the Colosseum,—with its own unaccountable place in the affection and memory of the nations.

Leaving the desolate interior of the amphitheatre of Vespasian, we climb to the highest part of the encircling wall, for the view from that lofty outlook.

39. *The Palatine from the Colosseum.*

On our left the Palatine Hill rises sheer above those ruins on the left of the Sacred Way, which leads up to the eminence where the Arch of Titus stands out white against the dark ruins behind it. The huge platform on the right was raised by Hadrian to sustain his double temple of Venus and Rome. It extends all along the Sacra Via to the Arch of Titus. The fragments of columns along that edge of the platform are the scanty remnants of a beautiful colonnade, which surrounded the platform, like a cloister, enclosing the sacred pre-

cinets within which stood the temple itself, with its own unbroken lines of columns on a much more imposing scale. Beneath the platform we look through dark archways into chambers formed in the concrete, of which the whole substruction was built. These chambers may have served for the storage of scenery and machines required for the spectacular shows of the Colosseum. At that angle below us we can make out a trace of a staircase, descending to the level of the street. But marble steps and facings have been removed for use in other buildings, or even to be burned for lime. The mediæval Rome took this easy method of supplying itself with lime, and in that way ruthlessly destroyed priceless sculptures and inscriptions of the greatest historical value, along with countless slabs and blocks of mere marble. Fortunately the concrete masses could not be turned to account, and hence these remain well-nigh indestructible.

It was of this same enduring material that Nero built what now remains at this angle of the Palatine. It is not a mere retaining-wall that we see, but a part of the famous Golden House. We have seen that the entire Colosseum stands within the limits of a lake in Nero's gardens.* The palace itself extended from the Palatine straight across this valley (perhaps arching over the Sacred Way) to the Esquiline, and included a large tract upon the latter hill. Its size and extravagance roused the animosity of the Romans perhaps more than any other of Nero's eccentricities, and Vespasian was praised for restoring so large a portion of the site to public uses.

Against the face of the Palatine Nero had built several stories of small vaulted chambers. The ruins at the foot

*See No. 37.

of the hill are mostly of a later date, among them baths of the third century. At one point we see two standing columns of marble, near one end of a long open space. This is supposed to have been a Christian church—a small basilica—erected, perhaps in the fifth century, in the midst of the baths. Behind the columns is an apse, and the church, if church it was, had transepts, but no aisles.

Close by the Arch of Titus the road ascends to the Palatine. This was in ancient times the main approach to the hill. Above, among stone pines, is the casino, a relic of the days when that part of the Palatine was a private garden, and belonged to the Farnese family. It is now used for offices by the management of the excavations. But the gardens remain in part, extending over the Arch of Titus, as we see them, almost to that angle of the hill which looks down upon the Forum,—the favorite spot with all visitors to the Palatine.* The great arches sustained the Palace of Caligula, while the ancient street passed beneath in the gloom of that largest arch, directly over the Arch of Titus.

On the left again, where the Palatine was levelled by the emperors, is a church, San Sebastiano. Near this site stood the Temple of Apollo, according to the most recent authorities. Some day excavation will resolve all present uncertainties as to the location of that famous temple, built by Augustus in memory of the battle of Actium (31 B. C.) and dedicated three years later. It contained the precious Sibylline Books, in a case enclosed in the pedestal of the statue of Apollo, and was not less celebrated for its rich collections of Greek art, and the Palatine Library, connected with the temple. To the right of the church appears a tall, chimney-like piece of masonry, marking one angle of the Palace

*See No. 41.

of Domitian, the so-called Palace of the Cæsars, which extends from that point all the way to the further side of the hill, overlooking the Circus Maximus. At the particular corner of the palace where that bit of wall remains there stood the basilica used by the emperor in hearing cases which came before him. It was, in other words, the supreme court of the empire.

Between the Palace of Domitian—which served almost exclusively the more public needs of the emperors—and the Palace of Caligula, at the Forum angle of the Palatine, lies the Palace of Tiberius. From this point of view, however, nothing is visible but the trees which cover the ruins. The Palace of Augustus lies to the left of S. Sebastiano, where a tower hides itself among trees. That is a part of the Villa Mills, recently a convent, but soon to be pulled down to permit of excavations.

Thus the whole hill seems to be covered with a succession of imperial palaces,—and there are still others that we have not named. All were connected by a vaulted corridor, called the cryptoporticus, and the whole group covered more ground than St. Peter's and the Vatican together.

Time had been when the whole city of Rome was upon this one hill, and some remains of those primitive times are still to be found. But the fame of the Palatine belongs to the imperial times, when the private houses of many distinguished Romans—among them Cicero's—had been destroyed to satisfy the demand of one emperor after another for a greater luxury than had been enjoyed by his predecessors. Thus for the Roman world at its widest extent—from the Firth of Forth to the Euphrates—the Palatine was what the Forum had been for a smaller domain,—the central seat of power and authority.

From the summit of the Colosseum and our view over the Palatine we return to the level of the street, and proceed to the neighboring triumphal arch; and in order to study the sculptures we pass through to its sunlit southern side.

40. *The Arch of Constantine.*

This arch is in many ways suggestive of that of Septimius Severus* at the upper end of the Forum, but while the general features of its architecture are similar, it is far superior to that arch, both in historic significance, and in the value of its sculptures.

Historically, the Arch of Constantine commemorates the famous victory won in 312 A. D. by that emperor over his rival, Maxentius, along the Flaminian Way, to the north of Rome, and culminating in the rout of Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge. The defeat and death of Maxentius, who was a defender of paganism, meant the triumph of Christianity, and the conclusion of ten years of persecution, begun under Diocletian. Not that Constantine at once renounced the old religion for the new. For it was only upon his deathbed that he allowed himself to be baptized, twenty-five years later. But by slow steps, cautiously taken, he advanced Christianity from a tolerated cult to the accepted religion of the state. The triumphal procession, then, which marched through the city, perhaps on the day after the victory of the Milvian Bridge, and passed down this street, and then along the Sacred Way, to the Capitol, differed from all previous Roman triumphs in celebrating the advent of religious peace, after two centuries and a half in which the old religion had endeavored to suppress the new,

*See No. 36.

not continuously, but with brief periods of merciless persecution.

And so the arch takes on a higher historical meaning than belongs to that of Titus, and all the rest which commemorate the conquest of some one land. No foreign foe had been subdued, but a hated tyrant had been put down, and the victory was to result in changes which affected the civilized world for ages to come. Its consequences, however, could not at once be appreciated, and we must not expect to find the Arch of Constantine a memorial—in sculpture and inscription—of the triumph of Christianity.

On the contrary, the sculptures have no suggestion of the momentous change. In fact, most of them were taken from an arch of Trajan in his Forum,* and represent a far higher degree of artistic excellence than would have been possible in the time of Constantine. For the rapid decline of ancient art began before the middle of the second century after Christ, and went on so rapidly that by the beginning of the fourth century nothing was produced which did not give painful evidence of the corruption of taste, and the feeble powers of the artists of that age.

From Trajan's arch were taken those sculptured medallions, of which there are two over each of the side arches. They represent hunting and sacrificial scenes. In the first to the left, Trajan with his attendants is coming forth from a gateway, bound for the chase. In the second he offers sacrifice. On the other side, the third medallion—one of the most spirited—shows the emperor mounted, and in the act of pursuing a bear. The fourth is also a scene of sacrifice, to the goddess Diana. In some of these reliefs the emperor—Trajan, not

*See No. 52.

Constantine—has a halo about his head, showing that the nimbus of the Christian saints was borrowed from pagan art.

Above the columns stand statues of captives,—melancholy, but still noble figures, representing Dacians subdued by Trajan in his expeditions beyond the Danube. The larger reliefs of the attica were also from Trajan's arch. In those upon the left the emperor receives the submission of barbarians. On the other side we see him standing upon a platform and making a speech to his soldiers with their standards. In the last scene to the right the emperor (in the centre) pours a libation upon a tripod, while sacrificial victims are represented in the foreground, and more standards above.

The rest of the sculptures which we see are of the time of Constantine,—the rude Victories on either side of the large arch, the river-gods by the smaller arches, the bands of sculpture beneath the medallions, the figures on the pedestals of the columns. That band on the right is a crude attempt to portray the death of Maxentius and his men in the Tiber at the Milvian Bridge. Above in the central portion of the attica is the inscription, dedicating the arch to Constantine. That it was built in the year 315 is indicated by other inscriptions above the medallions.

The columns are of Numidian marble, the beautiful yellow and pink marble than which none was more highly prized. They also came from the arch, or at least, the Forum, of Trajan. Through the arch to the left we see the ruins of an ancient fountain, the *Meta Sudans*. Its basin is marked by the circular railing.

On the right we look into the dark arches of the Colosseum, and up to its lofty wall above. The carts, moving slowly in the direction of the Colosseum, are

wine-carts of Albano. The peasant girls are from the Campagna too, and in the old-time costume. One of them, at least, is an artist's model. We have seen her like in countless paintings of modern Rome.

If we have little time to explore the whole series of the imperial palaces, together with the old temples on the Palatine and the other remains of primitive Rome, we have at least promised ourselves the view of the Forum from the House of Caligula. Passing along the edge of the Forum again, and then turning to the left, in the direction of the Tiber, we reach the entrance to the Palatine,—an open-air museum, after the fashion of Pompeii. We soon find ourselves following the ancient street over which Caligula carried his palace on high arches, that he might possess himself of the extreme north angle of the hill. Ascending, we come to the Farnese gardens, and the spot which commands the best view of the Forum and the Capitol.

41. *The Forum from the Palatine.*

We have at our feet the Three Columns, the picturesque ruin, that is, of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. Although capitals and mouldings have suffered, still these columns with their fragment of entablature are the most beautiful relics of the Forum as it was in the days of Augustus. The temple was built in 6 A. D., out of the spoils of Germany, by the future emperor, Tiberius, and his brother, Drusus. But this site had been occupied by an older temple as far back as 482 B. C., in memory of the battle at Lake Regillus (496) and the appearance of Castor and Pollux at the Fountain of Juturna.*

*See No. 32.

Once more we look down upon the marble floor of the Basilica Julia. The street at this end of the basilica, and just beyond the Castor-temple, is the *Vicus Tuscus*, once a busy street of shops, leading in the direction of the Circus. The parallel street, at the other end of the basilica, is the *Vicus Jugarius*. By the side of the Sacred Way a single pier of white travertine is standing; but this is a restoration, intended to suggest the architecture of the principal front of the basilica. Beneath this end of the basilica, and close to the *Vicus Tuscus*, runs the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great sewer of early Rome, the work, according to tradition, of the Tarquins. A few years ago the *cloaca* could be seen through an opening in the floor of the basilica. But this has now been closed.

On the other side of the Sacred Way we readily recognize the monuments which we have now seen from so many points of view,—first a line of square bases for columns, of which one stands upon its pedestal, to the right of the Three Columns, while another is lost behind them. Then the Column of Phocas in the centre, and the Arch of Septimius Severus. At the foot of the latter are the new excavations in the direction of the senate-house. Directly over the Three Columns we see a part of the long platform of the Rostra. It extends to the left even beyond the Column of Phocas, but the best preserved end is near the triumphal arch. In that wall of volcanic stone (*tufa*) we can make out the vertical grooves into which the bronze ships' beaks (*rostra*) were fitted.

Behind the Rostra is another older platform, usually known as the *Græcostasis*. We can see a few of the slabs of colored marble with which its front was veneered,—one of them just to the left of the pedestal of Phocas's column. When Cæsar removed the Rostra

to the present position the older platform was completely concealed from view, and its purpose remains unknown. At one end of the curved platform, close to the Arch of Severus, was the *Umbilicus Romæ*, a cylindrical monument, marking the ideal centre of the city. It is probably not earlier than the third century. Near the other end of the same platform seems to have been the Golden Milestone. This was a column of gilt-bronze, first set up by Augustus in 29 B. C., inscribed with the names of the principal cities along the line of each highway radiating from the city, with their distances, measured from the city-gates. Nothing of it remains now, except perhaps a few marble fragments of the pedestal. These we can see even from here,—white bits against the darker masses, almost directly over that one standing pier of the Basilica Julia. It is known that the Golden Milestone was close to the Temple of Saturn; and these fragments are certainly almost within the shadow of those granite columns on their lofty foundation.

Over the last we have again the Portico of the Twelve Gods. To the right of the Saturn temple the three fluted columns of the Temple of Vespasian bear one corner of the entablature. Further to the right we see once more the sad wreck of the Temple of Concord, one of the most beautiful of Roman temples, as it was rebuilt with the spoils of Germany, in the time of Augustus. A few blocks of marble lie scattered about upon that broad concrete platform, like white rocks upon a bare hillside. Close to the Temple of Concord are the *Scalæ Gemoniæ* again—that is, their modern representatives—and, over the Arch of Severus, the Mamertine Prison, hidden away beneath a church of St. Joseph. Then the narrow street which leads around the Capitol to the

Corso ; and, near the edge of the excavations, the steps and façade of S. Martina. Upon the Capitol is the now familiar group,—the campanile rising out of the Palace of the Senator, which in its turn rests upon the ancient Tabularium; and then to the right the church and convent of Aracoeli. To the left of the Palace of the Senator we have a glimpse of the Conservatori Museum,—another of the great collections of Rome.

Now that we have given so much study to the Roman Forum and the surrounding monuments, endeavoring by repeated views from commanding heights to separate the important things from the confused and confusing mass of ruins, it is worth while to sit down upon this corner of the Palatine, and try to fix the impressions that we are to carry away with us. Of the greatest names in Roman history there are few tangible memorials. If we came hoping to see the identical Rostra from which the tongue of Cicero charmed the Roman people, or where his head and hand were exposed after his life had fallen a prey to the hatred of Antony, we have been disappointed; so meagre are the ruins. And as for his greater triumphs before the senate, met in the Temple of Concord or the *Curia*, the former is a mere foundation; the latter, rebuilt in a much later age on a different site, exists in disguise as the Church of S. Adriano.* The whole republican period seems to be represented, so far as we can actually see, by a single building, and that not one of historic fame—the Tabularium of Catulus. Everywhere it is the Empire and the emperors, from the founder of their power, Julius, the dictator, and his successor, Augustus, the first emperor, down to Phocas, tyrant at Constantinople long after the line of the western emperors had come to an

* See No. 36.

end. It is a tale of perpetual building, burning, and rebuilding, till it is no wonder that early Rome should be represented by a few things only, deep down underground—revealed in the most recent excavations—and by the subterranean channel of the *Cloaca Maxima*. And the very small open space of the central Forum was several times swept clean of its encumbrances, only to become again obstructed in later times by the great monuments of little men. Whole waves of change have altered nearly every landmark. History was making, and with such rapidity, that the historic was of little account. The burden of spending all the wealth that came in from a conquered world could not be discharged without the wildest extravagance. Upstart buildings must crowd in upon venerable sanctuaries; an overgrown triumphal arch of an emperor born in Africa must be planted before a perfect temple of the Augustan age.

But in spite of this sense of an incredible crowding and pushing, and mad display of architectural finery, we shall still carry away the thought that we have seen the spot which, more than any other, was the cradle of European political history. For if the spoils of Germany built these Three Columns, and their fallen companions, it was but the first unwilling tribute to the power which later charmed and won the same Germans, and even in its own fall shaped their destiny. They came, as Goths, with Alaric, to plunder and spoil,—just as the Gauls had despoiled this same spot eight hundred years before. They came again, as Vandals from Africa, on the same errand of robbery. They came with Theodoric, in the sixth century, to repair and restore these crumbling monuments for the last time; for they were now ready to accept Roman laws and institutions,

and build the slow, but enduring, structure of Germanic civilization upon Roman foundations. Again they came, as pilgrims from those northern lands, and from their new home, England, throughout the middle ages. And still they come, even from more distant lands—the most recent conquests of the same Saxon race—to pay their tribute of respect and admiration, grateful that their ancestors were first subdued by the strong arm of Rome, and then held for ages under the spell of her name,—a shadow more potent even now, as it falls across our imaginations, than are most of the realities of the modern world.

AN AFTERNOON AMONG THE CHURCHES

Of the history of Rome in the middle ages, far the larger part is to be read in its countless churches. And then there are the great churches which have been rebuilt in more recent times, and contain many celebrated works by the artists of the Renaissance. Few visitors will be satisfied with St. Peter's, and ready to ignore the other churches within or without the walls.

North of the Colosseum, upon the Esquiline, just where the homes of distinguished Romans made the *Carinæ* the most fashionable quarter of ancient Rome, stands that church of St. Peter which contains the chains of the Apostle, and the Moses of Michael Angelo. The chains have been preserved here since the fifth century, when a Roman empress, Eudoxia, built the original church for their reception. Ancient columns of the Doric order bear the roof of the church, and give it a character of its own. But for most of the world the importance of the church does not consist in its

ancient relics—chains or columns—but in the Moses of Michael Angelo, a single figure from the tomb of Julius II.

42. *Michael Angelo's Moses.*

In a niche of this monument sits the heroic figure of the great law-giver. He is in physical strength a Hercules, but those powerful arms and mighty shoulders are not given him for mere feats of prowess. His "labors" are upon a higher plane, and this superb physique is but the outward expression of moral grandeur. And, unlike the Farnese Hercules,* he is not exhausted by what has been already done, but on the alert, ready at any moment to rise to meet the attack of an enemy, or to frown down the murmurings of his own discontented people. While the whole figure is in repose, it is the repose of assurance in his own powers as a leader, and of faith in the divine mission which has called forth those powers. One foot is firmly planted upon the ground, the other drawn back and raised upon the toes. Even the folds of the cloak, massed upon the right knee, have something of the heroic about them; and if nothing remained but the lower part of the statue, the expression of physical and moral force, ready for instant action, but held under perfect control, would not be lost. The right arm holds the tables of the law, while the fingers play with the long waving beard. The left hand grasps the folds of the cloak in his lap,—the muscular arm ready to avert a blow, as though an attack upon his people would be a direct attack upon himself. And this attitude of preparation for every emergency is strengthened by the position of the shoulders.

*See No. 6.

The head is the head of a patriarch, with the long flowing beard. Out of the mass of hair rise two short horns, which tradition required the sculptor to add. For the Latin Bible, in the Book of Exodus (34, 35), in describing the altered expression of Moses's face, as he came down from Mt. Sinai, instead of speaking of his shining countenance, by some misconception of the original gave him these horns. Yet, if they serve no other purpose, they fix the precise moment in his career at which Michael Angelo chose to represent the law-giver. The tables of the law had been broken by Moses, in his wrath at the idolatry of the golden calf. He had returned to commune with God for forty days upon Sinai, and now he was descending with the renewed tables, ready to crush any further opposition from his people, who trembled before him and feared to come near to him, until he had veiled his altered face.

The lips are about to open for some majestic utterance, —condemnation of their sins, or solemn announcement of the commands divinely entrusted to him upon the mountain; or assurances of a career of conquest, promised by the Most High during those forty days,—and hence defiance of all their enemies. The knit brow and fierce eye seem to have before them a whole people, murmuring together in the plain below. He seems to have unseen powers behind him,—the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, to overawe all opposition. One might think of him as almost a personification of Sinai itself, in all its wild and unearthly grandeur. He is the mighty leader, who with no uncertain step conducts a people out of slavery, and after forty years of rude schooling in the desert, is to prepare them to drive out the aliens, and begin a national life of their own. From the slave-whip in Egypt to the conquering sword and the peaceful

plowshare in the Promised Land,—this was the work to which he bends that mighty back. And then to die before the task had been accomplished!

It is, in the language of a distinguished German critic, the crown of modern sculpture, and no sculptor so admirably adapted to the task as Michael Angelo has ever appeared. We may see his own heroic nature unconsciously embodied in this great work. The suggestion of his master, Pope Julius II, whose tomb it was to adorn, is even stronger. For that warlike pope had the qualities of a leader, with a violence of passion, which was not unlike the wrath of Moses. Here the resemblance ends, for the spirituality which Michael Angelo has expressed in this face was not to be found in the man whose rule was of the world worldly.

The pope had planned to build for himself a huge mausoleum, to be placed in the centre of St. Peter's, and adorned with many works of sculpture. But plans were altered, and the scale reduced, so that, as it stands at present, the monument gives no idea of what was at first intended, and shows many other hands. After all the pope was not buried here, but in a chapel of St. Peter's. However grand the original plan may have been, one can scarcely doubt that the Moses would still have absorbed all interest, as it now does. For forty years after the death of Julius (1513), the statue was still kept by Michael Angelo in his studio, near the Capitol. How far it was retouched by him in those long years we are not told, but it certainly represents the sculptor at his very best, and few statues in the world impress themselves so indelibly upon the memory.

From *S. Pietro in Vincoli* we go down to the valley of the Colosseum and follow a narrow street which seems

to end in the distance near an Egyptian obelisk. That is in the piazza of the Lateran, enclosed on two sides by the Palace, the Basilica, and Baptistery. We enter the basilica at the furthest angle of the square, and through the transept reach the body of the church.

43. *Interior of St. John Lateran.*

Standing in the nave, we are looking across the transept, into the tribune of this venerable basilica. Directly before us rises the tabernacle over the papal altar. For we shall find that in many respects St. Peter's and the Lateran have similar arrangements. There is the *confessio*, in front of the altar and enclosed by a railing of marble and bronze, with ever-burning lamps, but in a less imposing array than at St. Peter's.* Instead of the hideous twisted columns of Bernini's canopy† we have here an interesting, if less gigantic, work of the middle ages (1367). Ancient columns, with unmatched shafts and assorted capitals, support a towering structure in the Gothic style,—always more or less of a rarity in Rome. There are carved figures under small canopies at the angles. Between these are frescoes of the fourteenth century, but much restored. The upper part of the tabernacle, with its grill-work, contains the relics, among them, it is said, the skulls of Sts. Peter and Paul. Above, it is one mass of gilding, up to the cross, in the shadow of the paneled ceiling. The papal altar below encloses a wooden table, a relic, it is claimed, of apostolic days, and used by St. Peter in celebrating the Lord's Supper in the house of Pudens. At this altar, in former times, some of the most important functions in connection with the coronation of a new pope used

*See No. 27.

†See No. 26.

to take place. For while at St. Peter's the pope is the sovereign pontiff, at the Lateran he is the bishop of Rome. It is with the Lateran that one must associate the larger part of the history of the mediæval papacy. In the old palace which stood close to the church, the popes resided from the time of Constantine to the years of their exile at Avignon, in the fourteenth century,—almost a thousand years. Since the return from Avignon the palace has been rebuilt, but never occupied by the popes themselves, and the Lateran basilica has lost its old importance, except in historical associations, tenaciously retained by the Church, the most conservative of human institutions. Pope Leo XIII had a special affection for the old basilica, and enlarged the tribune, by moving the great apse back by a distance equal to its width, or more. He redecorated the entire tribune with rich marbles and mosaics. The choir gallery, in the arch to the right of the tabernacle, is his work; also its balcony with a gilded rail.

Instead of the theatrical background of the tribune of St. Peter's, we have here an attempt to restore the old simplicity of the middle ages,—speaking, that is, of the form alone. The papal throne is in the ancient position at the centre of the apse, with its own canopy borne by columns,—in front of it another altar. Above the marble dado are mosaics, with a long inscription; then mosaic figures of prophets between the simple pointed windows. Above these the whole surface of the apse is covered with mosaics. It was the usual method of decorating this part of the mediæval churches in Rome, and these old mosaics, rather scornfully treated by the hasty traveler, are worthy of close study by artists, and all who interest themselves in the history

of painting. In the closing age of antiquity wall-mosaics took the place of frescoes such as we saw at Pompeii, and the art flourished especially at Constantinople. But it was revived at Rome in the middle ages. Of those that we see in this apse the greater part date from the end of the thirteenth century. Near the top of the apse is a head of Christ, surrounded by seraphim. Below him a dove descends towards a cross. From the dove's bill streams of water flow down over the cross, and divide into the rivers of Paradise. Small figures of harts, or sheep, drinking from these waters, represent the disciples in an allegory. On the left stands the Virgin, and kneeling by her the pope of that day, Nicholas IV; then Sts. Peter and Paul, with inscribed scrolls in their hands. They are not easy to make out as the sunlight streaks across the apse, but they show, at least, far more religious feeling than the gay frescoes of the transept.

Four great columns support the arches dividing the transepts from nave and tribune. Those nearest to us are ancient. The nave had whole rows of columns, but in tasteless restorations of the seventeenth century they were concealed in heavy piers, that the old basilica might conform to the unhappy fashion set by St. Peter's. Hence these niches with green marble columns and heroic statues of the Apostles. Except for the chapels, there are few tombs in the Lateran. One monument we see in the transept, to the right of the tall column; it is that of one of the greatest of the mediæval popes, Innocent III, with whom the papacy reached the zenith of its power; but the work is wholly modern, erected a few years ago. Even so, that one great name out of the thirteenth century may help us, in the midst of these architectural distractions, to recall the Lateran

of the middle ages and the great councils held within its walls. Unlike St. Peter's or St. Paul's, the Lateran has been destroyed again and again,—in the ninth century by earthquake, and by fire twice within the thirteenth century. The mosaics of the apse have thus survived two fires and one removal, not to mention their happy escape from the hands of the modernizer who played such havoc with the nave in the seventeenth century. But in spite of everything the Lateran cannot fail to recall the centuries in which it was the ecclesiastical centre of Christendom.

It is a long drive from the Lateran, close to the Walls of Aurelian on the south, to the church of the Capuchins, at the foot of the Pincian Hill, near the Barberini Palace. This church was, in fact, founded (1624) by a member of that family, Cardinal Barberini, a brother of Pope Urban VIII. The convent was assigned to the Capuchin order, and was once a large and flourishing monastery. Visitors come to see the paintings in the church,—among them Guido Reni's Michael; but also to see the grim catacombs beneath the church.

44. Cemetery of the Cappuccini.

There are four of these chambers in the crypt of the church, but they are amply lighted by windows, for no attempt is made to hide their ghastly contents. The cemetery proper, or "sleeping-place," consists simply of these odd graves crowded together, and distinguished, not by mounds, but by low ridges, leaving a flat depression in the centre. Instead of headstones, there are wooden crosses, each bearing a small label and a single candle. The earth was brought from the Holy Land.

From the large number of monks in the convent and the smallness of this burial-place—there are only four of these vaulted chambers—it became necessary to limit the privilege of sleeping in the sacred earth to a certain time. If all the graves were occupied, the one way to provide for a new tenant was by evicting an old one. From the grave that had been longest occupied the bones would be dug up, and then, after a process of sorting, would find storage-room—it is the best that one can say of it—with other bones of the same kind, piled together in the most methodical fashion. But as though this separation and piling away of the bones were not enough, the monks in some unlucky moment hit upon the idea of making them ornamental. So the walls of the chambers have taken on the appearance, one might say, of a library of human documents, carefully filed—but without the name of the owner—for future reference. And as in many another library, there are niches filled with figures,—entire skeletons standing, clad in their brown robes and cowls. These were eminent members of the order, and honored with the rare distinction of a label and an identity. In the end wall of the chamber an arch has been ingeniously constructed in bones. Beneath this an altar, not made of bones, but adorned with rows of grinning skulls. Over the altar are the arms of the order, and then marvelous patterns worked out in small bones against the white wall. But the masterpiece of the monkish decorator has been the vaulted ceiling, elaborately adorned with lines and bands, curved or straight, and all of the same ghastly material. From the middle of the ceiling hangs a lamp of bones, its three chains furnished by the thighs of departed monks. Looking around this one room we seem to count an indefinite number of skulls. There

are, perhaps, a thousand in this one chamber, and as many more in each of the others. It is an army of monks, who have lived in this convent during nearly three centuries, each to enjoy in his turn for a few years the privilege of sleeping under the soil of Palestine, and then to be taken up and stowed away, like useless lumber in a dusty garret.

Here too it is dusty enough, for the sacred earth looks as dry as though it had come from the desert, and a fine brown dust has settled over everything, adding to the dismal impression. To the visitor, certainly, it is not edifying; for we have not come here, as the good monks did, to meditate upon mortality, or prepare ourselves to fill one of these narrow graves, and then to be put on exhibition. Certainly the catacombs out in the Campagna are far more cheerful places, in spite of the darkness of their subterranean passages, many miles in length. For in early Christian times the dead were laid away there, each in his own niche, cut in the clean tufa-rock; and the opening was closed with tiles, or a slab of marble, inscribed with words and symbols of hope,—of absolute assurance. There was none of that morbid love of the ghastly which the Cappuccini have striven to cultivate among the brown-robed members of their order. The poetry of St. Francis of Assisi, who spoke of “our sister, the death of the body,” has been brought down by these followers of his to the depths of a valley given over to dry bones; and the bones are very dry!

A DAY OF SIGHT-SEEING

Since our day at St. Peter's we have given our time very largely to the remains of ancient Rome, and have

had ample opportunity to observe Roman methods of construction in buildings large and small. We have seen the colossal vaults of the Basilica of Constantine,* which in many ways suggested St. Peter's. But as yet, no Roman dome of any size has been met with. We cannot do better than to go directly from the Pantheon to St. Peter's, from the ancient model to its modern counterpart, so similar, and yet so different, especially from without.

It is difficult to see the dome of the Pantheon, since the distance, so necessary even for the proper effect of Michael Angelo's dome, is still more imperative for Hadrian's, and much more difficult to obtain in the crowded Campus Martius. We must climb to an upper window, or a roof; otherwise, the low curve of the dome is completely lost behind the heavy cylinder which supports it.

45. *The Pantheon.*

From our elevated position we have a view, not of the portico alone, or the massive walls, as we saw them from below in the piazza, but of the whole mighty structure.

The imposing portico has extraordinary breadth and depth. Its huge granite columns are capped by Corinthian capitals in marble, all damaged, except as they have been restored, in necessary repairs at the left angle of the porch. The frieze bears a monumental inscription. Above is a high-pitched pediment, once filled with sculpture. Behind the portico, and quite incompatible with it, rises the vast rotunda,—its walls nearly twenty feet thick. They are perfectly bare, except for a division into three stories. From this circular structure

*See No. 34.

risers the low dome, at first in a series of steps, and then smoothly rounding up to the eye of the dome,—in this case more truly an “eye” than in most domes, for it is a wide circular opening, thirty feet in diameter. It has never been closed by glazing, or by other means. Sun and rain are alike admitted, and the interior has no other source of light, aside from the lofty doorway. Naturally this circular opening, this sleepless Cyclopean eye of the Pantheon, is nowhere visible from without, except as one might look down from a balloon. We can just make out the rim; but no attempt was made to give it any external finish, although its inner margin still retains beautiful bronze mouldings encircling the “eye.” And this distinction applies in general to the whole building, except the portico. Standing among other buildings, the present Pantheon was built for internal effect, and these walls of brick and concrete were covered, perhaps below with marble slabs, but above with stucco. It is a striking contrast with the dome of St. Peter’s, in which the exterior was considered of the highest importance, and the interior sacrificed. There were whole classes of Roman buildings in which the external architecture was thought of little consequence,—among them the house, the villa, public baths.

Certainly the Pantheon differs strikingly from anything about the Forum or the Palatine. Here we have for the first time a great Roman building which has never been unroofed, has never been counted among the ruins, or ceased for any length of time to be in use. There are in Rome a few other buildings which still retain their ancient vaulting, and have been restored to serve modern purposes, as, for example, the great church in the Baths of Diocletian. But the

Pantheon is unique in its record of almost uninterrupted service, from the second century after Christ to the twentieth. At the Forum or in the Colosseum we had to draw largely upon our imaginations to restore buildings which could seldom show so much as one-half of their former selves. In one case only did we find an entire roof still standing,—the little dome of the Temple of Romulus, son of Constantine's rival, Maxentius, and that was so disguised as to appear a mere restoration. At last we have found a Roman edifice which has been disfigured, to be sure, but never destroyed. It seems the most veritable bit of ancient Rome that could be desired. From the perishable glories of the old imperial palaces we seem transported to a temple which belongs to every age, and to carry us back from century to century, without the smallest break of continuity. That inscription in large letters belongs to the reign of Augustus, and tells us that the builder of the original Pantheon was Marcus Agrippa, the son of Lucius,—in his third consulship. The year thus indicated is 27 B. C., memorable in Roman history as that in which the imperial authority of Octavian was formally constituted, and sealed by the bestowal of the title Augustus. The date is then the very first year of the Roman Empire in its legitimate and permanent organization. Four years before the battle of Actium had given the sole power to Octavian by the defeat of his rival, Antony. Thus those bold letters seem to call vividly to mind the beginnings of an empire which was to last in the West until 476, and in the East, at Constantinople, the new Rome, until 1453; while the Holy Roman Empire, a revival of the western empire in the ninth century, lasted on until the nineteenth. Agrippa was the right hand of Augustus, in peace as in war,—had commanded for

him at Actium. Among his many other public works he built Baths in the Campus Martius, and in connection with them a temple, the original Pantheon. To that building—whether circular or not—this portico may have belonged. But the present rotunda, with its mighty dome, one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter and the same in height, dates from the reign of Hadrian (117–138 A. D.). This had not been suspected until very recently. But in 1891–92 a young French architect proved by the stamps upon the bricks of which the entire dome is constructed that we have here no work of the reign of Augustus, but a rebuilding of the time of Hadrian, the greatest builder of all the Roman emperors.

Among its other adornments the Pantheon of Hadrian had beautiful bronze doors, still in use to the present time. It also had gilt-bronze tiles covering the whole roof, but these were carried off by an eastern emperor in the seventh century (663), in spite of the fact that the Pantheon had by that time been consecrated (609) as a Christian church. A church it still remains, and now a new chapter in its history has opened since it was chosen as the place of burial for the kings of Italy. There lie Victor Emanuel and Humbert, and Raphael as well, but the names of Agrippa and Augustus and Hadrian will always be preserved with a greater lustre by this, the most indestructible monument of the old Roman civilization.

Through narrow, crooked streets we make our way northward to the Tiber, near the famous old inn, the Bear, and the new bridge named in honor of the late King Humbert.

46. *The Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, and St. Peter's.*

Looking over the parapet of the new river-wall, we have this view of the river, the bridge leading to the Castle of St. Angelo, the low-pitched roofs of the Vatican, and the dome of St. Peter's. It was formerly a favorite view with artists, who drew and painted and etched this group of dome and bridge and castle from the windows of the tall houses which once lined the river-bank at this point. The picturesqueness of the scene has suffered by the building of this high embankment-wall on both sides, still painfully new and glistening with the whiteness of its fresh-cut travertine,—a great protection against the floods of the Tiber, but a loss to the picturesque in the sacrifice of the meadows opposite, and the time-stained outer works of the castle, which now seems to be hiding itself behind the newness of this monotonous wall. The Bridge of St. Angelo has also been modernized. For the widening of the river at this point made it necessary to destroy a span at either end, and to replace those smaller arches by others of equal size with the three central spans,—all that now remains of Hadrian's bridge. Worse than all, a hideous iron bridge has been erected just beyond, to give temporary relief to the congestion of travel, which had come to be positively dangerous whenever any great function was going on at St. Peter's. The old houses upon this bank of the river have been pulled down to permit of a broader channel and a wider street.

But the upper part of the castle remains unchanged by all these changes in its surroundings,—even the crowding in of tall houses to the right, where there were beautiful meadows not many years ago. And nothing mars the perfect outline of the dome of St. Peter's. From this distance it rises to its full height above the flat

roofs of the church. The contrast with the dome of the Pantheon could not be more striking. The low dome which Michael Angelo aimed to imitate and surpass had no beauty from without,—nothing but its mass, suggestive of the upper part of a monstrous globe, or even of a vast balloon. This dome of St. Peter's was designed to catch and hold the attention of every eye, no matter what the distance. And that end, if no other, it has fulfilled; for even the most critical—those most inclined to regret that a sculptor was ever allowed to exert such an influence in architecture—are forced to admit the fascination of that dome, especially when the church itself does not distract the attention. From this point the front of the church shows only the attica, with its open windows, its clock-faces, the sculptured Apostles, and the one small pediment. The lesser domes show clearly. To the left, directly over the iron bridge, we see the dome of the sacristy. Through the bridge and rising above it further to the left are the immense buildings of the hospital, S. Spirito. Over the last pier of the stone bridge towards the right a tall, narrow building divides the Borgo Nuovo (right) from the Borgo Vecchio (left), the principal approaches to St. Peter's. Over the former rises that angle of the Vatican Palace which is nearest to the Piazza of St. Peter's. Even from here we look into the court of St. Damasus, and may locate the private apartments of the Pope, though the windows are hidden behind house-tops.*

Opposite the end of the bridge is the low entrance to the castle, beneath the lower battlements. Further to the right are embrasures for cannon. But the strength of the fortress is in its huge drum, rising un-

*See No. 22.

broken to a great height, and then crowned by that strange assortment of upper works,—wide embrasures for artillery, small port-holes, prisons, a tower, more battlements, the bronze angel, and finally the flag-mast. Here it has frowned down for centuries upon the muddy Tiber swiftly flowing by, once free and unrestrained, but now regulated by the modern engineers and their formidable works.

It is a spot to linger in, whether for those who have wandered hither from a world unknown when Hadrian's tomb was built, or for these Romans who lean upon the parapet, the one in the prosaic dress of progressive Italy, the other in the picturesque costume of the dreamy, unimproved Campagna,—a flower-girl off duty, or an artist's model waiting to have her dark face and gay colors perpetuated in some canvas by a student whom good fortune has at last brought to these banks of the Tiber.

Moving down the river bank, the Tor di Nona, with its fascinating antiquity shops, where venerable things are sold, or even manufactured, we reach once more the Bridge of St. Angelo, crossed by us on our way to and from St. Peter's; but we had no time then to loiter by the bridge and the castle.

47. *Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo.*

From full in front the Castle of St. Angelo seems to appear less forbidding than before. Certainly the upper portions wear even a peaceful look. There is that broad loggia, with its two slender columns, and then windows with Venetian blinds and balconies, as far removed from warfare in their suggestion as a tall

tenement-house in Naples. But above are battlements crowning the square tower in the centre, and the angel with the sword, and the great bell at the top of the tower.

About half-way down the drum we notice that the character of the masonry suddenly changes. The plain brickwork of papal restorations here gives way to a massive wall of large blocks of weathered travertine. This is all that can be seen from without of Hadrian's mausoleum. The lower square substruction is now lost to view, since the whole level has risen in the course of ages. It was, however, an important feature in the architecture of the tomb,—a huge square of more than three hundred feet on each side, making a broad terrace, upon which rose the cylinder, two hundred and forty feet in diameter. The massive walls of travertine and peperino were concealed from view by facings of marble, with the most lavish employment of columns and pilasters and sculpture. How we are to restore the upper part of the mausoleum is a question which is never likely to be settled, until perhaps some coin or sculptured relief shall be discovered, to present us with its outline as it was in its glory. But it appears to have been entirely encircled with two stories of marble columns, while above the upper cornice rose the conical marble roof. Upon the summit of the lofty cone stood a colossal statue of the emperor himself, not, as has often been said, the great bronze pine-cone, which once adorned a fountain in the *atrium* of the old St. Peter's, and may now be seen in one of the courts of the Vatican. The square substructure was adorned with a beautiful frieze, of which fragments have been found in recent years. It also provided ample space for the long series of inscriptions in memory of the

emperors and other members of the imperial family, whose ashes found their resting-place in this vast tomb. Within the immense concrete mass behind those rough blocks of travertine and peperino was the sepulchral chamber of the emperor, high up in the drum of the mausoleum, and reached by a circular passage slowly ascending. But the ashes have been scattered. The sarcophagus and its lid of Egyptian porphyry were separated in the middle ages, and removed, the one to the Lateran and the other to St. Peter's. The sarcophagus became the tomb of a pope, but perished in the destruction of the Lateran church in the fourteenth century. The lid served as a tomb for a German Roman emperor of the tenth century, Otto II, and is now the font in the baptistery of St. Peter's.

To connect his mausoleum directly with the Campus Martius, Hadrian built in 135 A. D. the beautiful bridge, the *Pons Aelius*, but long ago named Ponte St. Angelo. The three central arches are still in use, though often repaired, while the smaller arches (originally five in number) next the shore have given place, as we saw, to the recent improvements in connection with the walling in of the Tiber. But the new arches correspond perfectly with the old, and the necessity of widening the channel of the river at this critical curve in its course made the change sooner or later inevitable. The parapet is adorned with statues of Sts. Peter and Paul, and then ten colossal angels inspired by Bernini at his lowest ebb. The Medici arms on the pedestal of St. Peter at the entrance to the bridge commemorate Pope Clement VII (1523-34), who erected these statues of the Apostles. A century and a half later the angels were added.

The history of the Castle of St. Angelo is almost a history of the mediæval Rome. Hadrian's tomb only shared the fate of many of the tombs out in the Campagna in being early converted into a fortress. But its position with reference to the Tiber and the bridge, and nearness to St. Peter's gave it an importance to which its great strength alone could never have entitled it. During the Gothic wars in the age of Justinian it played an important part in the thrilling sieges which were the chief features of those wars. While Belisarius was defending Rome against Vitiges, the Goth, in 537, the attack of the barbarians was met by throwing down the statues still adorning the tomb upon the heads of the Gothic assailants. Two generations later, when Rome was desolated by the pestilence, Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) saw a vision of St. Michael sheathing his bloody sword. To this story the castle owes its name and the angel upon its summit, at first in marble, and now in bronze. In the bloody scenes of party strife in the Rome of the middle ages, while the popes still resided at the Lateran, the castle was incessantly changing hands, and always with fresh violence,—openly or in its dark dungeons. Shortly after the return of the popes from Avignon, or at least early in the fifteenth century, a long, covered passage was built to enable the pope to flee in any sudden alarm to the castle, which thenceforth became the stronghold of the popes. In 1527 it resisted assault when Rome was sacked by the army of Charles V. In 1870, after the capture of Rome by Victor Emanuel, the Castle of St. Angelo fell into the hands of the king, who placed a garrison there. Thus the ancient fortress passed out of the hands of Pius IX. At last, in 1902, the garrison was withdrawn, and the Pope is spared the pain of seeing the Italian troops in possession. It

has now become a museum, after a career of fourteen centuries as the chief stronghold of Rome.

We return to St. Peter's with one special purpose, in addition to the desire to fix our first impressions. That purpose is the climbing of the dome. It would be worth doing, if the view extended no further than the broad roofs of St. Peter's and the many courts of the Vatican. But the prospect is not so limited. It is bounded only by the reach of the eye towards the east and west, by the neighboring hills to the north and south.

The ascent is made from within the church, first to the roof, where the small domes and houses of the workmen perpetually employed about the church give the impression of a miniature village perched upon the roof. The stairs then climb up between the inner and the outer dome to the lantern upon its crown.

48. Rome, from the Dome of St. Peter's.

The first view to claim our attention is that straight down the nave, across the piazza between the sweeping colonnades, over the Borgo to the Castle of St. Angelo, and the city beyond the Tiber. As for St. Peter's at our feet, its roofs are a study in themselves. They are partly tiled, partly covered, like the dome itself, with lead, now yellowed by age. Over the great vestibule of the basilica one portion of the roof has an inward slope. The huge figures of Christ and the Apostles upon the balustrade have a curious look as seen from behind, since their backs are unfinished. Like ourselves, they seem to be enjoying this view down into the piazza. The triangular masses of masonry at the ex-

treme right and left support the clock-dials, crowned with the tiara and the crossed keys.

On either side of the piazza stretch the sickle-shaped colonnades of Bernini. The handles of the sickles have, to be sure, no columns, but only pilasters. The curving colonnades are nowhere seen to such advantage as from the dome, where the plan and purpose of the whole are so clear. In number the columns seem like a perfect forest, four complete rows of them on either side. If we wish to calculate their number, it is easy to count the columns down one-half of either side, and then multiply by sixteen. But this is a rough estimate. The actual number is said to be two hundred and eighty-four, in addition to eighty-eight piers! How high they are, may be judged by those long lines of cabs on the left,—mere spots of blackness compared with the columns soaring up into the sunlight. On the left is the nearest angle of the Vatican,—one of its most irregular corners. The piazza itself seems absolutely deserted at first sight, so completely is the life that is stirring down there swallowed up in the vast dimensions. We may recall again what we noticed before, that the entire Colosseum* would scarcely require more ground; but the fact is more impressive as we look down from this elevation. In the centre the obelisk is casting its long shadow like a sun-dial. At the corner beyond the last columns of the right-hand colonnade we recognize the house from the roof of which we had our best view of the façade of St. Peter's.† Further on, and on the left side of the dark line of the Borgo Vecchio, we also recognize an old friend, in the house which gave us from its tiles our first general impression of the whole group,—St. Peter's, the

*See No. 22.

†See No. 23.

piazza, and the Vatican.* The square is the Piazza Rusticucci, opening on the other (left) side into the Borgo Nuovo. These two lines converge towards their meeting-place near the Castle of St. Angelo.† The great drum rises conspicuously over the tiles. Its angel upon the summit may be seen but dimly against the dark masses of buildings beyond the Tiber. Returning from the castle in the direction of the Vatican, the eye follows the broken line of the long corridor which kept the palace and fortress in communication with one another, and enabled the popes many times over to take refuge in the castle.‡

The Ponte St. Angelo is partly concealed for us by its prosaic neighbor, the iron bridge. A little nearer are the long lines of S. Spirito, the great hospital, with its dark tower and its white church, glistening in the sunlight. Behind the church a mediæval bell-tower; another smaller one is nearer to us and below. The high retaining-wall on the right is that of the Villa Barberini, —not a part of the city-walls, which lie just beyond.

Over this bit of green, and on the further bank of the Tiber, is the domed church of the Florentines, St. John's. Other churches lie beyond, but away in the distance we can make out Aracoeli on the Capitol, with the new monument to Victor Emanuel to the left of it. But these are so far away as to need a glass. Without such help one may discover the low dome of the Pantheon, always unimpressive as it loses itself among the house-tops. For its location, come back to this side of the Tiber, and the white church of S. Spirito, then follow a line drawn over the rear of that church, beyond a tall

* See No. 22.

† See No. 46.

‡ See No. 47.

house on the further bank, and to the left of a small but lofty church dome. The low rounding surface to the left of the last is the dome of the Pantheon, as different as anything that can be imagined from this lofty cupola of St. Peter's. Further away, and to the right of the Pantheon, is the dark square tower of brick, which tradition has called the Tower of Nero, as that from which he looked down upon the burning Rome. It is, however, unmistakably mediæval, and stands not far from the Column of Trajan.* Above the Ponte St. Angelo the most conspicuous building in the distance is the Quirinal, formerly a palace of the popes, but since 1870 the residence of the kings of Italy. The distant church beyond the Quirinal, and to the right of it, is *S. Maria Maggiore*, on the Esquiline.

Beyond the Castle of St. Angelo is the new Ponte Umberto, leading to the unfinished Palace of Justice, a white mass, still covered in part by scaffoldings, behind and to the left of the castle. In that region a whole new quarter is springing up, where once were the Prati del Castello, the meadows of the Castle of St. Angelo.

In the distance on our left the long mass of green is the Pincian Gardens, with the conspicuous Villa Medici and its two towers. Near the north (left) end of the gardens we see the domed churches which mark the end of the Corso at the Piazza del Popolo. The line of the Corso may be traced by a few landmarks, as S. Carlo, a tall dome over the Palace of Justice. Directly over this dome lies the centre of the stranger's quarter, the Piazza di Spagna, located for us here by the twin towers of S. Trinità, which stands at the head of the long staircase above the piazza,—the "Spanish

* See No. 52.

Stairs" of the tourists, though they are not known to the Romans by that name, and in reality belong to France!

Dim in the distance is the green Campagna, the plain of Rome, bounded by the blue outlines of the Sabine Mountains.

Turning towards the north, we exchange our view of the city and its endless housetops for the green freshness of the Vatican Gardens.

49. *The Pope's Gardens from the Dome of St. Peter's.*

At our feet we have the roof of the long irregular range of buildings, formerly the papal mint. For the popes minted their own coins for upwards of a thousand years. The line of these roofs, that is, of their further edge, marks the direction of the mediæval wall, built by Leo IV in the middle of the ninth century. Up to that time the whole Vatican district had been entirely unprotected, and St. Peter's exposed to plunder by the Saracen pirates, who kept constantly returning to the attack. Leo thus created in reality a separate city, the Leonine City, protected by parallel walls to north and south, enclosing the crest of the Vatican Hill on the west, and reaching the Castle of St. Angelo on the east. The Vatican Gardens lie to the north of this old wall. In fact, the larger part of the palace, as it now exists, is beyond the line of Leo's wall, which his successors destroyed in order to enlarge the Vatican.

The garden consists of two parts, a wooded portion irregularly laid out, and then the garden proper beyond, in which mathematical order and precision rule. Thus, in providing a wood, or *bosco*, for the heat of midsummer,

and a sunny garden for more temperate seasons, the popes have simply followed the traditional practice of most Italian villas. And the view we now have before us may gain in interest, if we remember that it is typical of the Italian villa.

In the foreground we have, on the right, an unbroken mass of tree-tops, among which the great dark stone pines are conspicuous, but the presence of a palm or two shows that Nature has not been allowed to rule alone, even in this, the most natural corner of the gardens. On the left the higher part of the garden about the casino forms a kind of transition from the *bosco* to the formal garden beyond. Here palms abound, and flowering shrubs, divided by serpentine paths and a broad driveway, while this whole portion of the garden is bounded by dark ilex-hedges, trimmed square and flat, like walls. In the middle the white walls of the casino rise out of the cool greenness into brilliant sunlight. This is the summer-house of the popes. It was built by Ligorio, and finished in 1560 for Pius IV, a Medici pope in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Simple in appearance and tasteful in architecture, it is nevertheless richly decorated with mosaics and ancient sculptures. The smaller building at the right is a loggia, with granite columns, upon the edge of the terrace, looking down into the lower garden. It is flanked by flights of stone stairs. Sculptures adorn the balustrade, as also two diminutive open halls, one of which is lost to us behind the pines, while the other looks as if it were a part of the casino, instead of standing free, as it really does. The whole group is an excellent specimen of landscape architecture as it was practised by the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, inspired by descriptions and remains of old Roman villas and gardens.

The Vatican Garden in the narrower sense is that great enclosed rectangle beyond the ilex hedges. It is a formal garden of the most extreme type,—everything laid out with the utmost order and regularity. Flower-beds mark out the lines of geometrical figures, and walks are painfully precise. Symmetry reigns from one end to the other, in the disposition of fountains and vases and palms, in fact of every feature of the garden. On the left again are dense masses of pines and other trees, a favorite portion of the gardens with the Pope, who has another casino by a picturesque round tower of the Leonine Wall. On the right we recognize over tree-tops and hedges the pavilion which we entered, to visit the Library and the Sculpture Gallery of the Vatican. Over the entrance to the Sculpture Gallery is a circular hall, the Sala Rotonda, filled with sculptures. The pine trees in the distance, beyond the limits of the formal garden, are close to the Wall of Urban VIII, the seventeenth century defenses of the Vatican and the Borgo. All that lies beyond represents a new quarter since 1870, hastily built in days of real estate speculation.

Over these cheerless roofs are the broad meadows of the Tiber. The hill is the Monte Mario, the highest summit (450 feet) in the vicinity of Rome. Its southern and western slopes are climbed by the Triumphal Way. The crest of the hill is marked by the white buildings of a villa among dark cypresses, but a fortress has now taken possession of the Monte Mario, and visitors are no longer permitted to enjoy the wide view which it commands, or to visit the Roman remains discovered in excavations for the earthworks. It was there that an inscription known to all classical scholars was found—the simple epitaph of a girl of thirteen, Minicia Marcella,

whose death was lamented in a graceful letter of the Younger Pliny. Still another change awaits the Monte Mario. For permission has lately been given to Marconi to erect his tall masts upon that summit, and soon Rome will send her messages, political and ecclesiastical—the blessings of her venerable pontiff and the congratulations of her young king, with all the usual rumors and contradictions of rumors—by way of yonder height. If it never figured in history as yet, if it has no past, it at least shall have a future, in the wireless messages which are to make the world smaller than ever.

Once more we leave St. Peter's with regret, to return to the left bank of the Tiber, and on in the direction of the Quirinal. About half-way between the Corso and the Royal Palace we come to the great fountain, so long a familiar object in illustrations of every kind.

50. *The Fountain of Trevi.*

Familiar as it has become, and endeared beyond its deserts to the heart of the traveler, the Fountain of Trevi was one of the newest things in Rome, until 1870 came, and brought in its train so many innovations that this fountain now begins to take on the character of an antiquity. But perhaps that is due in part to its connection with a genuine work of antiquity, to which it bears somewhat the relation of a modern successor. It is not unlike the smart shop, making a great display of finery, but vouching for its long standing by a sign in the window "Founded in 1720," or whatever the year may be. With more than a shop-windowful of images, the Fountain of Trevi advertises its cooling wares; and the date at which the house entered upon

its "rushing" business would have to read "Founded in 19 B. C." Whether Agrippa, the builder of the Pantheon, and of aqueducts to supply his Baths,* erected a fountain on this spot, or not, is uncertain, though probable. At any rate his *Aqua Virgo*, descending from the Pincian, at first underground, and then upon arches, passed over this site, and presently turned towards the Corso, on its way to the Baths of Agrippa, behind his Pantheon. Some of the arches still exist (as repaired by Claudius), only two blocks behind the fountain. The water was obtained from a spring out in the Campagna, and the aqueduct was constructed at the sole cost of Agrippa, who also erected basins and fountains in large numbers. The legend was that a girl had pointed out the spring to some soldiers, and that the aqueduct thus received its unusual name of the Virgin. But the purity of the water was its chief commendation, and to this day there is no better water in Rome than that supplied, clear and cool, to Trevi and the other fountains—as in the Piazza di Spagna—fed by the same aqueduct. Rome has certainly been highly favored in the healthfulness and abundance of the water derived from unfailing springs in the Campagna, or brought down from the mountains, to a distance of even sixty miles.† The modern city has had only to restore a few of these aqueducts, in order to obtain water enough for all its uses, and for these roaring fountains as well. And a goodly number of them there are, too, some decked out with elaborate architecture.

But the Fountain of Trevi is the most imposing of all. For here an entire palace was laid under contribution, and provided with a new front in harmony with

*See No. 45.

†See No. 61.

the style of the fountain itself, and forming wings on either side of the central mass. The latter has been inspired obviously enough by the Arch of Constantine.* Instead of the central archway is a great niche with coffered vaulting. In place of the side arches are square recesses, also filled with sculpture. The Dacian captives over the columns are here replaced by allegorical female figures, the columns themselves by half-columns. Above the attica, with its inscription in the central panel, is a heavy balustrade, and just where the chariot and horses of the triumphing general would have stood upon a Roman arch, is a huge frontispiece,—the Corsini arms, supported by lively angels and topped by the keys and the triple crown. It is, after all, only a modern version of the old triumphal motive. Yet the triumph is not that of the pope who built, but of a fresh-water Neptune, high upon his shell-chariot, under the central niche. Prancing steeds, guided by Tritons, blowing conch-shells, seem to be drawing him forth over the cascades, which spring from basin to basin. On either side the architect has simulated rough rocks, through which and over which little streams are coursing in all directions, until they reach the great basin below. Everything is fanciful and perfectly unreasonable; but such was the sculpture and the architecture of the time. The builder, Clement XII, has inscribed his name and the date, 1735, high overhead upon the attica. But two of his successors have also claimed the credit, Benedict XIV, in letters of unseemly size upon the frieze, and Clement XIII, in the apse and on either side of it, the last stating that he added sculptures in 1762.

Before the fountain there is a stirring life, except in the dead of night, but the noise of its waters can be heard

*See No. 40.

at some distance down the crooked streets,—a help to the stranger who is just learning their mazes. Foreigners may be seen sometimes dropping their coppers into the fountain and then turning sheepishly away. They are just leaving Rome, and cannot free themselves from the superstition of these latter days, that they will thus insure their return to the Eternal City. It is, however, a survival of the old Roman custom of offering coppers to the nymph of a fountain. Nowadays the coins are not left for the archæologist of the future to dig up and label; the street boys wade into the basin and gather them from those artificial rocks.

For more than a thousand years, at the least, the waters have been flowing here, an eighth-century pope having restored the earlier fountain, perhaps the work of Agrippa himself. In the light of such antiquity the present Fountain of Trevi, not yet two centuries old, seems painfully modern; and it is an easy matter to find fault with the absurdities of its architecture and sculpture. But still it has its own peculiar hold upon the affections of those who have once been charmed by Rome,—even decadent Rome of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It may linger in our memories when some things more beautiful, but possibly less individual, have been forgotten.

Narrow streets bring us from the Fountain of Trevi to the Colonna Palace, under arched bridges which connect the principal floor of the Palace with the gardens across the street, on the lower slopes of the Quirinal. We soon find ourselves in the principal gallery.

51. *Gallery of the Colonna Palace.*

Standing by the columns which separate an ante-room from the gallery proper, we have this vista over a

glistening floor of polished marble. The stately hall is 180 feet long, without the ante-rooms at either end, and 45 feet in breadth,—the width of the Sistine Chapel,* which is some fifty feet shorter than this gallery. Rare marbles, in column, pilaster, and floor, give these Roman galleries their peculiar effect of richness. It was not for nothing that the ancient ruins were there, to be ransacked for every variety of precious marble, or rare alabaster, brought by the old Romans from Africa, or Greece, or the East. No other city could furnish such materials ready to hand for the adornment of churches and palaces. It is not strange then to find that the typical palace or church at Rome makes a great display of polished marbles, in almost all cases the plunder obtained from ancient buildings. The old taste for this particular form of splendor still survives, and in the midst of these rich materials it is scarcely surprising that the frescoes and other decorations aim at a striking effect. Every Roman palace or villa, from the time of the Renaissance on, has had to make a brave show with at least one such gallery. Some few were painted by the great masters and their pupils, but there was, as a rule, a decided preference for brilliant effects, gained by colored marbles, gilding, and a lavish display of sculpture. The ceiling alone might be left to the painter. Here we do not find the work of a Michael Angelo. The style is theatrical and sensational, but after all not out of keeping with the undue richness of the walls. The central section of the ceiling represents a naval battle,—that of Lepanto, in which the Turks were defeated by the fleet of the league under Don Juan of Austria, in the Gulf of Corinth (1571). In that battle one of the Colonnas had commanded the fleet of the Pope (Pius V).

* See No. 28.

The whole ceiling celebrates the praises of the Colonna family. The painters, however, are obscure names out of the seventeenth century.

On the walls are a few paintings by celebrated masters, but they are crowded in among Venetian mirrors painted with flowers, and tall panels filled with trophies, while two tiers of glittering crystal chandeliers dazzle the eyes. In the midst of such lavish decorations one can scarcely think of the sculptures, which line both walls, mounted upon carved pedestals, or upon tables. But after all they are only a part of the adornment of the gallery, not something to be studied in themselves, and for whose display to the best advantage the gallery itself exists, as at the Vatican or in the Capitoline Museum. Most of them are also inferior works, extensively restored and retouched by the hand of modern sculptors. Every great Roman family has such a collection, to scatter about its palace, or even to expose to the weather at its villa. No one in the family seems to care for them in particular; no one distinguishes with any rigor between works which have some real merits, and those which count among inferior examples. They seem to be part of the furniture of the aristocratic household. Without antiques it would scarcely be a palace; certainly there would be no outward evidence of the fact that the family was rich and celebrated already in the days of the Renaissance, when no man of social position could fail to be an ardent collector—and reckless restorer—of Greek and Roman sculptures.

And yet, if any Roman family could escape the necessity of proving its antiquity by the display of its furniture, including marbles and canvases, it would surely be the house of Colonna, the most celebrated of all the mediæval houses, through centuries of a bloody

rivalry with the Orsini and other noble families. Of their old stronghold one tower now remains, but the rest has given place to other buildings and to this great palace, begun by a Colonna Pope, Martin V, in the fifteenth century (1417–1431). But later additions have obscured or disguised whatever had been built in the age of the Renaissance, and all that we see represents the taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Still it is Roman,—this palace of a family which covers a thousand years with its history.

For a few moments we ascend the new Via Nazionale, passing the old tower of the Colonnas, of which we were just speaking, and then descend a flight of stairs into the “Forum of Trajan.”

52. *Column and “Forum” of Trajan.*

We find ourselves in an open square, of which far the larger part lies some distance below the level of the surrounding streets, and is enclosed by a retaining-wall and an iron railing. The foreground is filled with broken granite columns in transverse rows. Beyond these the lofty Column of Trajan towers into the air. On the right and left are churches, which seem to consist of nothing but a dome. Between the churches are shops, and over these buildings the rear of a palace (Valentini).

The whole place is known as the “Forum of Trajan,” but in reality these rows of columns belonged, not to the Forum itself, but to the *Basilica Ulpia*, which closed Trajan’s Forum on the northwestern side. The real Forum of Trajan still remains underground, except for a few remnants against the Quirinal Hill, and a narrow margin of pavement here by the basilica. What Trajan

(98–117 A. D.) planned was not only another forum—as Julius Cæsar and Augustus and Vespasian and Nerva had each opened up a new forum in the region to the north and northeast of the old republican Forum—but a vast group of buildings, including a basilica, which was to outshine that of Julius*, and a monumental column, two libraries and a temple. If the ground where we are now standing were to be excavated, it would bring us down to the level of this latest of the imperial fora,—a vast open space, perhaps twice the size of the old Forum, and surrounded by columns, for the most part in double rows.

The basilica which we have now before us had, as we can clearly see, a broad nave, and two side-aisles, separated by these granite columns. When this spot was excavated in 1812–1814, at first by the French authorities, and then under papal orders, the columns were all flat upon the ground, and hence the chances are not large that any one of these stumps now occupies its original base. But at any rate we can make out the ground-plan, and the marble floor has not suffered from restoration. Of the columns there were originally more than one hundred. The width of the nave is impressive,—more than eighty feet, or about thirty feet wider than the nave of the Basilica Julia. In the dimensions, as in the general plan, we shall find that the Church of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls† has many suggestions of this secular basilica, which had at either end a great apse for the law-courts. The entire length of the Basilica of Trajan, including the apses, was not much less than the long diameter of the Colosseum. In many respects it must have been one of the most impressive of all the

* See Nos. 32 and 41.

† See No. 56

structures erected by the emperors. The architect was a Greek, Apollodorus of Damascus.

Beyond the basilica one entered a very small court, with a library building to the right, and another to the left. In the centre of the court stood the Column of Trajan.

This great sculptured column seems to have been the first monument of the kind erected in Rome. The pedestal was designed by the imperial builder for his own tomb, and his ashes were laid away in a chamber beneath the column. The urn was of gold. And a gilt-bronze statue of Trajan stood upon the top of the column. It was removed, and undoubtedly melted down, as early as the sixth century. The present statue of St. Peter was not put in its place until a thousand years later,—by Sixtus V, in 1587.

The column itself, including the capital, but excluding the pedestal, is one hundred Roman feet in height. Its entire shaft is constructed of drums of marble, sculptured from the bottom to the top in twenty-three bands, spirally ascending. It is a pictorial history of the wars which Trajan carried on beyond the Danube,—the conquest of the new province of Dacia. The lower bands can be distinctly seen from beneath, but the eye soon begins to fail, and the remaining sculptures to the top make no other impression than that of wonder at so much misdirected industry. If we recall, however, that the column did not stand by itself, but in the small court between the basilica and the libraries, and that probably all of these buildings had upper galleries—certainly the basilica had an upper story over the aisles—it is easier to understand that the sculptures were not wasted, but could be studied from tier to tier, as one passed around the court, first at the level of the ground, and then above. For our knowledge of the

Roman army, of the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers, of siege operations and military bridges, of everything connected with an army in the field, these realistic reliefs are of the greatest value. The human figures are said to number no less than 2,500.

Upon the pedestal is an inscription of the year 114 A. D., which seems to say that the height of the column represents the depth of the earth (a ridge connecting the Capitol and the Quirinal) removed by Trajan to make room for these public works. Certainly a great space had to be leveled, but the inscription can hardly be taken in a literal sense.

On the other side of the column, where the houses stand, and the Valentini Palace, lay the Temple of Trajan, erected by his successor, Hadrian. This was the final member in the whole group of buildings. It stood in a colonnaded court, and from its lofty steps gave still another point of view from which to decipher the warlike scenes in the upper part of the spiral. And the emperor, whose achievements thus mounted up to heaven, above his mortal remains, received in that temple the honors due to a divinity.

A few steps from the "Forum of Trajan" bring us to a narrow street skirting the foot of the Capitol, beneath the great monument to Victor Emanuel, which looks down the Corso. Presently we reach the Mamertine Prison* and climb the stairs to the square of the Capitol, between the two museums, the Capitoline on the right, and the Conservatori on the left. We enter the former, climb the long stairs, and find ourselves before the "Dying Gaul," in the same room with the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne's romance.

*See No. 33.

53. *The Dying Gaul, Capitoline Museum.*

This statue was long known as the "Dying Gladiator," and Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, wrote pathetic lines on this unfortunate,

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

But a closer study of the work itself, and of others with which it must be associated, shows that the subject is not a fallen gladiator in the Colosseum, but a Gallic warrior on the field of battle. He is not one of Cæsar's Gauls, however, for the statue is more than a century older than the time of Cæsar, and never had a closer connection with anything Roman than in the fact that it was brought to Rome, as many other works of Greek art had been, to adorn the dwelling of some man of wealth and culture, or a public place.

There was an earlier contact with Gallic hordes, which inspired some noble works of Greek sculpture. In the third century before Christ, Gauls from the Danube invaded Greece, laying waste the country, pillaging the sacred shrines of Delphi (273), and at length passing over into Asia Minor, where they at last found a home for themselves in that inland region known thereafter as Galatia. Their warlike spirit led them to take service as mercenaries in the armies of the Hellenistic kings, and as such, or in independent raids, they made themselves a terror to the rich and prosperous Greek cities of the western coast. Among these was Pergamon, whose king, Attalus I (241–197 B. C.), gained decisive victories over them. As the saviour of his city, from destruction at the hands of these wild barbarians, Attalus was celebrated in works of art by the flourishing school of sculptors at Pergamon. By his orders they produced a whole series of groups and single figures, mostly in bronze, in which the defeat of the Gauls

should be commemorated. A long list of these could be made, since many of them still survive in widely scattered museums. But these are apparently marble copies, in many cases, of originals in bronze. The critics agree, however, that the copies were probably produced in Pergamon itself. In this case the marble is not Italian, but from some quarry at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. In the bronze original the statue may date from about 220–200 B. C., and there is no reason for assuming that this marble copy is more than a generation or two later. It is clear that the art of Pergamon—one of the most famous centres for sculpture in the Alexandrian age—had suffered no decline.

Sitting upon his large oval shield is a dying Gallic warrior. With his right hand he supports himself; but it is an unsteady support; for the hand is turned in towards the body, to relax the tension of the muscles about that bleeding wound in the right side. The left knee is drooping, the right leg will soon relax. In a moment the pain and the struggle will be over. The face shows no Greek fatalism, or calm submission to the inevitable; it is a wild, barbaric resistance to the very last. This expression, and the position of the wound, show that he has not inflicted the blow himself. It is often said that he has killed himself to avoid capture,—the same motive that we find in a celebrated Gallic group in another gallery, also from a studio at Pergamon. The long curved trumpet, which lies broken upon the shield, tells the story. While blowing his trumpet he has been overtaken by the enemy, and mortally wounded in the unguarded right side. A sword lying upon the base, near the right hand, has been restored, together with that part of the base, in the sixteenth century, when the statue was found at Rome.

With the sculptors of the Pergamene school, as later with the Greek artists who worked at Rome, the barbarian types were favorite subjects. Here the northern race is indicated by the nose and prominent chin, by the stiff and unmanageable hair far down upon the neck, by the Gallic twisted collar, the shield and trumpet, and in a subtler fashion by the suggestions of a thicker and coarser skin. It is the barbarian, in all his native strength, as portrayed for us by the delicate observation and unlimited technical skill of the Asiatic Greek.

A MORNING BY THE TIBER

We begin with that bend in the river which brings it nearest to the Palatine Hill,—the Cattle Market, or *Forum Boarium*, of the ancient city. The open square, which is its modern representative, is much frequented by shepherds and goatherds from the Campagna. But it also has not a few reminders of the past,—a venerable church, S. Maria in Cosmedin, with a tall mediæval tower, and also two old Roman temples.

54. *The “Temple of Vesta.”*

This round temple close by the bank of the Tiber is one of the most familiar objects in Rome. But the picturesqueness of the situation has been ruined in the construction of the new river-wall, which is so high behind the temple as to make the latter stand in a depression deeper than ever, while the trees which once lined the bank have given place to a dusty waste.

The temple itself is of the circular form,—a very small *cella*, or temple proper, with a lofty door and two windows, and then the encircling row of fluted Corinthian columns of white marble. The entablature has dis-

appeared completely, and of the twenty columns, one (behind, towards the river) is missing. For centuries it has been roofed in this primitive fashion, very much to the sorrow of the archæologists, who mourn the loss of the entablature, and the domed roof, no doubt of marble. Artists, however, have shown a great fondness for this irregular roof of tiles, casting its deep shadows over the battered capitals and the slender shafts below. As usual, the interests of art and science are not to be reconciled. For many centuries it was a church, dedicated at first to St. Stephen, and then to the Virgin. Otherwise it would hardly have escaped complete destruction.

In days when the Forum region had not been excavated, and the real site of the Temple of Vesta* could not be determined, it was confidently assumed that this must have been the temple which was the hearthstone of the Roman state. Hence the name, which still clings to it, in spite of the certainty that the real Vesta temple was beneath the northern angle of the Palatine, and not near the river. The circular form is mainly responsible for the error, although other circular temples are mentioned in ancient writers, and a temple in this form dedicated to Hercules is known to have existed in this very quarter, the *Forum Boarium*.

It is one thing, however, to prove that the popular name cannot possibly be correct, and quite another to discover and establish the right name. With such questions as these scholars have to concern themselves, and upon these matters they spend untold hours, to the astonishment of the mass of people, who cannot see why the old name needs to be disturbed. Often it happens that the rival theories provoke increasing ani-

* See Nos. 32, 36.

mosity, until in some lucky moment a mangled slab from an inscription is brought to light, with three or four letters which settle the question forever, to the confusion of one party among the specialists, and the triumph of the other. In the case of this temple, however, the controversy is still being waged. And no inscribed words have come to light, to tell us to what divinity this beautiful temple was consecrated. According to some it was the Temple of Mater Matuta; according to others, that of Portunus; while a third view has inclined to Hercules; and this does not exhaust the list. For quite a number of temples and shrines existed in and about the Cattle Market, and the crowds of people who traded here could pay their devotions to various minor divinities and some greater ones. But it still remains impossible to identify these different sites. And it is probable that the graceful temple before us, so picturesque in its partial ruin, will be nameless for some time to come.

As for its date, it unquestionably represents a rebuilding of some older shrine. The quarter was not one chosen for new temples in imperial times. This spot had evidently been hallowed by ancient memories already in the time in which the present temple was erected. That appears to have been within the first century of our era, possibly even in the reign of Augustus.

What its name and age may be, does not trouble these hatless children playing on the steps of the temple or among the piles of stones. And neither the donkey nor his young master concerns himself about the antiquity of that venerable little wagon, which has traveled over many a mile of Roman road.

Close by the nameless round temple is a modern bridge across the Tiber.

55. *The Tiber and the Island.*

Standing upon this new bridge, we look down into the foaming waters of the "yellow Tiber." On our left is a fragment of a ruined bridge. It is the *Ponte Rotto*, now reduced to a single arch in midstream. A few years ago two more were standing, and a short suspension bridge connected that pier on our left with the shore by the "Temple of Vesta." The new bridge, very solid in appearance, has borrowed the old name, and is popularly known as the New Broken Bridge. That ruined arch seems on the point of discharging the few stones that remain into the river. But so they have stood for many years. What we see is not an ancient ruin, however. The old Roman bridge upon that spot was finished in 142 B. C. by Scipio the Younger, the destroyer of Carthage, and Mummius, the destroyer of Corinth. But the name, the *Æmilian Bridge*, was derived from an earlier censor, who began the work. From its slanting direction this bridge was especially exposed to the risk of destruction in time of floods. And it has been destroyed no less than four times, from the third to the sixteenth century. Of this last date is all that now remains.

Straight before us lies the Island, united with the shores by a single bridge on either side. That on the right is the oldest of the Roman bridges still in use, and one of the best preserved monuments of the Republic. This was the *Fabrician Bridge*, mentioned by Horace. It was built by a Fabricius in 62 B. C., the year after the consulship of Cicero. The inscriptions may still be read, with their republican spelling. Between the two

arches is a smaller arch over the central pier, to allow free passage for floods.

On the other side of the Island is a new bridge, in all the whiteness of fresh travertine, in striking contrast with the brown and weathered Fabrician Bridge. But the central arch, behind the *Ponte Rotto*, is old, dating, at least in part, from the time of Julius Cæsar. It bore the name of Cestius, its original builder, but had been restored in the fourth century, and again in the eleventh. The recent alterations have been a part of the regulation of the Tiber, executed at great cost since 1870, when an extraordinary flood occurred three months after the entrance of the Italian troops into the city. But even this huge embankment—we can see it through the arches of the Fabrician Bridge—has not proved a perfect protection, for in December, 1900, the Tiber rose above this wall, and flooded the whole Campus Martius, and even the Forum.

Over the Fabrician Bridge, and the young trees along the river-wall, we see two domed churches,—a St. Andrew, to the right, and a S. Carlo. Between those churches lay the Portico of Pompey, connected with his theatre, a little further to the left. A hall opening upon the portico was the scene of the assassination of Cæsar. Nothing remains of Pompey's buildings, except below ground and in the cellars of the houses. That was the quarter in which the three stone theatres were all to be found,—that of Marcellus near the end of the Fabrician Bridge, further to the right, that of Balbus in the direction of this church of S. Carlo, but not so far away, near the palace of the Cenci family.

The island itself shows the church and quaint mediæval tower of St. Bartholomew. Another old tower stands by the bridge on the right. The church occu-

pies the site of the Temple of Æsculapius. At either end of the island the ancient river-wall terminated in the form of the bow or the stern of a ship, the whole shape of the island being rather suggestive of a vessel,—that is, before it had been disfigured by sand-bars and mud-banks, which have unhappily increased steadily since the river has been “regulated.”

Over the left margin of the island, and the abutment of the Cestian Bridge, is the distant dome of St. Peter's. Further to the left is the Janiculum, near the convent of S. Onofrio.

In this part of the Tiber we seem to come nearer than anywhere else to republican Rome, with its old bridges, its temples by the river-bank. And we feel the nearness to the heart of the ancient city,—the Forum and the Palatine.

Leaving the *Ponte Rotto* we follow the left bank of the river, beneath the steep slopes of the Aventine, to the western angle of that hill, where the street leaves the Tiber, and runs towards the Protestant Cemetery and the Gate of St. Paul's. By this gate the Ostian Way passed through the Wall of Aurelian, near the Pyramid of Cestius. It is along the line of that ancient thoroughfare, once alive with all the traffic between Rome and its seaport, Ostia, that we make our way to the basilica of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls. The church lies a mile and a half beyond the gate. In the middle ages a long portico connected St. Paul's with the city, but now there is nothing better than an ill-paved street, with a slow tramway. We enter by the transept, and walking the length of the nave, look back toward the high-altar.

56. *Interior of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls.*

This noble interior represents the early Christian basilica in its highest development,—a broad nave of most imposing proportions, with two aisles on either side. Long rows of columns, supporting small arches, carry the eye forward to the altar and the apse. The nave terminates in the so-called “triumphal arch,” adorned with mosaics, and borne by two columns still more colossal than those which flank the nave. Beyond lies the transept, and the tribune,—a great apse, the vaulting of which is also filled with mosaics. But the view is interrupted by a lofty canopy, richly adorned with bronze, and sustained by four columns of the precious Oriental alabaster. Beneath this towering baldachin is an older canopy in the Gothic style, a beautiful mediæval work (1285) from the hand of Arnolfo, the architect of the cathedral of Florence. A row of lamps at the base of the great baldachin and its malachite pedestals, marks the *confessio*, the tomb of the saint.

It is probable that the Apostle—whose place of execution was almost certainly at the Three Fountains, a mile and a half beyond—was at first buried in a tomb not far from the Ostian Way. A basilica was erected over the tomb, according to tradition, by Constantine. But the nearness of the road (behind the present apse) limited the size of the structure so seriously that it seemed small and mean in comparison with the basilica of St. Peter by the Neronian Circus, on the Vatican Hill. And so, before the century was out, a new St. Paul's was built on a much grander scale. For the church was now reversed, in order to gain more room. Hence the apse is towards the east, instead of the west, as had been the early tradition, and the long nave extended not towards the road, but in

the direction of the Tiber. That was the great basilica which Theodosius had begun and Honorius completed; which was therefore new when Alaric and his Goths sacked the city in 410.

Eighty marble columns, in four rows, sustained the roofs. In size and magnificence it rivaled the old St. Peter's. Unlike the old St. Peter's, it escaped destruction at the hands of the ambitious popes of the Renaissance, owing its immunity from alterations and restorations to the extravagant cost of the new church at the Vatican. Even into the nineteenth century it remained almost unchanged, as an image of the age of Theodosius, and survived all the raids of the Saracen pirates, the sieges and plunderings of Rome, from the Visigoths and the Vandals to the soldiers of Charles V,—only to fall a victim to the flames in 1823, within the memory of Pope Leo XIII! In the course of repairs the roof was set on fire, and falling down to the floor of the nave and aisles, produced such heat as to ruin at least half of the columns. Little could be saved from the old basilica, except for the western front, the triumphal arch, and the tribune.

The restoration of the church occupied many years, and even now the *atrium*, or forecourt, is still unfinished. In 1854 the present church was dedicated by Pius IX. Its chief feature is its forest of gray granite columns, eighty in number. Each is a single piece, and highly polished. They were quarried on the shores of Lago Maggiore in Northern Italy*, brought on rafts down the Po, and then by ships to the Tiber. Above the arches on either side are mosaic portraits of all the popes. They are five feet in diameter, and the series is continued in the aisles. Of course all of the earlier

*See Nos. 95 and 96.

portraits are imaginary. Still higher are the windows of the clerestory, with stained glass, sadly damaged by a powder explosion across the Tiber in 1891.

At the end of the nave, on either side, by the great Ionic columns, stand colossal statues of Sts. Peter and Paul. Above are the mosaics of the triumphal arch, but they have suffered from several restorations. In the centre is the head of Christ, in a great nimbus, with the four beasts of the Revelation, two angels, and the four-and-twenty elders. Below, on either hand, single figures,—the Apostles Peter and Paul.

The inscription couples the name of Placidia, the sister of Honorius, herself an empress for a short time, with that of Pope Leo the Great (440–461),—the pope who made peace with Attila and his Huns, and protected Rome and the tombs of the Apostles from destruction at the hands of the Vandals. In the tribune, dim in the distance, are more mosaics, but mediæval, of the thirteenth century.

A coffered ceiling, rich with gilding, has replaced the open timbers of the old basilica. The marble floor is usually polished like a mirror, reflecting the soft gray of the columns. Since the flood of 1900, however, when water stood upon the floor of the church to a height still plainly marked upon the columns, the former lustre of these marble slabs has never been restored.

If St. Paul's had had to be rebuilt in the twentieth century instead of the nineteenth, there would have been a closer adherence to the details of the old basilica, and we should have had a still more perfect restoration of a great Christian church, such as could be built within a century after the triumph of the faith over paganism. On the other hand, if the work of rebuilding had fallen to the eighteenth century, the result would have been

massive white piers instead of columns, and extravagant decoration, like that at the Lateran.* The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would have produced something after the fashion of St. Peter's.† It is an instructive contrast to compare the taste and methods of the successive centuries. The pure basilica-form, with row upon row of columns, has never been more appreciated than at present. From this broad nave we may gain some idea of Trajan's basilica‡,—only replacing the arches over the columns by flat entablatures, and erecting another row of columns upon these, before reaching the clerestory. One cannot wonder that the civil basilica was so closely imitated by the Christian.

From the church we pass to the adjoining buildings of the former convent and the cloisters.

57. *The Cloisters, St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls.*

Through these quaint twisted columns we look into a square garden in the centre of the cloisters. It is a picture of meditative seclusion. The world of sights and sightseers seems to have been left far behind. We appear suddenly to have been transported to a peaceful cloister-garden in some old convent, far from the world and its distractions. It is a place for contemplation, for silence, for a quiet walk around and through this secluded flower-garden,—if not to meditate upon our sins, at least to reflect upon the changes through which the world without has passed, during all these centuries since the monks adorned their retreat with such loving care. Here, at least, they could feel secure from the

* See No. 43.

† See No. 24.

‡ See No. 52.

vanities of the world. More than once they were rudely awakened by the presence of a besieging army; and, worse than all, they were obliged to stand by and see their great church—one of the chief shrines of Christendom—burned to the ground on that summer's night in 1823. They must have thought the world about to come to an end; and the next month the Pope died,—a pope (Pius VII) who had been one of their own number, living for many years in this very convent. He had been accounted by them almost a martyr, imprisoned for five years by Napoleon. Often, as a prisoner and exile at Fontainebleau, he had pined, we may well believe, for these cloisters and the peaceful life of a Benedictine monk.

Now no future popes are preparing themselves in this seclusion, to do battle for the Church against the powers of the world. No studious Benedictine is to be seen copying a Virgil or a Horace, or illuminating some beautiful missal. The monks, and their studies with them, have gone. The government is in possession, and a worldly custodian conducts us over ground which still seems sacred. Certainly this spot is fondly remembered by all visitors to Rome, and in their memories it retains something of its old-time sanctity.

It is rare to find anything in Rome which belongs exclusively to any one age. Most of the churches even have old Roman columns; modern buildings often imitate the ancient, or are built out of ancient materials; even the ruins themselves are a composite of several different centuries. But here at last we have the work of a single period,—an age in which there was a revival of the decorative arts. After a long period of unproductiveness, Rome was again becoming a centre, not for artists of a high order of inspiration—there were

none—but for clever workmen, who knew how to cut up, and fit, and polish, the endless fragments of marble and porphyry, and other valuable materials, all about them. Without imitating ancient models, they developed a style of their own, making use not only of the old materials, of which we were speaking, but also of bits of colored and gilded glass. By this method they inlaid brilliant patterns in slabs of white marble, adorned altars, pulpits, and thrones, balustrades and stairs, or even the walls and floors of churches, in the same manner. The effect of the bright geometrical patterns in glass-mosaic was especially admired. It was this method which they applied to these spiral columns on our right. Those deep channels, rough at the bottom, were all filled with glistening mosaics, flush with the surface of the column in the first case, or retiring within the moulded spiral of the second. Exposure to the weather has deprived them of every bit of this ornament.

Looking through the columns, however, we see a broad frieze above the small arches of the further side. Here the inlays are fairly well preserved, and the pattern is a favorite one in this Cosmato work. For a family of Cosmati, artists in this direction in the thirteenth century, has given its name to this kind of decoration. It was also practised in Southern Italy and in Sicily, where the most magnificent examples are to be found. Below the frieze runs a long mosaic inscription. The date is thus known to be somewhere in the first half of the thirteenth century. In decorative work of this kind Rome was once far richer than now. The destruction of the old St. Peter's, the modernizing of so many churches, led to the ruthless destruction of many such beautiful works, simply because they belonged to the

middle ages. Those that remain are at length appreciated once more, since we have learned to take broader views, and to recognize the merits of many things formerly despised. The mediæval Rome had its own charms,—defiant of classical tradition, but still worthy of study. Among them all are few things to be compared with the cloister-courts of St. Paul's and the Lateran.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE CAMPAGNA

Long before we reach the walls of the city we find ourselves following the line of the Appian Way. Anciently the gate (*Porta Capena*) was not far beyond the southern angle of the Palatine. But the old wall of Servius had long been outgrown before there was any thought of a wider circle of fortifications. And when Aurelian built his walls (275 A. D.) the new gate, *Porta Appia* (now S. Sebastiano),* was fully three-quarters of a mile beyond the ancient *Porta Capena*, from which the distances still continued to be measured. Along this part of the Appian Way, within the Walls of Aurelian, Caracalla built the great Baths which bear his name, near the spot where the Latin Way parted company from the Appian.

58. *The Baths of Caracalla.*

Of these vast ruins the first impression—and the last—is of their immensity. Though robbed of nearly all their lavish decorations they are still one of the marvels of Rome. Bare masses of concrete, faced as a rule with brick, they show scarcely a sign of architectural finish.

* See No. 59.

Perhaps for that very reason they are more impressive, like the gigantic skeleton of some prehistoric creature.

We are standing in the *Frigidarium*, and looking through lofty arches, across a hall of similar shape and dimensions, the *Tepidarium*, to other rooms beyond. In that direction lies the *Calidarium*, a great dome, now fallen. These were the three principal features of every Roman bathing establishment, but the large *Thermæ* were provided with a bewildering series of halls and rooms of every size and shape, for rubbing and anointing, for the care of the bathers' clothes, etc., besides rooms for every variety of exercise; finally a garden and an outer circuit of buildings, a stadium, a reservoir, and countless other features. Bathing had ceased to be a simple function, and had associated with it every form of amusement and pastime. The Baths thus became great gathering-places. One begins to comprehend the scale of these buildings (more than seven hundred feet long) in view of the crowds to be accommodated. It was said that these Baths of Caracalla provided for sixteen hundred bathers at the same time; those of Diocletian, which were still more enormous, for twice that number.

The *Frigidarium*, or Cold Bath, was one great swimming-tank, some four feet deep, one hundred and seventy feet long, and above eighty feet wide. Opposite us are the steps by which one descended into the tank, which covered the whole of this great floor. The *Tepidarium*, or Tepid Bath, is reached by ascending those steps, and passing under that colossal archway. It is a hall of the same size and parallel to this one. A vaulted roof of great height has fallen. How the *Frigidarium* was roofed, has been a matter of controversy. Many have asserted that it was entirely open to

the sky, but if we can believe that the swimming-tank itself was uncovered—a thing very improbable—it is quite impossible to suppose that the artificial temperature of the adjoining Tepidarium was liable to change, from cold winds blowing through these open arches. The heating arrangements of the Baths of Caracalla must have been ruinous enough in their consumption of wood, without wasting the heat in any such reckless manner. In the pier directly in front of us we see a great cavity high up from the ground, marking the place of a vanished capital, which rested upon a tall shaft, pretending, at least, to do its duty in the support of the roof. But there seem to be no traces of vaulting above. There appears, then, to be reason for the belief that the roof of this great hall was flat,—a mass of concrete of the lightest volcanic materials, hung from bronze trusses above. Such a ceiling of great span is described in a biography of Caracalla, and this seems to have been the hall that is meant. Certainly there are abundant evidences of bold construction on all sides. The great dome of the *Calidarium*, or the Hot Bath—we can see in the distance, under this arch on the right, a small part of one of its piers—was about one hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter, and in height far surpassed the dome of the Pantheon.*

The usual order seems to have been to begin with the *Tepidarium*, and to end the bath proper with a plunge into the cold swimming-tank, but the individual whim could be suited to any conceivable extent. Undoubtedly these massive vaults secured an equable temperature, so that it might have been said of Caracalla's Baths, as of St. Peter's to-day,—that they had a climate of their own.

* See No. 45.

In the time of their construction these Baths fall about a century after the Pantheon of Hadrian, and a century before the Basilica of Constantine.* Begun by Caracalla about 212 A. D., they were completed, perhaps about 230, by Alexander Severus. Adorned with the greatest extravagance in marbles and mosaics—the latter even upon the ceilings, as became customary later in Christian churches—they also contained a collection of works of Greek art which has furnished many specimens to the museums. It was here that the Farnese Bull and the Hercules† were found in the sixteenth century. But such finds have ceased, so thoroughly have the ruins been ransacked. The charm of the Baths of Caracalla now consists in the picturesqueness of these red and brown masses against the sky, and in their impressive scale. It is once more the Roman type,—solid, ponderous, indestructible.

Not far beyond the Baths of Caracalla we pass the Tomb of the Scipios; but careless excavations in 1780 did much to ruin this underground tomb of the most famous of republican families, and little remains now to attract the visitor. The road runs between high garden-walls, after the aggravating custom of the roads about Rome,—in this case even within the walls of the city. At length we reach the gate.

59. Gate of St. Sebastian, Appian Way.

And still the Appian Way, once proudly named the “Queen of Roads,” is ignominiously imprisoned by the walls of gardens and vineyards. The gate is the old *Porta Appia*, which by and by forgot the old censor—

* See No. 34.

† See Nos. 6 and 7.

who had made his Appian Road nearly six hundred years before the gate was built—and took to itself the name of a Christian saint, whose basilica stands some distance beyond the walls. This is the finest of the gates in the whole circuit of Aurelian's Walls, but the original gate of Aurelian was completely rebuilt by Honorius in the first years of the fifth century. The lower part of the gate—its first story—is faced with marble. None of the other gates was so adorned. But the proud preëminence of the Appian Way, and the presence of a neglected pagan temple near at hand, led Honorius to deck a part of his gate in marble. The second story is in concrete faced with brick, richly colored by exposure to a southern sun. Directly over the archway we can make out traces of five small windows, long ago bricked up. Without them the gate may be more capable of defense, but we should be glad to have them, to relieve this expanse of blank wall. With the third story, also constructed of the same material, the towers change from the square form to the round, and arched windows in two stories look out into the Campagna. So often patched and repaired, these old towers seem to tell of many sieges, of much anxious watching for the approach of an enemy from the south. And they seem to belong to the mediæval history of Rome rather than to the Roman period. If we looked for some striking architecture of the imperial age, to adorn this chief gate of the city, we are disappointed. It is emphatically the age of Honorius which is represented,—a time of hasty building, largely out of older materials, to ward off the dreaded danger of capture at the hands of the Goths. And the new gates and repaired walls had been completed only about eight years, when the Goths did come with Alaric. A generation

later it was the Vandals. And then, in the sixth century, and the reign of Justinian, siege after siege put these towers and walls to a severe test.

For the walls, however, we need to go back to the reign of Aurelian in the third century (270-275). It was then that the fear of the German invaders made it necessary to enclose Rome with new walls. The old "Walls of Servius Tullius" had been outgrown even in the time of the Republic, and were fast disappearing in the time of Augustus. Secure in the sense of power, and the assurance that the Alps were her real walls, the city which even then called herself eternal had never thought of immediate defenses. And this lasted well into the third century. Then Aurelian built the walls which still bear his name, in a mighty circuit from the Bridge of St. Angelo to the Tiber again on the south. The walls which skirted the river have disappeared, but if we should turn to the left by that left-hand tower, follow the walls to the Tiber, beyond the gate of St. Paul, and then make the entire circuit of the existing walls, along the road which runs outside, we should have covered a distance of nine miles. And then there were the walls on the right bank, in Trastevere.

On our right, where the trees overhang the wall of a garden, a roadside tavern now holds the place formerly occupied by the Temple of Mars, from which came those marble blocks.

Looking past the donkey-cart, and under the archway, we see another arch,—the so-called Arch of Drusus, more probably of the time of Trajan, used by Caracalla to carry an aqueduct for the supply of his Baths. It resembles a triumphal arch.

By this Appian Way—but not through this gate—many a Roman general had returned from the East to

claim a triumph. And the very last triumph which Rome was destined to see was that of Honorius over the Goths, two years after he had completed these towers, and half a dozen years before Alaric was to turn the victories of Honorius into a mockery by capturing the city which had never submitted to a foreign enemy for eight hundred years.

Leaving the Walls of Aurelian by this Gate of St. Sebastian, the Appian Way descends into a little valley, to the chapel called *Domine Quo Vadis*, which has recently acquired fame through the widely read romance of a Polish novelist. At this point the road becomes perfectly straight for several miles. We keep on between jealous garden-walls, passing the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, the most frequented among the many Roman catacombs, at a distance of a mile and a quarter from the gate. Nearing the modernized basilica of St. Sebastian, we pause for the view.

60. *The Appian Way.*

Before us stretches the straight line of the famous old highway, descending, and then rising again, to lose itself from our view just beyond that great circular tomb on the left. It is the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and the best known of all the monuments dotted over the Campagna. In form it recalls the Mausoleum of Hadrian*—a square base and then a circular tower. But the dimensions are more modest. The drum is, however, sixty-five feet in diameter. Even in the distance we can see that the square concrete foundation has been robbed of its outer facing, while the drum is still clad in sun-burned travertine. The inscription simply states

* See No. 47.

that it was "To Cæcilia Metella, daughter of Quintus [Metellus] Creticus, wife of Crassus." Which Crassus was meant, it is not easy to say, but probably the elder son of the triumvir whose career came to an end with the great defeat at Carrhæ, beyond the Euphrates, in 53 B. C. At any rate the tomb belongs to the last age of the Republic, or the very beginning of the Empire. Its position, and the impregnable strength of its walls, made it inevitably a castle in the middle ages. To this time belong the battlements in brick. Other buildings were added to their stronghold by the same Caetani family, mainly in the thirteenth century, and more ruins to the right, across the road—among them a church—testify to the importance of this castle by the Appian Way.

The eminence upon which the tomb stands must have made it conspicuous, even in days when the whole road was lined with tombs. It is the termination of a lava-stream, which had flowed down from the great volcanic region about Mount Alba, ten miles away. But that was in prehistoric times, and no tradition remains of this volcanic flow, which advanced so near to the site of the future Rome.

This particular stretch of the road is uncommonly free from ruins, as if to leave Cæcilia Metella's tomb in all the more undisputed sway over the landscape. The explanation is, that this part of the road has never entirely ceased to be used, and tombs have often been destroyed for their materials or to clear the land. A little beyond we should come to the excavated portion of the road, where the series of tombs becomes almost unbroken, preserved as they were by the accumulation of soil and rubbish, after the complete abandonment of the ancient highway. There are said to be no less than two hundred

ruined tombs along this Appian Way, between the Baths of Caracalla and Albano, fourteen miles from the city. The present excavations extend to the eleventh milestone. A traveler from Naples approaching Rome in the time of Constantine, let us say, entered these files of tombs at about the fourteenth milestone, from the ancient Porta Capena in the Servian Wall. He must have been strangely impressed with this long and narrow suburb of the dead, through which one approached to the city of the living. If he had any interest in the historic past, he would not have failed to see the monuments and read the epitaphs of many of the greatest figures in Roman history, aside from the emperors. If a Christian, he would have reflected upon St. Paul's journey to Rome over the same narrow way, past the Forum of Appius and the Three Taverns. Even now the memories of the Appian Way are still sure to crowd in upon us, in a strange confusion of persons and events,—now the personal element, as in Horace's journey to Brundisium, and now the impersonal,—the marching out of Roman armies for conquest in the East, or their return in triumph with rich spoils and a picturesque train of captives; or the afternoon promenade of fashionable Rome, making its utmost display of luxury. Above all, we cannot escape from the feeling that this slender thread of road bound the East and the West together. By it came all those influences—first from Greece, and then from Palestine—which were to change the very face of Rome, and through Rome of all the western world. One cannot imagine the Roman Empire without its highways, built with military directness, and bringing the most distant and most threatened province of the frontier into communication with the central authority.

Among all those roads, the Appian had the foremost place in the date of its construction and in its importance, as the main artery, not only for the South, but for all the eastern provinces. Built as long ago as 312 B. C. by the censor, Appius Claudius, it was the first of the Roman roads. War then in progress with the Samnites made the Appian Way a military necessity. But in commerce as well, the relations between Rome and the region about Naples were daily growing closer. At first the road, as constructed by Appius, extended to Capua only. Later it was continued over the Apennines and down the Adriatic coast to Brundisium (Brindisi), the gateway of the East.

But to return to our immediate surroundings. We are in a region of catacombs, among them those of St. Sebastian, with the church of that saint, to the right. Opposite the church, on the other side of the road, is a cross borne upon a column, with the arms of Pius IX and an inscription upon the pedestal. The spot is often thronged with pilgrims, for St. Sebastian's is one of the seven pilgrimage churches. And the Appian Way is a favorite afternoon drive, not only for the tourists, but for the Romans as well. It has its own life even now, and, judging by the Babel of languages one hears, it is still a life which belongs to all the world.

By a cross-road, connecting the ancient highway with its modern successor, we prolong our excursion into the Campagna. Returning along the *Appia Nuova*, which will bring us back to the city by the Gate of St. John, at the Lateran, we find ourselves approaching a long line of aqueduct arches.

61. *Ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct.*

It is the *Aqua Claudia*, striding across the plain. The hand of the barbarian and the tooth of time have left a sad ruin of this Aqueduct of Claudius. And yet, few things about Rome are more imposing. The lofty arches are borne by immense square piers of rough-hewn masonry in great blocks. In the whole course of the aqueduct there are nine miles of such arches, often broken by frequent gaps, as in this stretch, where it is seldom that one can find a dozen continuous arches. But a little further in the direction of the Alban Hills a long, unbroken series shows the arcade almost in its original condition. The water flowed in a rectangular channel, directly above the arches. In nearly every one of these fragments of the aqueduct we can distinguish this channel, or *specus*, broken off by the fall of the next arches. At one or two points we can even see at least a suggestion of an upper channel. And in fact these arches bore not only the *Claudia*, but also another aqueduct, the *Anio Novus*, which met the former seven miles out, and ran the rest of the way upon the same arches. Both of these aqueducts had been begun by Caligula, and were completed by Claudius fourteen years later, in 52 A. D. The Claudian Aqueduct brought down water from the upper valley of the Anio, and traversed a distance of forty-five miles, until Domitian shortened its course somewhat by piercing a mountain near Tivoli with a tunnel three miles long. The sources of the upper aqueduct were in the same direction, but still further from the city. It was the *Claudia* that supplied the imperial palaces, and this was reputed the best water in Rome. Taken together, these two aqueducts furnished a much larger volume of water than is now consumed by the modern city with

all its fountains. And yet, these are but two of the fourteen aqueducts which were in operation in the time of Diocletian, whereas the new capital of Italy contents itself with four, of which three are restorations of ancient aqueducts.

Old Appius Claudius brought the first of these artificial streams into the city, and would have won fame by that innovation alone, had not the Appian Way been built in the same year, 312 B. C., to bring him a still greater celebrity. Before the first Punic War a second aqueduct on a much more ambitious scale had been carried down the valley of the Anio. This was completed in 269 B. C., and was later known as the Old Anio, *Anio Vetus*, to distinguish it from this one of Caligula and Claudius. Shortly after the Third Punic War another aqueduct, the *Marcia*, was added (144–140); and another, the *Tepula*, in the time of the Gracchi (125). Agrippa, the minister of Augustus, added two, the *Julia* (33), and the *Virgo* (19). The last, as we have seen, was restored to supply the Fountain of Trevi.* But it is needless to go on with our enumeration. The newest in the whole series was more than six hundred years later than the *Appia*. And one of the most serious blows to the declining Rome was the cutting of the aqueducts during the various sieges in the Gothic War in the first half of the sixth century. The prosperity and healthfulness of the whole plain of Rome, the Campagna, were intimately connected with this abundant supply of water, brought down mainly from the Sabine Mountains.

The mountains which we see in the distance belong to the Alban group, and not to the Sabine. For the apparent direction of the aqueduct is deceptive, and in

* See No. 50.

its descent from the mountains of the Sabina it describes a wide curve, in order to secure a more gradual descent, and hence the natural flow of a stream. Our road runs to Albano, near the foot of Mt. Alba, and brings the produce of the hill-villages to Rome, as the old Appian Way did in ancient times. It is mostly wine, and here is one of the wine-carts, with its pile of casks, neatly covered, and its quaint folding top, low down over the driver's head.

On our right are the great stone pines, which add largely to a view that draws many artists and amateur photographers to this point. The young trees are of very recent planting. Over their tops, and not far to the left of the road, lies the railway to Naples,—the true successor of the Appian Way in its larger office, as the link between Rome and the East.

Driving in from the Campagna—never so beautiful as in this clear afternoon air, with the sharpest outlines of aqueduct and ruined tomb, and the roofs and domes of the city—we make our way over the Tiber to the Janiculum. By the gate at the top of the hill, the old Aurelian Gate, now Porta S. Pancrazio, we leave the city again, and soon reach the extensive grounds of one of the most beautiful of the villas about Rome.

62. *The Villa Doria-Pamphili.*

From that green wilderness, the Campagna, with its crumbling reminders of the past, and its distant views of the mountains, we have transferred ourselves to a scene that is its perfect opposite. Here not one sign of wild nature; not one suggestion, at first, of the old Rome. Everything is trim and orderly to the last degree.

On the left is the casino of the villa, a square structure with flat roof and one higher central portion, commanding a celebrated view, especially in the direction of St. Peter's. Vases, statues, busts, reliefs, pilasters, terraces and staircases, all combine to produce the typical Italian villa of the seventeenth century. For it is to the middle of that century that the Villa Pamphili belongs. Pope Innocent X (1644-55) glorified himself and his family by building this villa, and laying out its grounds, for one of his nephews. It soon becomes an old story at Rome—this enrichment of the relatives of the pope—until one falls into the habit of assuming that this great palace, or that extensive villa, is there because two or three hundred years ago the favor of a pope was lavishly bestowed upon some member of his household, usually a nephew. If the main object was to preserve the family name by palaces and villas, which should be admired in later ages, long after the pope himself was dead, that object has usually been gained,—so much so, that most tourists in Rome recall the family names of the popes by thinking of the palace or villa,—the Farnese, Borghese, Ludovisi, Barberini, or this Pamphili. But with the eighteenth century customs changed. The old charge of nepotism has been so constantly before the mind of all the popes in the last two centuries that they have seldom enriched their families with villas or palaces, or, in fact, in any other way. The recent popes have guarded most diligently against any possible accusation of that kind. They no longer build. At most they restore and repair. And whatever they do must be for the good of the many. Of course the changed conditions since 1870 have relieved the authorities at the Vatican of any responsibility for the adornment of a capital

which has passed into the hands of another. Certainly things are more honestly managed now than in the days of Innocent X, Pamphili, but while enjoying the garden which he made possible, we shall scarcely be able to find words of criticism for a system to which Rome owes so many of its show-places.

Over this large basin and its small fountain in the shape of a fleur-de-lis (from the family arms), we look the length of the flower-garden, along these stretches of smooth gravel walk, and across bed after bed of flowers,—all laid out with the most mathematical adherence to a fixed pattern. It is a floral tapestry, outlined with close-trimmed borders of box, while contrasted colors make the pattern more striking. One wonders, in an old garden like this, if the gardener is ever permitted to make the smallest change. Perhaps he may do so in the colors, but his liberty is closely restricted by tradition. There are azaleas in great pots, placed with perfect regularity. It is for this plant, and for its camellias, that this garden is chiefly celebrated. The tall palms seem—but are not—an afterthought. On the right is another terrace-wall, with sculptures and more of the large pots and their azaleas. We are reminded of the Pope's Gardens* as we saw them from the dome of St. Peter's, but here the carpeting is of a richer hue. It is an attempt to revive the style of gardening in vogue at the villas of ancient patricians, whose ideal in their gardens was to exclude most unnaturally everything natural. It was revived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, under the influence of descriptions found in ancient writers,—since frescoes of Roman and Pompeian gardens, now so generally known, had not yet been unearthed. And the formal

* See No. 49.

garden, the Italian garden, still keeps its place in nearly every country,—maligned by the lovers of Nature unconstrained, but dear to those who love architectural effects in the immediate surroundings of the house, as well as in the house itself. The true Italian villa provides for the more natural treatment also,* and of that part of the grounds we have a glimpse at the further end of the garden. We look over those tree-tops in the direction of Rome, but no tower or dome rises above them. It is perfect seclusion, the peace and retirement of a patrician villa, the retreat of the Doria family, which has long been one of the foremost among the princely houses of Italy.

Returning within the Aurelian Gate, past another of the great fountains of Rome, the *Acqua Paola*, we soon find ourselves upon the brow of the Janiculum,—the broad terrace before a church of St. Peter, *S. Pietro in Montorio*.

63. *Rome from the Janiculum.*

At first the view seems to consist of nothing but foreground, and that the least interesting quarter of Rome, Trastevere, the ancient *Trans Tiberim*. Great formless buildings, with their plain roofs of tile, and here and there a church tower,—this seems to be the most that we can say of Trastevere, unless we add a touch of green garden here and there. Still it has a few landmarks. On the left is an old church of the twelfth century, *S. Maria in Trastevere*. A square Lombard bell-tower—like so many other church towers in Rome—rises above the tiles of the roof. The transept has a

* See No. 49.

roof which recalls that of the Sistine Chapel.* Straight before us is another quaint church tower with a low pyramidal spire, projected against a mass of green in the distance. That is S. Crisogono, and if it has for us no importance of its own, it may serve as a guide in pointing out the distant objects beyond the Tiber.

Certainly we have need to use every help, and to look closely, in order to make out the hills of Rome, in this distant view. For their flat tops make them difficult to distinguish, and their height is far from imposing. We are not long, however, in identifying the Capitoline Hill, over S. Maria. At the highest point is the tall tower of the Palace of the Senator.† The trees give the hill a distinct outline,—the gardens, that is, of the Caffarelli Palace, and then those of the German Hospital, by the Tarpeian Rock, to the right of an imposing building with two stories of loggias, looking down upon the houses at the foot of the hill. The building is the German Archæological Institute, the home of German learning in Rome. Again to the left of the Caffarelli gardens we see a part of the Capitoline Museum, over the campanile of S. Maria.

The Palatine is marked out for us by a much more striking mass of trees, or rather two distinct masses, of which the first is intersected by the small spire of S. Crisogono. It is the wooded portion of the hill where the Palace of Tiberius stood,—the Farnese Gardens. The other mass of dark green is broken by the tall buildings of the convent which still bears the name of the Villa Mills. In the more open central part of the Palatine we can make out a few bits of the “Palace of the Cæsars,” that is, of the Palace of Domitian. One

* See No. 23.

† See No. 36.

tall piece of masonry, like a chimney, at an angle of that palace, we saw from the top of the Colosseum.* Of the amphitheatre itself we can see nothing more than the highest part of its brown walls over the tree-tops, just to the right of S. Crisogono.

Between the Palatine and the Capitol, we recognize at once the dark arches of the Basilica of Constantine. The Forum, then, will lie behind the garden of the German Hospital.

Beyond these nearer hills the outlines of the further ones must be made out by their buildings. Thus the Esquiline extends behind the entire Capitoline, the Forum valley, and even to the nearest corner of the Palatine, as viewed from this point. Its chief landmark is the basilica of *S. Maria Maggiore*. We see its slender tower and two domes to the left of the bell-tower of the Capitol. In the other direction we can only define the limits of the Esquiline by those tall houses which appear over the Basilica of Constantine, and come to an end a little beyond the square tower of S. Francesca, among the trees of the Farnese Gardens. But the distant part of the city over the "Palace of the Cæsars" is still a part of the Esquiline.

The Cælian shows us nothing distinctly but the Lateran,—first the open tower of the Lateran Palace, and then the turrets and colossal sculptures upon the façade of the basilica itself.

Behind the hills of Rome stretches the long line of the Sabine Mountains.

As for the Tiber, it is lost to our view. The white line of the embankment, however, can be followed over the roof of *S. Maria in Trastevere*. And the situation of the Island can be fixed by the low tower (St. Bar-

* See No. 39.

tholomew's) appearing just below the Basilica of Constantine.

On the whole we are disappointed to see how inconspicuous are the hills,—the seven lordly hills, as Martial calls them in a description of a villa somewhere upon this long ridge, and looking across the Tiber to the ancient city. The lordliness of which the Spanish poet spoke was not that bestowed by Nature, but that which ruled the world for the *domina Roma*.

In bidding farewell to the city of the centuries we find these seven hills leave with us an impression not unlike that which we have gathered in our study of its monuments,—a few conspicuous names, and then an indistinguishable and almost impersonal mass of men who served their city, and together wrought great things both for the city and the world, while in the distance their particular achievements are as hard to define and separate from the work of other men and other times, as are the limits of those hills over there,—or the blue Sabine Mountains on the horizon, or the white clouds above them. And in a wider sense we have found the same continuity in all the later history, down to our own time,—that it may be divided for one purpose or another, but in reality is as unbroken as that line which carries the eye from the Capitol to the Lateran.

PERUGIA

The railway from Rome to Perugia follows the valley of the Tiber for fifty miles, and then along the Nera, the Roman Nar, past Narni, with its great ruined bridge of Augustus, on the Flaminian Way. A broad valley about Terni is followed by a long climb over the mountain ridge, in desolate regions. Then the pictur-

esque towns of Spoleto, Foligno, and Assisi; and we are once more in the valley of the Tiber, approaching the height upon which stands Perugia, 1,300 feet above the river. It is much like climbing a mountain, while the road describes wide curves, returning upon its own course. For the sake of the view we make a detour to the eastern side of the city, and look northward.

64. *Perugia, from below.*

Far above us the rounded crest is surmounted by the gray roofs and walls, by the unimpressive cathedral on our left, by the low towers of this ancient city. There are no domes or lofty campanili, as in many of these hill-top cities in Italy. Nature seems to have been altered as little as possible by man. In spite of all the centuries through which this strong position has been fortified and held by men, the irregular ridges have been little changed, and the plan of the city is as fantastic as can be imagined. It has been compared with the griffin which was adopted as the emblem of the city. But of these irregular arms and legs, reaching far down among the gardens and vineyards, we can form no adequate idea from our present point of view, except that as we stand here, just outside the walls, we seem to be looking away to another city, seen across green slopes, which rise clear to the walls. And yet it is but one town, stretching out along the lower ridges, or rising to the central mass upon the summit. In this way city and country seem to be locked in an inextricable embrace. It is this that gives their peculiar charm to Perugia and Siena,—these sudden surprises, where one looks for the town, and finds the country, with orchards and gardens venturing up to the frowning wall. And here the effect is heightened by our eleva-

tion above the plain of the Tiber, and the long slopes descending from the city on the heights to the beautiful plain far below.

One arm of the city—only two or three streets between almost parallel walls—runs off to our right. The ancient walls followed a smaller circuit and a less eccentric plan, but nothing of them remains to be seen on this side of the city. Augustus's famous gate—a far more imposing work than any of the gates of Rome—is hidden from our view. Perugia, as it was called in Roman days, was already an ancient city in the time of Augustus. Built and peopled by the highly civilized Etruscans, while Rome was small and insignificant, Perugia was a place of importance, and one of the "twelve cities" of Etruria. The trade of the Tiber valley increased its prosperity in spite of this inconvenient situation, perched upon the top of a mountain. But in history its name is not prominent until long after all Etruria had become Roman, and the civil wars had convulsed Italy from one end to the other. It was the scene of a famous siege, resulting in its capture in 40 B. C. Lucius Antonius, brother of Marcus, was besieged by Octavian (Augustus) and only surrendered after months of starvation had destroyed thousands of the inhabitants. A dark day it was for Perugia, which was at once destroyed by fire; and a dark page in the record of Octavian, who endeavored to make some atonement by rebuilding the city and conferring upon it the name Augusta Perugia, which may still be read in large letters over the gate of which we were speaking.

Through the middle ages Perugia frequently changed its masters, at last becoming subject to the popes in the fourteenth century. But the real interest which this old city has for the modern visitor is in the fact

that it became an independent centre in painting, with its own school of art,—a school which had its influence upon the Florentines, and so upon Italian art in general. In any other country it would seem incredible that this quaint city, standing guard upon its mountain-top, should ever produce anything of real and permanent importance. It is just because there were so many of these smaller centres, each rich in the works of its own artists, that we are obliged to leave the beaten track, to seek out at least one such city. And we shall not regret our choice in selecting Perugia, in its Umbrian landscape, with the distant mountains,—some of the highest peaks of the Apennines.

Once within the walls of Perugia we find our way up to the cathedral and the town-hall.

65. *Palazzo del Municipio.*

Standing here upon the terrace of the barn-like, unfinished cathedral, we look across the principal square of the city to the town-hall. Unlike the municipal palaces of Siena or Florence,* it has no tall tower, with frowning battlements rising to a great height above the city. This type of belfry is certainly far less imposing. The palace itself is an excellent example of the Gothic town-hall of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,—square and massive, rugged in the simplicity of its main lines, severe in its lower arches, but light and graceful in the slender columns and tracery of the upper windows. Above are heavy battlements, recently restored.

The principal front is towards the street, the Corso Vannucci; the more picturesque façade confronts the

* See No. 67.

cathedral. Here broad, curving steps ascend to a lofty pointed doorway, beneath a bronze lion and griffin, while another flight climbs to a terrace supported on columns, and gives access to the palace at a still higher level. Below the lion and the griffin we see chains captured in warfare with Siena.

On the side towards the Corso is another portal, with a sculptured round arch, but it scarcely rivals this entrance facing the cathedral. The upper story of the palace is the picture gallery, containing many paintings by the masters of the local school. Foremost among these were Perugino (Vannucci, died 1524) and Pinturicchio (died 1513), of whom the former was the master of Raphael, who studied here and painted his first fresco in a church in Perugia.

The next building down the Corso, beyond the town-hall, contains one of the most beautiful rooms in Italy, the small hall of the Chamber of Commerce, decorated with a celebrated series of frescoes by the hand of Perugino, whose name has been given to the street.

On our right in the piazza of the cathedral is a large fountain, dating from the latter part of the thirteenth century. In the water of the lowest basin stand columns supporting the second basin, out of which rises a single shaft to sustain the uppermost basin, and out of the last spring the sculptures,—three water-nymphs. The adornment is in the best mediæval style, the figures and reliefs being the work of celebrated sculptors from Pisa and Florence, among them Arnolfo di Cambio, whose work we saw in the tabernacle of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls, at Rome,* and whom we shall meet again in the cathedral of Florence, of which he was the architect. Behind the fountain stands the

* See No. 56.

Episcopal Palace, occupied years ago by Pope Leo XIII, when archbishop of Perugia.

The impression of this square is almost completely mediæval, and we seem to have left the domain of Rome, to enter a region in which the influence of Florence was supreme in everything which had to do with the outward expression of the life of the time.

There have been more stirring scenes in this old piazza than we have before us this morning. And yet, the most of the life that we see is very little changed from the times of Perugino. Donkey-carts and ox-carts have not altered their shapes, nor these Umbrian oxen their ways, since the days when Arnolfo was working upon the fountain. Costumes we should need to change, and a cab or two would have to be eliminated, if we wished to call up a picture of the olden time. Nowhere is it easier to imagine the life and ways of a picturesque past than in the public square of a quaint old city, especially if it stands apart from modern improvements, and seems to be brooding over its ancient memories, of more stirring times when every city had an individuality of its own, and patriotism meant no vague abstraction, but devotion to the welfare and independence of the town in which one was born. It was an intensely local spirit, tangibly embodied for us in such buildings as these about the public square of Perugia.

In journeying from Perugia to Florence we skirt the beautiful Lake Trasumennus and the shore which witnessed one of Hannibal's famous victories over the Romans in 217 B. C. Then past the lofty Cortona, and Arezzo (Arretium), both important cities of the old Etruscans, and finally down the Arno valley to Florence.

FLORENCE

The history of Florence begins with the ancient Etruscans, and their lofty city of Fæsulæ, the modern Fiesole, upon the height above Florence. But the city in the plain, on the banks of the Arno, was not built until the first century before Christ, and in spite of its favored situation for the growth of a commercial city, it never attained to any prominence in Roman times, and almost disappears from view in the early middle ages, only to reappear long after Pisa had become a great power. By this time the older Fiesole had been destroyed, and its inhabitants removed to Florence in 1125. From that time on, the rise of the Florentines was remarkably rapid. With the opening of the thirteenth century, the development of their commerce had given them the foremost place in Italy. The government was a republic, but mainly in the hands of the nobles. The *Podestà* served as an arbiter in the inveterate feuds among the nobles, and the strife of the parties, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, of whom the former supported the cause of the pope, while the latter were partisans of the emperor. But with the middle of the thirteenth century came a change of government, and a military leader chosen by the people,—a *Capitano del Popolo*. True to the commercial foundation upon which the prosperity of Florence rested, the guilds assumed a more and more important part in the management of affairs. In the time of Dante the heads of the seven leading guilds were the real rulers of Florence,—the *Priori*, presided over by the *Gonfaloniere*. But the strife of the Whites and the Blacks did much to endanger the safety of the city. The popular party was finally headed by a wealthy family of bankers, the

Medici, who at last conquered the aristocratic opposition. With Cosimo de' Medici a new period for Florence began. The republican government had not been formally destroyed, but practically the Medici ruled as though they were lords of Florence. It was the first age of the Renaissance. The revived study of Greek and Latin produced a complete revolution in education, and the scholars, or Humanists, as they were called, were among the most respected and influential men of the time. The collecting of manuscripts became almost a mania; and works of ancient art, coins and gems and statues and reliefs, were gathered together by almost every man who pretended to have the least interest in the new movement. Gothic forms were abandoned in favor of the classical, or what were supposed to be Roman. Ruins at Rome and elsewhere were diligently studied by Florentine artists, and the fruit of their studies began to be clearly seen when Brunelleschi raised the dome of the cathedral. Painting and sculpture received a new impulse, and were encouraged by the princely patronage of Cosimo. Not since the best days of ancient Athens had such a time of intellectual and artistic activity been seen.

Cosimo died in 1464, but his son, Piero, succeeded him, and after five years his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent (1469-1492). The patronage of art and letters was thus continued, for Lorenzo was himself a man of rare gifts. Ancient arts and tastes were to be deliberately revived, and all that was mediæval to be thrust into the background, always excepting their greatest poet, Dante. Painting had by this time reached a very high development, and Florence was recognized as the central school in that art. Certainly no history

of Florence can pass over the names of the painters or the sculptors, or the masters in architecture.

The enlightened tyranny of the Medici came to an end soon after the death of Lorenzo, with the restoration of a republic; but the King of France, Charles VIII, soon interfered. Then came the reformer, Savonarola, who made heroic efforts to renew the life of Florence in every possible direction, and was rewarded by death at the stake in the *Piazza della Signoria* in 1498. A period of confusion followed, but at length the Medici regained the upper hand with the aid of the Emperor Charles V, and in 1530 their power was definitely established in the hands of Alessandro, the first duke, and then of another Cosimo. Amid all the confusion the painters and other artists of the Florentine school had not ceased to carry on the work of the Renaissance, which reached its culmination in Raphael and Michael Angelo, many of whose best works were executed at Rome.

The long line of the grand-dukes adds little to the significant history of Florence. Medici blood lasted on until 1737. In art the great creative movement had come to an end before 1600. Austrian rule followed the extinction of the Medici, and grand-dukes of the house of Lorraine reigned (with the interruption of the Napoleonic times) down to 1859, when the last of their number, Leopold II, was banished, that Tuscany might be united to the new kingdom of Italy.

66. Giotto's Tower and the Cathedral.

Nothing could be more unmistakably Florentine than this vista,—the campanile soaring above the house-tops at the end of the street, the great dome of the cathe-

dral beyond. Few buildings in the world are so familiarly known wherever books are read and pictures studied. It is almost impossible to conceive of any one coming to Florence without the impression of those outlines indelibly written upon his memory years before the opportunity of seeing the originals came to him. They cannot possibly appear strange, no matter what the point of view from which they are first seen. Although we are eager to see more of the cathedral, it is worth our while to linger here to study Giotto's Tower in its full height; and while we have but a part of the dome and an angle of the façade, the latter is a very recent addition, and the former shows at least the sweeping curves of its mighty ribs, and the massive, yet graceful, lantern upon the summit.

But the street scene before us, as we view it from our window, claims its share of attention, even before we have thought of a closer look at the famous bell-tower. It is the familiar architecture of the streets of Florence,—not changed even by the intrusion of one of the most enterprising of American insurance companies, or the advent of the trolley-car. The buildings themselves are sober and restrained, pale reflections, at least, of palaces by the masters of the Renaissance. That on our left is still more Florentine, in its greater severity, and in the deep shadows cast by wide-projecting eaves. This is the palace of the archbishop. Beyond it, but invisible to us, lies the baptistery, of the famous bronze doors, opposite the façade of the cathedral.

St. Mary of the Flower—the cathedral, or *duomo*—dates from the time of Dante, but has been altered many times. The architect was Arnolfo di Cambio, but the painter Giotto was also entrusted with the work for a time, long after the death of Arnolfo. Although begun

in 1294, the church still remains incomplete. Not many years ago the front was an almost blank wall of brick, contrasting strangely with the rich marble decorations, both of the tower and of the rest of the cathedral. The old façade of Giotto had been removed and never replaced. At last the work has been carried out from a modern design, and finished in 1887. But time has still to harmonize the new with the old. At present the uniform whiteness of the marble cannot compare with the soberer and more varied tints which centuries of exposure have given to the marbles of the campanile.

If Dante praised the beauty of the baptistery, one can but wonder what he would have said of the dome, begun in 1420, a hundred years after he had died in exile at Ravenna by the Adriatic. The dome was the first great work of the Renaissance in architecture. Its author, Brunelleschi, had studied the Roman ruins with the utmost devotion, and equipped by these studies he alone was prepared to attempt the construction of a dome in masonry over the crossing of the nave and the transepts. By keeping to the Gothic pointed arch, and employing huge ribs, he was able to rear this great cupola, bearing a massive stone lantern upon its crown. The total height of the dome is 352 feet and its internal diameter $138\frac{1}{2}$ feet,—a few inches more than the dome of St. Peter's. Since the days of Diocletian and Constantine no such construction had been attempted. It was both in boldness and in beauty one of the greatest achievements of Italian architecture in the fifteenth century. Brunelleschi's dome led in time to Michael Angelo's, in the second half of the sixteenth century, and between these two domes lies the whole history of Renaissance architecture in Italy.

But while we are speaking of the cathedral and its surroundings, the eye is constantly wandering back to the perfect tower of Giotto, begun in 1334. It stands apart from the church, separated by a narrow space from the south wall, but in line with the façade. Nothing could be simpler than the outlines of the tower, rising in five stories, marked by mouldings, to a height of 292 feet. It was Giotto's intention to place a spire upon the top, but this was never carried out by his successors, nor will it be. The two lowest stories are without windows, except for narrow gratings, but divided into bands and panels by the use of colored marbles and inlay, and enriched with reliefs and statues. The third and fourth stories have traceried windows, with delicate spiral columns. And then above, in the fifth story, are the great windows in the same style, but far more elaborate. A painter in every instinct, Giotto adorned his tower with incrustated ornament from top to bottom. And the result, often dubious for the exterior of buildings, especially if they be large, like the cathedral, is beyond all praise in the case of this graceful tower. One does not need to have read Ruskin, in order to recognize in Giotto's Tower one of the rarest and purest works of genius in the world. Fresh from Rome and her mighty works, we are forced at once to to admit that this mediæval man had original gifts which were not at the command of emperors who ransacked every province in search of talents,—and never found one great creative genius in pure architecture.

Dost thou behold yonder tow'r so fair, whence the bells are
resounding?

That by my rod and rule grew to the stars overhead.*

* From Poliziano's Latin epitaph of Giotto in the cathedral.

A broad, straight street leads from the cathedral to the *Piazza della Signoria*, the public square before the town-hall. Once more we seek an elevated position, at the window of an upper story, if we would enjoy the best view of the square and its historic buildings.

67. *Palazzo Vecchio and Piazza della Signoria.*

Nothing could be more mediæval than this sombre town-hall. A square and solid mass, it seems built to resist the attacks of men, as well as the destroying powers of time. The wall rises sheer out of the piazza, like a great cliff in its rock-faced masonry, pierced with the fewest possible openings near the ground. Even the principal entrance, on the right, is a narrow archway. And the few small windows on the ground-floor are as high as possible, and could readily be barricaded. Above are the double windows of the first story, two pointed lights enclosed in a massive round arch. For the intermediate story, or mezzanine, there are barely port-holes, and then the windows of the second story repeat the motive of the lower. Over these upper windows project small arches upon brackets, or corbels. Then a gallery with round-arched openings, and not a trace of ornament to relieve its severity. Square battlements rise above the gallery, and finally the great tower, which seems to differ from all other towers in having no direct connection with the ground,—in having no more obvious support than its perch upon the top of the wall. If the wall itself were less like a natural cliff, we should constantly fear that the tower might sway, lose its balance, and crash down into the square. Should that ever happen, it would be a greater fall than

that of the campanile in Venice.* There is a fascination about this tower, poised, it seems, upon the battlements in the most reckless manner. The plain wall of the tower rising above the clock-face is not less than four feet beyond the line of the lower wall. And yet the builder did not hesitate to build on up to a giddy height, and then repeat his system of brackets and arches—pointed here—with a gallery above, crowned with notched battlements. Here the older tower ended. A couple of centuries later it was carried up still higher. Four massive round piers with sculptured capitals support arches and more battlements,—at last a pyramidal roof. The total height is over three hundred feet, or somewhat greater than that of Giotto's tower. It would be difficult to imagine two towers so near together, and yet so different. That was a vision, caught and perpetuated by the imagination of an artist, who knew how to express both in painting and in stone the religious aspirations of the middle ages. This is less beautiful, but in its own way a not less perfect embodiment of that for which it stands,—the civic life of the mediæval Florence. Unimaginative as this gloomy building is, it recalls most vividly the days out of which it came. If its builder was no shepherd who dreamed dreams, he has left a structure which is capable of calling forth the dreams of men of later ages. The architect was the same Arnolfo who planned the cathedral. Built in 1298, the *Palazzo Vecchio* was then known as the Palace of the Priors. These were the heads of the seven guilds, representing the chief trades. They constituted the *Signoria*, from which the square has its name. For them was erected the long platform extending across the front of the palace. At the left

* See Nos. 79, 80.

of the platform is the *Marzocco*, the emblem of the city, a sculptured lion in marble supporting a shield bearing the lily of Florence. The original lion is now in the Bargello*, but replaced here by a copy. To the left of the small *Marzocco* is a large fountain, with sculpture,—a Neptune and his steeds, with Tritons. It is of the sixteenth century, by Ammanati. The work of a far greater master, Michael Angelo, stood near the entrance of the palace until within a generation. This was the celebrated David, now in the Academy. A rival, Bandinelli, was the author of the group at the further side of the entrance.

On the right are the huge arches of the *Loggia dei Lanzi*, sheltering the sculptures beneath. Through the arches we look into the narrow court of the Uffizi Palace, the work of Vasari.

The square—this *Piazza della Signoria*—has seen much of the history of Florence written in blood. In every line the *Palazzo Vecchio* tells its tale of street violence, of assaults even upon the authorities of the city. The defensive side appears to be uppermost, at least while we are gazing at this castle, that met in every respect the requirements which Florence in its turbulence imposed upon the builders of its town-hall.

But on the offensive side the old palace—or rather those who relied upon its strength—could strike a blow, and did strike many blows. Most famous among the executions which took place here in this square was that of the great reformer of morals and manners, Savonarola. As we learn from old pictures, he was burned at the stake, near the middle of the square, while a long scaffold had been built out from this nearer corner of the palace, and the stone platform by the en-

* See No. 74.

trance. It was the 23d of May, 1498, when the Dominican martyr was led out to execution with his brother and a friend. A rope was tightened about his neck, extinguishing life just before the flames had reached his body. Not long after, the Church which had executed him as a heretic and corrupter of the Florentines, actually proposed to canonize him. And while he never became St. Savonarola, his memory has been honored by his order, the Dominicans, and by the world at large, as few saints of the calendar have been.

Descending to the level of the piazza, we appreciate more than ever the strength and boldness of the *Palazzo Vecchio* and the grandeur of the great open loggia in the corner of the square.

68. *Loggia dei Lanzi.*

The three mighty arches rest upon piers with mouldings, bases, and sculptured capitals which strongly suggest a Gothic cathedral. Arnolfo's piers in the duomo of Florence have been closely imitated, even to a kind of pedestal which separates the capital from the springing of the arch. But instead of the pointed arch which such piers would seem to demand, we have here round arches, simply moulded. It was seldom that the mediæval architects who endeavored to construct buildings in the Gothic style, imported from France, could forget the round arch of earlier ages. The foreign style never wholly displaced earlier native methods, and for that reason it was an easy transition in a later day to the round-arched buildings of the Renaissance, in direct imitation of Roman remains. Here one might almost feel sure that the builders of

this loggia had visited Rome, and had carried away with them an impression of the Basilica of Constantine, and its immense open arches*. But there is no trace of direct imitation of Roman forms. That was to come with the next century, the fifteenth. The whole effect of this open arcade is mediæval, and yet how different from that of the *Palazzo Vecchio*! There all was forbidding, here an open welcome to the cool shade of the arches; there the suggestion of incessant violence, here the evidence of a more peaceful society, in which provision was made in a permanent fashion for pageants and occasions of state. Centuries might seem to lie between these two structures. Yet in reality the *Palazzo Vecchio* had stood little more than fifty years when it was planned to enclose the piazza with a vaulted arcade on an enormous scale. But the "black death" of 1348 had recently carried off thousands of the inhabitants; thus the great project was postponed for some twenty years, and then but a small part was actually executed in 1376. The arches which were to have been carried around the square were reduced to these three in the corner nearest to the Palazzo, and what was intended for a portico of vast extent, became a loggia.

It must be judged, therefore, as a fragment of a colossal whole, the rest of which never got beyond the dreams of the architects. But few fragments in the world are nobler, or more apparently complete in themselves. The arches are fifty feet in height, and have a span of thirty-two feet. Between the arches, in the spandrils, are set Gothic panels with figures of the virtues in high relief, originally resplendent in color and a gold-mosaic background. A simple frieze, ornamented

* See No. 34.

with a few escutcheons, supports the cornice—here in the form of brackets, or corbels, sustaining small Gothic arches—and then a parapet of open work. A few words suffice to describe the features of the *Loggia dei Lanzi*, but the vigor of its forms, the harmony of the parts, and the effectiveness of its ornament, deserve the most careful study. Certainly civil architecture has seldom wrought a more perfect work in any age or country.

Under the arches is an open-air sculpture gallery,—on the right a famous marble group representing the Rape of the Sabine Women, sculptured by Giovanni da Bologna, about the close of the Renaissance period (1583). In the corresponding situation under the left arch is a bronze Perseus with the head of Medusa, by Benvenuto Cellini (1553). Against the wall are ancient portrait statues, and almost in the centre, to the left of the Rape of the Sabine Women, is an antique group of Ajax with the body of Achilles, or as it is now explained, Menelaus with the body of Patroclus. It must have been a celebrated group, since no less than six ancient copies of it are known. Of the lions by the steps one—that to the right—is ancient, the other a modern copy.

If one could ever neglect the paintings in Florence, this *Loggia dei Lanzi* might be regarded as an epitome of its aspirations in art,—the noble freedom and grand proportions of the structure itself, the very best of the mediæval; then the sculptures, the ancient, admired beyond their deserts by the artists of the Renaissance, and, in the forefront, the works of these later masters, filled with the spirit of the antique, and determined to produce works not less imperishable.

Around the corner from the *Loggia dei Lanzi* we find ourselves in the long, narrow court of the Uffizi

Palace. It has a portico on either side and extends from the *Palazzo Vecchio* to the bank of the Arno. Climbing the long flights of stairs, we at last reach the level of the gallery, and its interminable corridor.

69. *Corridor of the Uffizi Gallery.*

At first there is no temptation to look at particular pictures, or to study any of the antique sculptures ranged along the walls. We seem to be lost in the magnificent distances of this long corridor, more than five hundred and thirty feet in length. The Vatican and its famous loggias and corridors are at once brought to mind, but there was nothing quite like this in its unbroken length. There is a pleasure in simply strolling up and down, contented to postpone any serious employment of the mind with the treasures here displayed, and to absorb all that comes to us from the mere suggestion of a palace of art, vast in its distances, and perfect in its order and arrangement. And everything is illuminated by this high light, like that of a studio, due to the fact that we are on the topmost story of a tall building. One would like for the moment to restore this corridor to its old estate as an open loggia, looking down into the deep narrow court below, or across to the similar loggia on the other side of the court. No Florentine palace was complete without its loggia, high above the street, enabling the occupants of the palace to live out of doors a large part of the year, even in the city. There is, however, no example on such a scale as this. But the requirements of palaces and public buildings are not those of a picture gallery. The protection of paintings and sculptures has required the glazing of the whole side towards the court.

And then for the private palaces also fashions have changed, and one often sees the loggia of former times now enclosed in glass, even where the preservation of precious decorations by famous masters has not dictated the change, as was the case in the loggias of Raphael at the Vatican.

The decorations here deserved protection from the weather, even though they are not of the golden age of painting in Italy. Great dark beams divide the ceiling into innumerable slightly vaulted compartments, and these are decorated with frescoes in the "grotesque" style,—a method which owed its origin to the discovery of Roman frescoes in the Baths of Trajan in the time of Raphael. As the cavernous depths of those ruins resembled grottoes, the name "grotesque" came to refer to that particular style of decorative painting. It flourished especially among the pupils of Raphael. The painter in this case belonged to a later generation, living in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and his name, Poccetti, is, to say the least, obscure. The architect of these magnificent corridors was the painter-historian, Vasari, who wrote the lives of so many of the artists of the Renaissance. The date is between 1560 and 1574. As though it were not enough for him to have produced one such gallery, another of equal length, and in all respects similar to this, lies just across the court, and at the further end a short arm connects the two.

Ancient sculptures are here gathered in considerable numbers, but their total effect is not unlike that which we noticed in the Colonna Palace in Rome.* Few are really first-rate works, although there are many excellent busts of the Roman emperors, and any one who

* See No. 51.

studies the physiognomy of the Casars may have excellent opportunities here to associate faces and features with the virtues and vices which chequered the history of the Empire. There are also many ancient sarcophagi sculptured in high relief, some of which served to inspire the artists of the Renaissance with their love for the antique.

The paintings are largely of the earlier period, and include none of the more celebrated pictures in the collection. These are to be found in the rooms which adjoin the corridor on the left, and also on the other side of the court. The celebrated *Tribuna* is entered by a door two-thirds of the way down the corridor.

Near this first door on our left—the entrance from the vestibule—is a quaint chair like that of Savonarola, in his cell at the convent of S. Marco. Other chairs of the same type are placed at intervals against the walls, among the sculptures.

But it is time to begin our round of the pictures and statues,—and first down the corridor to the *Tribuna*. It is an octagonal room of moderate size, containing a selection from the most famous works in the entire Uffizi gallery. In the centre are a few ancient sculptures.

70. *Venus de' Medici, Uffizi Gallery.*

The place of honor among the sculptures is given to the Venus,—a work once extravagantly admired, and still as widely known as many greater works of Greek sculpture.

It is the sea-born Aphrodite, and her native element is indicated by the dolphin, ridden by a diminutive

Eros, or Cupid, while another climbs his tail. She stands entirely nude, the body slightly bent, in an attitude of shrinking, while breasts and lap are covered by the hands. The same shrinking is further expressed in the knees, drawn close together. The face looks away to the left, as though the rustle of a leaf, or the crackling of branches, had given the alarm of an approaching intruder, still in the distance. We may imagine her to have been surprised at the bath, by the sea-shore.

Unquestionably the motive of an Aphrodite overtaken while preparing for the bath was a favorite one with the Greek sculptors. It was Praxiteles, who lived in the fourth century before Christ, to whom this familiar motive was usually ascribed. And his Aphrodite of Cnidus, now in the Vatican—at least in an ancient copy—was one of the most famous examples of the goddess disrobing herself for the bath, but in entire unconsciousness, with nothing to suggest the appearance of an unwelcome observer. The older statues of Aphrodite had been robed, and one such, of great celebrity, was sculptured by Praxiteles. But the newer fashion preferred to represent the charms of the goddess, either partly revealed in the act of disrobing, or at last completely unveiled. It was a further step when all traces of a garment were removed, and there was no attribute—as a water-vase—to suggest the bath.

In this case one might reject the supposition of a bath in the sea, and regard the dolphin merely as an indication of the element from which the goddess sprang. Thus explained, the nude would be accounted for by the aim of the sculptor to represent a divinity removed as much from the propriety as from the necessity of human clothes. Against this latter interpretation is

the obvious humanity of the figure before us. The goddess does not appear with her divine power, or the serene consciousness of divine beauty. She is represented in the tangible and human form of a fair woman, with a timidity which would ill become a goddess, and a human vanity which is not after all displeased that some human eye falls upon her; there is even a certain coquetry, ready to take offence if that eye is immediately closed or withdrawn.

Of this type of Aphrodite no less than twenty-eight different examples exist, among them the Capitoline Venus at Rome. In time, it is thought to belong to the first century, or the second half of the second century before Christ,—a period of a later bloom in Athenian sculpture, the so-called Attic Renaissance. A sculptor's name, Kleomenes, is inscribed upon the base at the left, but this is believed to be a modern forgery of the sixteenth century, soon after the statue was discovered at Rome.

Upon the walls, the painting to the right is Michael Angelo's Holy Family, that upon the left is Raphael's portrait of Julius II, the warrior-pope.

Such is the *Tribuna*,—a meeting-place of ancient Athens with Florence in its golden age. The sculptures, if not now ranked among the foremost works of Greek art, as was formerly the case, have still the Greek spirit, and were capable of inspiring the Florentine sculptors to produce works not inferior to them. And the painters too were under great obligations to the ancient sculptures, collected with such enthusiasm by amateurs, and destined to find their way at last into the great collection of the Medici family or of the popes. The contrast of the statue before us with the paintings upon the wall behind tells in briefest form the whole

story of the Renaissance. Certainly Michael Angelo's picture could never have been painted without a loving study of the antique sculptures. It is emphatically a sculptor's painting, and the figure of the Virgin is plastic art projected upon a plane.

To the left of the Venus de' Medici stands a group, the celebrated Wrestlers.

71. *The Wrestlers, Uffizi Gallery.*

Two muscular figures are putting forth their utmost strength in the final moment of the contest. The struggle is not yet over, but victory near at hand. One youth is bent double to the ground, not only by the weight of his antagonist, but still more by the skill with which the victor has contrived with his left arm to twist his opponent's right, until he is forced to yield and bow himself to the ground, to escape the dislocation of his shoulder. One more turn given to that straining arm, and it would be wrenched from the socket. The left arm of the vanquished is useless for offence, and can only delay the fall for a moment. Yet there is no sign of despair in that crouching form. The victor knows well the advantage he has gained, but is not betrayed into any false confidence. Every muscle is strained to the utmost, and the free right arm—almost suggestive of the boxer rather than the wrestler—is prepared for any sudden and unexpected movement of his opponent. In rhythm the right arm corresponds to the extended right leg, with the foot firmly planted upon the ground. The arm, it is true, is a restoration of the lost original, but the correctness of the restorer's judgment, in this case at least, can scarcely

be called in question. The heads had been broken off, and it has been asserted that these, while ancient, are not the original heads, but belonged to a larger group with the fragments of which this group—itsself sadly injured—was discovered. It is generally believed, however, that the heads are authentic. Any suspicion that they are not genuine, might be due to lack of skill in restoring them to their old positions.

It was in Rome, and not far from the Lateran, that this group came to light in 1583. With it was discovered the famous series of Niobe and her children, now in another hall of this same gallery. After adorning the Villa Medici on the Pincian at Rome for the best part of two centuries, they were all brought to Florence in 1775. The others came apparently from the pediment of some temple, and had a distinctly religious motive. This group, on the other hand, exists for itself alone. It may have adorned some Greek gymnasium, for which sculptors had produced representations of the chief athletic contests,—a kind of subject which at a later time was much in demand for the Roman Baths. But while other similar works may have kept it company, this group requires nothing from them for its interpretation. It has no secrets to be fathomed, no hidden meaning lurking beneath these naked forms. We have before us just such a scene as might have been witnessed any day in a Greek palæstra. There is nothing to suggest a crowd of spectators, or a great prize to be striven for,—nothing theatrical, nothing for show. It is the pure love of sport, which would not be increased in these youths if the contest were at Olympia. The excitement might be greater, the strain more intense, but inborn and inbred love of it would be unchanged, if they were suddenly trans-

ferred from their daily practice in some quiet corner of the palæstra, to the great festival itself.

In representing action, as it were, arrested in the moment of its greatest intensity, the unknown sculptor betrays his age, if not his school. The greater age of classic serenity had passed away, and the tastes of another day demanded action and animation. Marble must not merely breathe, but pant. It was the new era which Alexander had inaugurated, an era of stir and activity. To that period belongs our group of the Wrestlers,—the period of the Hellenistic kingdoms, destined soon to fall under the rule of Rome, but in the meantime rich and flourishing, promoting every art, and none more than that of the sculptor. This group is older than the Venus, by perhaps a century. And one stage in the decline of Greek sculpture is measured by a comparison of these two works standing side by side,—one all luxurious softness, the other action of the most vigorous and masculine sort. The one masquerades as a goddess,—without a mask; the other is absolute sincerity, in representing actual life, such as was lived by the strenuous youth of Greek cities. It is a page from the old palæstra, pure in its entire realism, and unstained by the pretence of an ideal beyond that of the most perfect physical development.

Leaving the galleries we make our way to the extreme southern end of the Uffizi Palace, which commands a magnificent view of the Arno, with its bridges and the whole quarter on the left bank of the river. From no point can we form a clearer idea of the river banks and the bridges, or a better impression of old Florence.

72. *Ponte Vecchio and the Arno.*

Nearest to us is the *Ponte Vecchio*, which is not, as its name would imply, the oldest of the bridges now standing. But it claims at least to have replaced the older bridge, which went back even to Roman times. The Arno has been more destructive than the Tiber, and Florence has no bridge which is older in its present structure than the thirteenth century. This one has suffered more than any of the others, but what we now see is as old as 1362. Three great stone arches rest upon solid piers, with a very sharp angle to the current of the stream. But what gives the bridge its character is the fascinating shops, built out on either side over the water in the most picturesque fashion. Here alone does the old mediæval custom survive,—the custom of treating a bridge not as a mere causeway for the passage of traffic, but as a place of trade in itself. In this case the shops were given over to a single trade, that of the goldsmiths, who have occupied the bridge for five hundred years. It is virtually a bazaar, and but for the open arches in the centre, one would scarcely know that he was crossing a bridge.

No two of the shops seem to have been built at the same time. Propped by timbers from below, and roofed above with diminutive patches of tiles, they seem to have grown fast to the bridge, adhering like barnacles to the old gray masonry.

Over the irregular shops rises the monotonous wall and roof of the long corridor which connects the Uffizi Palace on this bank of the river with the Pitti on the other. By one great arch below us on our right it strides over the street to the brink of the Arno, and then running directly away from us on a series of open arches, it follows the river bank to the *Ponte Vecchio*, where

it turns to the left and crosses the bridge, also on arches, though most of them are hidden by the shops. We may enter this corridor, if we choose, and walk its whole length between endless pictures, among them the prints and engravings. The paintings are of no great interest, since it serves as a lumber-room for both the Uffizi and the Pitti galleries. Far more interesting are the views from those windows, many of them grated. The distance would occupy us no less than ten minutes, without ever descending to the street. By this interminable passage the grand-dukes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could cross the river unobserved from the Pitti to the Uffizi. Florence in its more glorious days would have tolerated no such outward evidence of a despotism stepping in this manner over the streets and bridges of what had been a free city.

Over the tiles of the corridor we see two other stone bridges, looking either more ancient, or more modern than the *Ponte Vecchio*, with no suggestion of the mediæval or the picturesque. The first is the *Ponte S. Trinità*, built in the thirteenth century, and rebuilt in the sixteenth. The second is the *Carraja*. Erected about 1220, it was destroyed with the *Ponte Vecchio* by the flood of 1333, and in its present form dates also from the sixteenth century. In the distance is still another bridge,—a suspension-bridge of very recent construction. The trees below, at the bend in the river, mark the location of the most popular park of Florence, the *Cascine*, a long narrow strip of woods and gardens by the Arno.

Of the right bank of the river we can see little from our present point of view, except the fronts of tall houses looking either down into this dark narrow street

below us, or else across the Arno, there beyond the shadow of the corridor.

On the other side of the river we have some of the most picturesque houses in Florence,—a bit of the middle ages left standing, or rather overhanging the waters of the Arno. One church tower, that of S. Jacopo, is also close to the river. But beyond the *Ponte S. Trinità* modern improvements have replaced the tumble-down houses, threatening to fall into the river, by a broad quay and uninteresting modern buildings. One dome rises above these; but S. Frediano is not among the celebrated churches,—is scarcely known, in fact, to travelers, except as having given its name to the nearest gate of the city, not far below the church.

Above the housetops we have a bit of the Tuscan landscape,—the convent of *Monte Oliveto*, with its cypresses against the sky.

But it is the foreground which claims most attention in this view. The *Ponte Vecchio*, marred as it is by the tyranny of the grand-ducal corridor, recalls so many memories of the mediæval Florence, and of the Florence of the Renaissance. One cannot forget that from the ranks of those goldsmiths came many of the most eminent masters in painting, the art which is above all things Florentine. Remembering this, one may perhaps forgive the grand-dukes, and see a certain fitness in the fact that the two greatest picture galleries of the world, full of the most mature productions of the painter's art, should now be linked together in this unique manner by a passage which marches proudly over the shops of the goldsmiths.

From the lofty galleries of the Uffizi we descend into the court, retrace our steps to the *Piazza della Signoria*,

and so to the duomo and the baptistery. A short distance down a narrow, but busy street we discover the famous palace of the Medici.

73. *Riccardi Palace.*

Again we are reminded of the massive strength of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, but in spite of it are at once aware that there is here nothing mediæval. The battlements are replaced by a heavy cornice, and there is no tower at all. Those two changes alone would sufficiently mark the difference between the castle of the middle ages and the palace of a more peaceful age. Yet the old idea of defence is prominent in the architecture of this palace. The great rough blocks of masonry which compose the lower story are suggestive of the strength of a fortress or a city-wall. And the few windows of that story are provided with iron grills, while the small square windows are placed far above the street, and also barred. The great archway leading to the court within has doors which might well resist siege by a mob. In those immense arches this lower story has its chief feature. Even these were once more forbidding than now, before the window pediments and frames had been added by Michael Angelo. But while the builder of the palace was not content with a mere wall for this basement story, he has not bound himself to symmetry in the spacing of these arches and windows. In this, at least, the old mediæval freedom still remains.

The first story shows a more subdued style of masonry, as compared with the bolder rustic work below. Among the architects this also would be called rustic, though in this case the surfaces of the blocks are smoothed, and only the joints are strongly marked. The windows are

not unlike those of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, except that all traces of a pointed arch or Gothic detail are absent. The slender column still divides the window into two lights. In the head of the larger enclosing arch are carved rosettes, or the balls which constituted the arms of the Medici family. At the angle of the wall the arms appear again, upon a shield with sculptured ribbons and bracket. The mouldings which separate the stories also recall the *Palazzo Vecchio*, but here classical forms have been used.

The second story has no rustic masonry, but only a smooth-dressed wall, with windows almost exactly similar to those of the story below. There is no striving after effect by variety,—nothing but the repetition of the same motive the whole length of the façade.

Above is a mighty cornice projecting far out over the street, ninety feet below. Here again classical mouldings are used, but no Greek or Roman cornice was merely reproduced. The permanent charm of the Medici Palace is due in no small degree to the fact that a building belonging so distinctly to the new movement called the Renaissance, which drew its inspiration almost wholly from the Roman ruins, had still made no breach with the mediæval past. It is not a mechanical revival of classical architecture. One has to look closely to see anything that can be called a direct imitation of the antique. The study of the old models had been a far more vital matter than that, leading the architect rather to preserve, than to cast aside, the best of the mediæval traditions, and to show his classical leanings mainly in the perfect harmony and repose of the whole. In a later generation he would have thought it necessary to bring in columns and entablatures and pediments, more or less after the style of this church across the street

(seventeenth century), which shows the old classical forms used in the most lifeless and mechanical fashion.

Turning to the palace again we are more than ever sure that it represents a creative age, acting under a great impulse. It was in fact built within ten years after Brunelleschi had started the new movement, under the influence of his studies at Rome. The architect was Michelozzo, and this is his best known work, undertaken about 1430 for Cosimo de' Medici, whose father, Giovanni, was the founder of the family fortunes. They were at first a family of bankers, but political influence followed their wealth, and in the commercial aristocracy of Florence the Medici gained the foremost place. In the days when Cosimo lived in this palace as practical ruler of Florence, as the patron of her artists, and founder of her collections and her library, there was no royal palace in Europe which rivaled in refined luxury and splendor this house of the Florentine banker. Here Lorenzo the Magnificent was born, and ruled with even more state than his grandfather Cosimo had done.

But in 1659, in spite of its historic associations with the most brilliant period of the family annals, the palace was sold to the Riccardi family, whose name it still bears, although it has been government property for nearly a century. Under the Riccardi it was considerably enlarged toward the right.

At the angle of the basement story is a beautiful wrought-iron lantern, above the modern lamp-post. Iron rings and hooks are placed by every window, to receive banners and torches on festal occasions. Large rings are also set in the masonry of the lowest story, not far above the stone bench which runs around the foundations of the palace. These are minor touches, but they enter into the make-up of the typical Florentine palace.

And among all the palaces of the princely families of Florence, none has so prominent a place, either in history or in the history of architecture, as this of the Medici and the Riccardi.

Having seen the palace of the Medici, and recalled the glories of Florence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is time once more to revert to the mediæval, choosing for the most striking contrast a palace of the thirteenth century. We return by the rear of the cathedral to the neighborhood of the *Palazzo Vecchio*. Entering the Bargello by a narrow door we find ourselves in the court.

74. *The Court of the Bargello.*

Heavy arches run around three sides of this small court, resting on strong piers of octagonal form, with Gothic sculptured capitals. The arches themselves are rounded, but less than a semi-circle. On the fourth side of the court a long staircase ascends to the upper floor. The newel-post rises in a short octagonal column, with carved capital bearing a lion. The parapet is almost absolutely plain, projecting slightly beyond the wall below, and moulded in steps. At about half their height the stately stairs are broken by a landing, and this is emphasized and adorned by a stone gateway richly carved with armorial bearings. Iron gates close this unique portal, midway between the court below and that upper loggia, which the stairs approach through a smaller and lower arch. For each of the great arches below there are two in that upper arcade. The forms are much the same,—severely simple, but vigorous, and beautiful in proportion, as well as in detail. Through

the arches we see the groined vaulting more distinctly than the dense shadows permit in the case of the lower arches. The loggia is also lighted on the further side by paired Gothic windows looking down into the street. It is one of the chief features of this old palace, and would unquestionably have been carried around the entire court, had space permitted. The effect would have been more imposing, but scarcely more picturesque. For if this almost blank wall on our right was uninteresting enough when the Bargello was new, it long ago lost its severity, and took on this endlessly varied appearance, as one after another of the occupants of the palace affixed to the walls a carved tablet bearing the arms of his family. No attempt was made to arrange this long series in any kind of order, and the result is the most picturesque irregularity. Crowded closely together there over the lion's head, they stray away in all directions, far above the stairs. They have found a resting-place upon the gateway, and flocked together again over the great dark arches, a few scattering once more to perch over the loggia above. Here and there the lily of Florence occurs, but that does not belong to the series of escutcheons.

The strange feature of this palace was the fact that it was not to be occupied by any one family from generation to generation. The history of the house is written in these changing coats-of-arms, among which the Florentine families are not, as a rule, to be found. The *Podestà*, who lived here, could not be a native of Florence. It was expressly ordained that he must be a stranger, a noble, and a Guelph. That was as long ago as 1199, and the reason for so strange an enactment was that the city was torn by party strife, while its noble families were perpetually involved in feuds.

What such a society demanded was not a magistrate in the ordinary sense, but an umpire, with a strong hand to enforce his decisions in all cases of dispute between the rival parties, or families carrying on private warfare in the streets. Accordingly, the *Podestà* was to be an outsider, unprejudiced, and, if possible, ignorant of the old feuds. Under his command the military forces to the city could take the field. It was this strange magistracy which has covered these walls with some two hundred coats-of-arms of its incumbents. For the term was brief, at first six months, and then a year.

The palace, or rather castle, was built in the middle of the thirteenth century, and here the *Podestà* resided from 1261 on, for more than three centuries, the old office losing the last remnant of its importance after the republic fell under the power of the dukes. Thereafter, the *Bargello*, or chief of police, had his seat here, and the old castle was degraded to the rank of a prison for two hundred and fifty years or more, down to the fall of the last grand-duke, and the entrance of Tuscany into the new kingdom of Italy. Now at last it has been restored, and converted into a museum,—the National Museum. But none of the objects it contains—valuable as they are—can make us forget the extraordinary interest of the old structure itself. We return again and again to this picturesque court, and standing near the well in the centre, seem to be carried back into the thirteenth century, into the midst of the bloody scenes which were a part of the every-day life of Florence. One can almost see this court filled with armed men, ready to march out under the *Podestà* on an errand of peacemaking, after the rough-and-ready method which alone seemed suited to the times. We can imagine Dante climbing those long stairs, or looking

down with the privileged from the loggia above. It is the mediæval Florence, preserved to us unimpaired, the Florence of Giotto and Arnolfo, the Florence which her greatest poet was to carry with him through every region of Hell and Purgatory and Paradise.

It is scarcely possible to go anywhere in Florence without feeling at every turn the wide difference which separated the middle ages from the great and prolific age of the new awakening,—the Renaissance. We have felt it in the Uffizi, at the Medici Palace, and the Bargello. We may realize it, perhaps, more keenly in works of sculpture, where no mediæval traditions were unconsciously retained (as was often the case in architecture) and everything was based upon the study of ancient models, or a quickened observation of Nature. For such a purpose we must visit the tombs of the Medici at S. Lorenzo, which lies beyond the Medici Palace. Again we return to the duomo and the baptistery, and by a narrow street reach the square of S. Lorenzo. It is a great group of buildings,—a church with its cloisters, the celebrated Laurentian Library, the sacristies, of which one is a mausoleum; finally the huge Chapel of the Princes, the burial-place of the Medici grand-dukes. But for us the place of chief interest is the New Sacristy, containing the famous Medici tombs by Michael Angelo.

75. *Tomb of Giuliano de' Medici.*

In the centre of one wall sits a soldierly figure in a niche. Below him two heroic forms, a man and a woman, recline upon the lid of the sarcophagus, a simple chest of marble raised upon two high supports like

those of an ancient table, and resting upon a pedestal still more severe. The paneled wall below, the pilasters and niches above, are inseparable from the monument. Architecture and sculpture have united in the hand of Michael Angelo to produce a rarely perfect harmony. It is scarcely possible to conceive of the figures apart from one another or from this architectural background. The New Sacristy of S. Lorenzo was not to be a mere chapel, with separate tombs of various dates and styles. It was to be one harmonious whole, planned, and in large part executed, by the incomparable master.

Cardinal Giulio de' Medici commissioned the work, and since the most famous members of the family were already commemorated, either in the church or in the old sacristy, the immediate task was the erection of monuments to Giuliano and Lorenzo, who had recently died. Lorenzo's tomb was to have allegorical figures of Twilight and Morning; Giuliano's, Day and Night. The tombs were thus planned to be the exact counterparts of one another. The cardinal was soon elected to the papacy in 1523, as Clement VII; and Michael Angelo began to work upon these portrait statues. But years intervened in which Italy was to be convulsed with wars, Rome sacked in 1527, and liberty at Florence stamped out by the Medici. The sculptor himself was of the losing party, and narrowly escaped with his life, to find that the Medici were willing to ignore his past, if only he would complete these tombs. It was in 1530 that the Florentine republic came to an end with the establishment of Alessandro de' Medici in power, by the help of his father-in-law, the Emperor Charles V. And in the same year Michael Angelo was at work once more upon these tombs, and occupied with the re-

clining figures. Bitterness of soul made the task an impossible one for him to finish, and four years later, when Pope Clement VII died, the work was at once discontinued, never again to be resumed. Two walls of the sacristy were left entirely unfinished. And of these sculptures some are but half-finished; none had received the last hand of the master.

On the right the masculine figure, with the huge shoulder and the Herculean muscles, represents Day, reclining upon a rock, and looking sternly away, as from some mountain-peak. But the expression of the face is lost in the still unchiseled marble. On the left Night is sleeping, also upon a rock, over which her garment is spread. The left arm is bent back behind a projection of the rock, while the right supports the head. The left knee is raised almost as high as the head, and the colossal thigh gives the right elbow its point of support. Beneath the left foot is a bundle of poppy-heads, and close by stands an owl, under the arch of the knee. The mask may, perhaps, indicate dreams. Even without these attributes, to suggest sleep and night, we should have no doubt as to the meaning of this figure sunk in deep sleep. It is no *Venus de' Medici** that Michael Angelo has here represented in an uneasy repose, on her stony couch under the open sky. There is none of the softness of mere feminine beauty. Womanhood here is all strength,—the strength of the elemental forces. It is Night, in the full maturity of her powers. If such a figure had come down from antiquity, it would be interpreted as the Greek sculptor's personification of some wild northern country, as Scythia, for example, where Nature could

* See No. 70.

produce no forms that were not more gigantic than beautiful.

When this statue was first shown, poets wrote verses in its praise and attached them to it, according to the custom of the day. One of the Strozzi wrote some of these lines, praising the life expressed in the marble,—bidding his reader wake her, and she would speak to him. Michael Angelo replied in the same manner—for among his many gifts was that of poetry also—but with passionate anger at the suppression of liberty:—

Welcome is sleep to my soul, still more to be graven in marble,
While for a down-trodden state ruin and shame shall endure.
Naught to see or feel,—this comes to me now as high fortune;
Do not awaken me then, whisper in soft tones and low!

In the niche over these figures of Night and Day is the youthful Giuliano de' Medici (died 1516), a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, also known by his French title as the Duke of Nemours. Dressed as a Roman emperor, he sits like a general upon a hill-top, viewing the distant scene of battle,—alert, and ready to rise, like the Moses* of the same sculptor in Rome. In his lap he holds the bâton of a general, and the hands are most expressive, as in more than one of Michael Angelo's statues. In every respect we have an ideal portrait, and no real likeness of this Medici. Few modern statues in that ideal spirit can be compared with this and its companion, Lorenzo, facing it from the opposite niche,—the one all action, the other reflection, as deliberately contrasted as are Day and Night, or the other figures, Twilight and Dawn.

For a view of Florence from a height we cross the river and climb through a beautiful terraced park, past

* See No. 42.

bronze copies of Michael Angelo's David, and of the four periods of the day,—the very statues we have just been admiring at S. Lorenzo. From any of these terraces we enjoy a broad view over the city, but to better advantage as we approach the old church of S. Miniato.

76. *Florence from San Miniato.*

In the centre the dome of the cathedral rises far above the sea of roofs, the great ribs leading the eye up to the lantern above. Below, in the drum of the dome, we see clearly the round windows, beneath a cornice-arcade, of which one small portion only was ever completed. The smaller domes below are clearly visible over nave and transept. The long white nave carries its lofty clerestory—pierced also with round windows—to the campanile. One is struck here by the fact that Giotto's Tower seems almost as high as the dome of Brunelleschi. Together they stand for the very best that Florence ever produced in architecture, and represent the two periods we have been so constantly contrasting,—but with a perfect harmony which makes that group impossible to forget.

Against the whiteness of the duomo we see two dark towers. That to the right, severe and simple, with one tall arch in its highest story, is the tower of the Bargello, and true in every respect to the character of that old castle. The slender octagonal tower with a spire, between the Bargello and the campanile, is the tower of the Badia, a church dating from the fourteenth century.

Away to the left is the daring tower of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, in form and color a perfect contrast to Giotto's Tower. The battlements of the palace also appear over the housetops. Between this and the campanile of

Giotto is a smaller dome, which seems a feeble imitation of the mighty cupola of the duomo. It is the Chapel of the Princes, close by the New Sacristy of S. Lorenzo. Still nearer to the campanile is a low pointed roof in white. That is the baptistery, the pride of Florence in Dante's time, but now most widely known on account of the bronze doors of Ghiberti.

Passing in an easterly direction to the right of the duomo, we find no conspicuous monuments until we reach the church of Santa Croce. The glistening white façade is turned away from us, but we have the long side of the nave in all its bareness, with the barn-like gables and narrow windows. It is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, or rather of Italy, so many monuments of famous men does it contain, among them those of Dante (buried, however, at Ravenna) and Michael Angelo. But its frescoes would in themselves give it the foremost place among the Florentine churches. The view of the cloisters is hidden by the houses; we can at least see the Brancacci chapel,—a low dome close to the church on the right. It was the very first building to be erected in the Renaissance style,—by Brunelleschi in 1420.

In the distance above Santa Croce rise the hills to the west of Fiesole, dotted over with villas, until gardens and trees seem suddenly to end in the tiled roofs of the city.

For the foreground we have a part of the *Oltr' Arno*, or quarter on the left bank of the river. This bastion on our right is a part of the fortifications which were constructed under the direction of Michael Angelo about the height of S. Miniato in 1529. The siege then anticipated came in the following year, and the sculptor was in charge of all the fortifications. But in the intervals he was to be found among the statues in his studio, or

even engaged upon a painting. After the city had been betrayed into the hands of the Medici in the summer of 1530, Angelo lay in hiding for some time. And the place of his concealment happens to be in full view from this point. It was the tower of that church, S. Niccolò, on this side of the river, and directly in the line between ourselves and the duomo.

The course of the river is marked out for us by the tall houses of the opposite bank. Among those buildings is the Bourse, with a classical portico, near the *Palazzo Vecchio*. Further to the right is the *Ponte alle Grazie*, oldest of the present bridges of Florence, built in 1237. Here and there among the roofs, or through the trees, we can see the Arno itself.

Recalling our view of Rome from the Janiculum,* this of Florence from San Miniato is strikingly different. There all was complicated by the overlapping of the hills until close study was necessary in order to carry away any distinct impression; and the extent of the city, and the dispersion of its monuments, made it impossible to bring all into any one view; while beyond lay a broad plain, bounded only by mountains at a great distance. And then an uninteresting foreground kept us at a distance from what we really wished to see, while the Tiber was almost entirely lost to view. Florence does not hold herself at arm's length. Unlike Trastevere, Oltr' Arno makes a beautiful foreground, so largely green; while here and there black cypresses stand out above white walls or gray tiles. The Arno makes a strong line of division, beyond which lies a city so small that a single sweep of the glass takes in all that is really historic. Concentration, and an intensely local development,—these are the thoughts which inevitably come into one's

* See No. 63.

mind. It is utterly unlike anything Roman; it can but suggest the cities of old Greece, and above all, Athens, where all the rays of Greek genius met in a common focus. And as the light of Athenian culture burned with an intense brilliance, which has not even yet faded from the minds of men, and never will; so the fires which Florence kindled in art and letters and education have sent their light and heat to the furthest corners of the world.

Had there been no Florence, modern life would be a different thing in more ways than one can possibly imagine,—reason enough why we should linger and dream over this view of the city by the Arno, its roofs and towers, and its one great dome, rising to the green slopes of the Tuscan hills.

PISA

Pisa we shall visit as an excursion from Florence, making an early start. The distance is barely fifty miles, but the great part of the day will be spent in going and coming. The railway follows the right bank of the Arno, crossing after a dozen miles to the opposite bank. The valley is full of places which have figured in the history of Florence, and especially in the struggles between that city and Pisa. At last we reach Pisa, and crossing the river once more, make our way through the narrow streets to the northwest angle of the city, where its most celebrated buildings are grouped together in a retired spot by the city-wall.

77. *The Leaning Tower.*

Certainly the most striking member of the group is the famous Leaning Tower. Its strange inclination at

once diverts the eye from the cathedral and the baptistery. With a height of 178 feet, it leans so far to the south that a stone dropped from that side of the tower would fall about fourteen feet beyond the foundations. Yet the diameter of the tower is about fifty feet, so that the stability of the structure is ensured, except in case of some violent earthquake, or if the foundations should give way. It is safe at least from the danger that overtook the campanile of Venice* in the summer of 1902, for this tower is solidly and honestly built, with walls which are twelve feet thick in the first story.

Whether the inclination has resulted from the settling of the foundations, or from the design of its builders, who wished the campanile of Pisa to be the talk of all who visited it, is one of the questions which have long been discussed. Bologna has two leaning towers, one of them three hundred and twenty feet high, but it is only four feet out of the perpendicular. The other is one hundred and sixty-three feet in height, while it leans to the extent of ten feet. The latter is mentioned by Dante, who would scarcely have failed to mention this tower of Pisa, more daring, and far more beautiful, had the inclination been very conspicuous in his time.

Evidently the builders had from the first some reason to suspect the ground, and they took the precaution to drive a mass of piles as much as six feet beyond their foundations all around. This was in the year 1174. When the first story had been completed, it was found that the tower had settled very slightly to the south. The open arcade of this second story was accordingly made a trifle higher (a little more than an inch) on that side. At the second and the third galleries similar corrections were applied, but increasing to nearly three

* See No. 80.

inches. Having reached about half its height in perhaps a dozen years, the tower was left deserted for sixty years. After that interval, the settling of the foundations had brought the third arcade out of level by as much as six inches. A fourth gallery, also higher to the south, was added, and then after another interval of about twenty-five years, the fifth and sixth stories, with the same attempts to correct the evident inclination. Again there were doubts about the safety of the tower, and it was nearly another century before the smaller topmost story for the bells was added, in 1350, with a further correction large enough to be readily discovered from below. In fact, one has only to hold up a straight-edge before the eye and apply it to the south side of the tower, in order to find that the line of that side is a curve. It was hoped that the settlement had finally ceased, with that platform just below the bells some nine inches out of the level. But to-day the same floor is thirty inches or more out of the level. And if the gradual subsidence should continue at this same rate of nearly four inches to the century, the ultimate fall of the tower cannot be delayed many centuries.

There are, however, many who still believe that the builders of this campanile deliberately constructed a wonder, knowing that they were well within the limits of safety, so long as a plumb-line dropped from the north side at the top fell some distance within the south wall at the base. According to this view, the corrections from story to story were made from increasing timidity. But faith in the principles of equilibrium would scarcely fail those who had begun with the deliberate intention to astonish the world. And if we observe the architecture, which depends entirely upon story after story of columns bearing arcades, it becomes quite impossible

to believe that any architect, with sufficient originality to apply that method of ornament to a bell-tower, would have consented to place every column askew, especially in close proximity to the cathedral, lavishly adorned with arcades of the same sort, and always vertical.

Comparing this campanile with that of Giotto,* one is impressed with the massiveness of this tower, in spite of the open-work of the galleries. The height is only about three and one-half times the diameter of the base, whereas, Giotto's tower is some six and one-half times as high as its thickness at the base. In perfection of form or ornament no one would think of comparing the two, and yet these rows of columns with their arches form a decoration in harmony with the adjoining cathedral, and, though rather monotonous, still not to be refused certain merits of its own.

Behind the tower is the wall of the city, and in the distance the mountains which lie to the northeast of Pisa. The angle of the cathedral to the left shows one of the simpler portions of the structure, unrelieved at this point by the small columns which elsewhere abound.

Past the cathedral and the baptistery we stroll to the other end of the broad open space. Looking back from our station near the city-wall and its *Porta Nuova*, we have the entire group of buildings in a single view.

78. *Baptistery, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower.*

Nearest of all is the baptistery, on our left,—and furthest away on the right, the Leaning Tower, partly hidden by the transept of the cathedral. To the left of the baptistery is the long enclosing wall of the *Campo Santo*, the most famous of Italian cemeteries.

* See No. 66.

The broad stretch of green in which these buildings stand is like the close of an English cathedral, and scarcely to be paralleled anywhere in Italy. The cathedral of Pisa has never stood in the crowd and noise of a city. Built by some strange good fortune outside the older walls, it was later included within a wider circuit of fortifications. To this seclusion is due in no small part the effect of all that we have before us,—this almost monastic air of retirement and peace. Most cathedrals seem to prefer the very centre of a city's life. This of Pisa, like so many in England, suggests escape from the world and its cares.

At first the baptistery seems almost as strange a building as the Leaning Tower. Certainly its roof is unlike anything to be seen elsewhere. It is a circular structure of white marble—as are all these buildings at Pisa—standing exactly in line with the axis of the cathedral. In diameter it measures ninety-eight feet and one hundred and ninety feet in height. The lower story has half-columns, bearing twenty large arches. Beneath these are placed the four doorways, the principal entrance facing the cathedral, and richly adorned, while the windows are extremely simple. In the second story a light gallery, like those of the Leaning Tower, is borne by a multitude of small columns. Above these are Gothic gables and pinnacles, with sculptures. The third story also represents a Gothic addition to the original structure, and is without columns, except for the small shafts in the windows. Then begins the dome, tiled on this side but leaded on the other, and divided into sections, not by strong ribs as in the dome of Brunelleschi at Florence,* but by feebler ribs, with small Gothic “crockets.” Near the top the dome-form is suddenly abandoned for

* See No. 66.

that of a pyramid of many sides, finally crowned with a small dome and a statue. Without a study of the interior we should never guess the explanation of this most singular roof. In reality it belongs to two periods,—the Romanesque, and then the Gothic. It had been begun in 1153, and its inner circle of columns sustained, first an upper gallery, and then a pyramidal vaulting, almost conical, but cut off at the top to admit the light through a central opening like the Pantheon at Rome.* It is the upper part of that vaulting (now closed by the little dome) which gives the whole roof its weird appearance. For in the course of the Gothic alterations at the end of the thirteenth century the conical roof was largely concealed beneath the dome which we now see. In spite of this eccentric character, the baptistery of Pisa ranks very high on account of the beauty of its details.

The cathedral is planned like an old Roman basilica, but Lombard architecture has influenced the Pisan builders to a very marked degree. And the wealth of columns and precious marbles brought by the fleets of Pisa from the East adds its suggestions of Constantinople and the Byzantine love of ornament. The lower portion of the façade has arcades on a large scale, as in the baptistery. Then begin open galleries, four in number, like those of the tower. Everywhere it is of marble, and there are sculptures and mosaics, and bands of dark marble. At the crossing of the nave and transepts is a quaint elliptical dome, to which a Gothic filigree has been added. The cathedral was finished in 1100.

It was the golden age of Pisa, in which these buildings were built. The ancient importance of this sea-

* See No. 45.

port in Roman times had never been quite forgotten, though the monuments of those days had almost disappeared. The wars with the Saracens and the crusades brought Pisa into its new importance as the equal of any of the commercial cities of the Mediterranean, even Genoa and Venice. With the twelfth century began the foreign conquests of Pisa,—Sardinia, Corsica, the Balearic Islands. By the end of the thirteenth century Pisa had begun to fall behind her rivals in the race. Florence was the rising power, and the fame of her neighbor began to decline. While in sculpture and architecture Pisa had been one of the chief centres, in painting she was obliged to depend upon masters from Florence and Siena for the frescoes which adorn the Campo Santo.

In architecture we seem to be here in a different atmosphere from that which we have been breathing in Florence,—no sign of the Renaissance, since everything had been completed before the new impulse came with the fifteenth century. Even the Gothic appears as mere superficial alteration of this older style, the Tuscan Romanesque, which had its roots in late Roman building of the times of Diocletian and Constantine, when for the first time it began to be customary to rest an arch directly upon columns, as in these endless arcades of Pisa. We have gone back one step nearer to Rome, and found a missing link in the chain, here among the unspoiled monuments of twelfth-century Pisa.

We return from Pisa up the Arno valley to Florence, and set out to cross the Apennines by way of Pistoja, and down to the plains of the Po. Through Bologna with its leaning towers, through Ferrara, and then

Padua of the many domes, we approach the lagoons. At last a long causeway carries us over to the island-city of Venice. And the transition from the prose of railway travel to the poetry of the gondola is as sudden as it is complete.

VENICE

For our first sight-seeing we shall steer our course down the Grand Canal and across to the island of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*.

But in the meantime to recall in brief outline the history of this city of the sea:—

The commerce of the Adriatic was anciently in the hands of Aquileia, a hundred and twenty miles north-east of Venice. A Roman colony and fortress as early as 182 B. C., Aquileia became the most flourishing city in this whole region, with a population of a hundred thousand, now reduced to five hundred souls. It was a pillar of strength against the invading barbarians, until at last it was destroyed by Attila and his Huns in 452 A. D. Many of the inhabitants fled for safety to the lagoons, and out of the new settlements, upon islands inaccessible to the invaders, grew the city of Venice. It was still an obscure village when the Western Empire came to an end. Hence it was natural that all its ties should be with Constantinople. For although the industry of the Venetians and their trade in salt had already attracted attention while the Ostrogoth Theodoric ruled at Ravenna (493–526), the Gothic War brought Ravenna itself under the authority of Justinian. In 568 came the Lombards, and the fear of the barbarian drove many more to take refuge at Venice and the other settlements in the lagoons. The early history is, however, very obscure. By the eighth

century Venice was ruled by a doge; by the ninth he was domiciled upon the site of the present Palace of the Doges. It was in 828 that the body of St. Mark was brought to Venice, and under her new patron the city extended her commerce far and wide. Secure from attack by reason of an insular position, she was led in the interest of her commerce to make conquests, at first on the east side of the Adriatic. Commercial rivalry with Genoa in the trade of the Levant in the time of the crusades led to further entanglements. Instead of the rule of despots, Venice enjoyed the government of a privileged class, who managed to secure themselves both from the fear of a tyrant and from the hostility of the people. This stability of a government which kept the doge within bounds, and preserved their power to the few for centuries, was one of the strongest elements in the prosperity of a city which made rapid progress while other cities were torn by revolution and strife.

The great doge Dandolo, at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries carried Venetian expansion into the East, and her influence now reached even to the further end of the Black Sea. Wars with Genoa cost the loss of many of these eastern possessions, but in 1352 the Genoese were at last finally defeated by another Dandolo. Conquests on the mainland of Italy now followed in the fifteenth century, and thus Venice became a more and more important factor in Italian politics. Wars with the Turks were frequent, but when they were about to capture Constantinople, Venice failed to send aid, and thus permitted the fall of a city with which her own commercial destinies were completely interwoven. At this period Venice had 200,000 inhabitants and was at the height of its pros-

perity. No one fully realized that the fall of Constantinople was an almost fatal blow to the Venetian commerce. And soon the age of discovery opened entirely new trade-routes to the East, bringing the wealth which had formerly fallen to Genoa and Venice into the hands of Portugal. From this time on, both in political importance and in commerce, Venice steadily declined, although the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were most brilliant in art.

At last the Republic came to an end in 1797, when the last doge fell into the power of Napoleon. After the confusion of that period was over, Venice found herself a possession of Austria, and so remained, with a brief interval in the revolution-year (1848 and 1849), until 1866, when Venetia was added to the new kingdom of Italy.

79. Venice from the Island of S. Giorgio.

From this island of St. George we have full in front the central group of buildings to which all the rest of Venice is a kind of pendant.

Largest and most imposing is the Gothic Palace of the Doges, borne upon seventeen arches, resting on columns which seem almost to touch the water. Above these in the first (second) story is another arcade, with thirty-four lighter arches and tracery. Then a wide expanse of plain wall, relieved by a few huge windows, a central balcony, a few loop-holes above. Finally, a series of pinnacles half-concealing the low-pitched roof. Over the centre of the Doges' Palace, and seeming at first to be part of it, rise the highest portions of the church of S. Marco,—a small dome, and the finials of two or three others. One end of the façade of the church can be seen

to the left of the palace, with a conspicuous arch below, and pinnacles above it. But for these small parts, S. Marco is completely eclipsed by its neighbor, the palace.

High above the square, in front of the church, towers the famous campanile to a height of three hundred and twenty-two feet. In striking contrast with the marbles of the Doges' Palace and St. Mark's, the tower is built of brick, richly colored by age, however, and almost perfectly plain for much more than half its height. One sees at a glance that some centuries must separate that older portion below from the upper marble portions. So much of its history can be instantly discovered,—that it was built long before the palace, before the Gothic style had been dreamed of; and then completed after the pointed arch had disappeared, and the ancient forms had been revived by the architects of the Renaissance. But when we come to ask for details of its story, much is lost in obscurity. At all events it was well advanced at an early date in the tenth century, so that the foundations and the piles which sustain them are a full thousand years old. Restorations have altered the form of the tower at various times, in the twelfth, and fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. To form some idea of its original appearance we must remove all the upper portion in marble; then above the old brickwork one must restore a simpler belfry, with probably four stilted arches on small short columns, set in the middle of the wall, not near its outer surface. The simplest eaves, just above the arches, and then a very low roof, would complete the tower after the fashion of the Lombard architects, and not unlike the campanile of Torcello, an old town to the northeast of Venice. But its severity seemed

out of keeping with the splendors of Venice in the age of the Renaissance. The simple belfry, stamped with the crudeness of an earlier age, had to give way to these graceful arcades; and then, to increase the height of the tower, another blind story was raised above the belfry, in appearance a great cubical block of masonry. Above this came a spire, crowned at a later day (1517) with a colossal angel.

That the old brickwork of the tenth century is not as sound as it looks, that the piles far down in the mud of the lagoons have become unsafe by the inevitable decay of wood in a thousand years,—these things are constantly repeated by those who profess to know. But frequent examinations have led to nothing, and Venice declines to believe that its soaring campanile can possibly be in danger, although the cracking of walls and settling of floors is almost an every-day matter in a city which is built upon the sand.*

At the foot of the campanile we look into the *piazzetta*, the beautiful square leading up from the waterfront to the façade of S. Marco. At the further end is the clock-tower, and we can also see long banners floating from masts near the campanile. Near the water are the two tall columns, which seem to stand as sentinels by this principal entrance to Venice. On the left of the *piazzetta* is the Old Library, with a narrow front to the canal, and a long one towards the Doges' Palace. The larger building in three stories, still further to the left, was the Mint. Beyond it are the gardens of the Royal Palace, a part of which shows over the tree-tops.

* In reality the tower did fall, on the 14th of July, 1902, by the crumbling of its old brick walls,—to the great sorrow of all lovers of Venice. They must now console themselves with the fact that a new tower is promised, an exact reproduction of the old.

Passing to the right of the Doges' Palace, the two-storied building with wide arches contains the prisons, joined to the palace by the famous Bridge of Sighs, which we can see over the white bridge, itself in the deep shadows of the narrow canal.

It is a picture out of olden times, this view of Venice from across the Canal of S. Marco,—not a thing newer than the sixteenth century, and all dominated by the weathered shaft of a tenth century tower. But it would not be Venice, if there were not always at least one gondola in the foreground, rocking its slender form on the smoothest of waters.

Returning from the Island of S. Giorgio, we pause for a nearer view of these buildings, about which so much of the history of Venice revolves.

80. *Palace of the Doges and the Campanile.*

Besides the advantage of nearness, we have so shifted our position that a considerable part of St. Mark's is now brought into plain view, along with that front of the Doges' Palace which looks down upon the *piazzetta*. Instead of appearing as one great wall, the palace now shows its great depth. The long row of columns bearing Gothic arches is continued on the other side all the way to the church of St. Mark. The tracery above the upper arcade is now more clearly seen, and what seemed like a mere blank wall above is now found to be completely covered with a pattern worked on a large scale in pale red and white marbles. The windows at the extreme right still retain their Gothic tracery. As for the other windows, which seem like great black spots in the delicate diaper of the wall, they must also have

had similar tracery, which one would gladly restore now. A great fire in 1577 destroyed the interior of the palace, and among all the changes which attended the restoration of the stately halls within, it is probable that the columns and traceries of the windows were removed, if they had not been completely ruined by the fire itself. In the centre, one of these windows is made the principal feature of this front, with balcony and sculptures and pinnacles. The whole expanse of wall is crowned with battlements, alternating with pinnacles so slender that they resemble spikes. It is another reminder of the East,—this unique form of battlements, and thoroughly in keeping with that half-Oriental character which belongs to so many things Venetian.

Far more Oriental is the church of St. Mark, a composite picture of the East, but especially of the mediæval Constantinople. Its green domes are supported upon a structure which seems to consist largely of columns, not in colonnades, but in clusters bearing wide arches. In the distance the impression of St. Mark's is not so much of any architectural form, as of masses of color, rich in marbles and mosaic and gilding.

The columns of the *piazzetta* now stand out clearly. They are of granite and of great height, suggesting some Roman temple in Syria. Certainly they came from the East in the twelfth century. That on the right bears the winged lion of St. Mark; the other sustains St. Theodore on a crocodile.

To the left of the latter, and almost beneath the lofty campanile, are two buildings from the hand of the most celebrated of Venetian architects and sculptors, Sansovino, a contemporary of Michael Angelo. They were both built in 1536, the Mint, to the left, in a simpler and severer style with rustic half-columns, while the

Library, of which we see but one end, is richly adorned with columns and sculptures. Its open arches correspond in a way with those of the Doges' Palace on the other side of the square. But there is a wonderful contrast in every other way between the two buildings, the one showing the boldness, and even recklessness, of a Gothic structure, bearing its whole weight upon a simple row of columns, and the other reviving the old Roman methods, which we saw used in the Colosseum;* that is, the arches rest upon square piers, and these are partly concealed and partly strengthened by half-columns supporting an entablature. The upper story repeats the same motive, but with more columns under the arches. A sculptured frieze, a balustrade with sculptures and small obelisks complete this much admired building. Diligently studied by English architects it has left its mark in many a city of England. Possibly, it has been admired more than it deserves. But its sculptured decorations raise it far above the level of any of the old Roman arcades which Sansovino strove to imitate and excel. The books for which the Old Library was erected were long ago removed to the Doges' Palace, and those upper rooms became a part of the Royal Palace.

Beneath the columns at the foot of the *piazzetta* is one of the chief stations of the gondoliers, always to be found in large numbers at this spot.

We land from our gondola at the *Riva degli Schiavoni*, a wide quay paved with marble, and extending some distance to the east of the Doges' Palace. It is one of the favorite promenades of Venice, which so often compensates for the narrow canals without sidewalks, by broad quays and piazzas.

* See No. 37.

81. *The Molo and Palace of the Doges.*

Walking along the Riva towards the bridge, we are able to estimate the great length of the Doges' Palace, as its arches march in a long file from column to column. It is some two hundred and thirty-four feet long, but the receding lines of columns, especially those in the upper tier, give the impression of much greater length. In the upper portion of the wall we have an opportunity to study the diaper pattern in marble which covers the whole surface. Three windows at this angle of the palace have Gothic tracery still, in harmony with that above the upper arcade. These windows are set at a lower level than the others. Apparently the architects sought such variety. Hence square openings like those above. The rear wall of the palace, as we see it over the bridge, is of brick, and here not concealed by marble facings. Above, we may notice once more the strange eastern battlements and spikes and the delicate pinnacles against the sky. Through those battlements on the right we have a glimpse of the extreme summit of the campanile and its angel. The old palace has suffered as many changes as anything in Venice. Built so long ago as the year 800, rebuilt again and again, it even now looks a couple of centuries older than it really is. What we see of its exterior is of the fifteenth century, begun in 1422, and continued for some twenty years. It is then contemporary with the dome of the cathedral in Florence. Long after the new Renaissance style had established itself among the Florentines, the Venetians continued to build after the Gothic manner. And of all the Gothic structures in the city of the Adriatic, none is so remarkable as this, none showing such a wealth of beautiful detail. Every capital is a study in itself, but especially the great corner capitals at the angles of the lower arcade.

On our right is the prison-building, its broad arches barred, and windows grated. It was built in the sixteenth century, in a massive Renaissance style. The bridge itself is fascinating. Broad steps ascend to the centre, and each step has its separate section of the balustrade with diminutive columns.

In the canal to the left of the bridge lies a funeral barge, the inevitable hearse for a city which contents itself with canals for streets. But this barge is more than commonly sumptuous. There is a great display of carving, and black velvet hanging with silver fringes and tassels. And the draperies almost touch the water. Beside the barge stands a uniformed verger with a long wand. Over this funeral equipage we have the broad expanses of the Molo, or quay, and once more the tall granite columns, with the lion, and St. Theodore with the crocodile. Beyond them we see a part of the long façade of the Old Library of Sansovino. It does not differ from the end which we studied from the water, except in the multiplication of the same parts the whole length of the *piazzetta*. Over each column rises a statue upon the parapet. But only a small part of the sculpture can be seen at this distance, except as it adds to the richness of the whole effect.

Beyond the Old Library, and rising above its roof, is the Mint,—not altogether unlike the prisons here at our right.

With the buildings—even the Doges' Palace—the people strolling to and fro in the sunshine are seldom troubling themselves. There is more pleasure for them in leaning upon the balustrade of the bridge, and looking down into the canal, or across toward San Giorgio, or in staring at the funeral, bound for an island cemetery to the north of the city. No one is leaning over the rail

on the other side, to look at the Bridge of Sighs, up the narrow canal,—which means that there are no tourists in the crowd.

Moving on to the bridge—the *Paglia*—we have the familiar view of the Bridge of Sighs for ourselves.

82. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

High above the narrow canal a graceful elliptical arch carries an enclosed bridge from the Palace of the Doges on our left to the prison on the right. The arch is adorned with stone heads and reclining figures in the spandrils, suggestive of Roman river-gods. The gallery is relieved by rustic pilasters, increasing the appearance of strength. There are two square windows, filled with marble gratings in a geometrical design. Over the cornice rises a curved pediment with its elliptical cornice, corresponding to the curve of the arch beneath; and then weird volutes, to crown it all. Some sculpture has been used in the upper portions of the bridge also,—coats of arms against the wall of the gallery, and in the pediment a relief of a woman between two lions.

Probably no bridge in the world connecting the upper stories of buildings is half so well known as the Bridge of Sighs. It has had many imitators in many different countries, but as a rule they have been severely practical, and have not indulged, as here, in the fancies of sculpture or the vagaries of architecture. In this bridge the character of the whole depends upon the double curves of arch and roof, combined with the strong horizontal lines above and below the pilasters. The bridge was meant to bring the courts in the palace into direct communication with the prison across the canal. But there are also prisons within the palace itself, and more

of them formerly existed up under the leads of the roof, so that many prisoners never had occasion to be conducted over this lofty bridge with the pathetic name, to the dungeons in this almost savagely sombre building on the right. And beyond a question far more sentiment has been lavished upon the Bridge of Sighs by travelers than its history would actually warrant.

On our left the wall of the palace shows two distinct portions, a simple stone wall for the lower story, with substantial brickwork for the upper stories; then a mere elaborate façade. There is no suggestion whatever of the Gothic arches of the other fronts of the palace. They would be out of place away from the busy life of the piazza, and brought here by the dark canal, they could have no meaning. There are a half-dozen arches beneath and beyond the bridge, and by these the palace may be entered from a gondola, over green door-sills lapped by the ripples of the canal. Here the doges came and went in their state barges, enlivening this dark canal with all the gay colors which Venice knew how to display.

The lower portion of this façade is adorned with rustic blocks of stone cut in the shape of facets. Above are panels and narrow windows set in them. The whole front is rich in its decoration and imposing in its scale, but no one would compare it for a moment with the picturesque Gothic façades toward the *piazzetta* and the canal. By comparison this seems a carefully studied composition by a Renaissance master; the other was a happy inspiration, defiant of rule and reckless in construction.

On beyond this long wall of the Doges' Palace lies the Palace of the Patriarch. For Venice it was not enough to have simply an archbishop. It is one more eastern

touch that the ecclesiastical ruler of the city should have the high-sounding title which was claimed by such ancient centres as Constantinople and Alexandria, and style himself a patriarch. Sometimes we may see him here in his gondola, his arms in brass, with the cardinal's hat in the same material, displayed upon either side. And they will tell you that this patriarch will some day leave his small palace by St. Mark's for the Vatican at Rome. If he does fulfil this expectation, and becomes pope, he will no longer ride in a gondola under this bridge, or under that of the Canonica, in the distance. He will have shut himself up as a voluntary prisoner, after crossing an imaginary Bridge of Sighs.

Leaving our post on the bridge by the Doges' Palace, we walk along the Molo to the *piazzetta*, up the latter, still keeping company with the sturdy columns of the palace, to the piazza of S. Marco, the heart of Venice.

83. *The Church of San Marco.*

We pause in the middle of the piazza for the general view of the famous and altogether indescribable church of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice. A bewilderment of columns, then broad arches in two stories, finally a sky-line of the most picturesque and varied description,—pinnacles and statues, and above all, the great green domes. It recalls nothing that one has ever seen before among churches, and while nearly every other cathedral in the world belongs to some one style of architecture, or consists of distinct parts in successive styles, St. Mark's seems to have a place all its own. Whatever it is, it represents Venice completely, and

could not be thought of in any other surroundings. Reproduced by an ardent admirer in some other country—or even in any other city of Italy—it would seem hopelessly out of keeping with everything else. It is a perfect epitome of the history of Venice in its golden age.

Originally it was not the cathedral of Venice, that dignity being reserved for another church—now almost neglected—at the extreme east-end of the city. In fact, it was not until the time of Napoleon that the throne of the patriarch was transferred to St. Mark's. The supposed remains of the saint had been brought from Alexandria to Venice in the ninth century, and the shrine erected to receive them was to be a ducal chapel close to the palace. St. Mark now became the patron in place of St. Theodore, who was relegated to his lofty station—like an ancient *stylites*—upon his column, at the foot of the *piazzetta*. But the chapel of the doges was burned in 976, when the people in an insurrection against their tyrant set fire to the palace. A new church was begun, but the work was carried on slowly through the eleventh century. Venice by this time stood in close relations with Constantinople, and had an extensive eastern commerce. That the new church might be richly adorned after the manner of St. Sophia and other churches in Constantinople, a law was passed forbidding any vessels to return from the Levant without bringing marbles or precious stones. The result was this extraordinary array of columns and the richest coloring imaginable. And a careful study of this endless variety of stones would be like a visit to a museum,—this column from a church in the capital of the East, this one from ancient Athens, this from a Roman temple in Syria. Even Arabia and Persia are represented in these spoils, and countless churches of Asia

Minor and the East were plundered that St. Mark's in Venice might be duly adorned. And yet the result of all this variety is a harmony which is really marvelous. A Romanesque church of brick thus decked itself out in all the borrowed finery that could be found. A still greater richness was attained in the twelfth century, when the porch and façade were rebuilt, almost in their present form.

The lower part of this unique façade appears to consist of nothing but stately portals, so completely is the intervening masonry masked by the countless columns in a double tier. In the centre a larger and loftier arch, elaborately sculptured, rises above the balustrade which marks off the upper story from the lower. The head of the arch is filled with a mosaic of the Last Judgment. But this is a modern work. Beneath there are arches retiring within other arches, until the great square doorway is reached. On either side is a narrower portal, above which Gothic tracery has been added. The remaining entrances to right and left are still more Oriental in appearance. Beyond these, and extending beyond the front, is an additional arch, boldly resting upon a single column. That upon our right, in the dark shadow of the campanile, reveals a glimpse of sunlit wall beyond,—the angle of a chapel, while above it we recognize the familiar features of the Doges' Palace even in this small bit, in the corner over its principal entrance.

The upper story of the façade consists of five arches, with a few columns to support them, in striking contrast with the innumerable shafts below. The central arch is filled with one great window, while the face of the arch has the richest sculptured relief. Before the window stand the celebrated horses in bronze,—the only

horses Venice has to show. They are the trophies of an expedition which brought great glory for a time to the Venetians, but ultimately hastened the ruin of their eastern commerce. The Fourth Crusade led Venice into an unexpected attack upon Constantinople. In the plundering of the eastern metropolis many works of art were carried away. And the doge Dandolo, who commanded the forces of Venice, though at the age of ninety-five, sent home these bronze horses in 1204. They were taken from the Hippodrome of Constantinople, having been removed, it is said, from some triumphal arch at Rome by Constantine in the fourth century. They are probably the work of a Greek artist working at Rome, perhaps in the first century. From Venice they went to Paris as the spoils of Napoleon, but were returned to their old position a few years later, in 1815.

St. Mark's was not completed, however, by the plunder of Constantinople. It remained for the fifteenth century to add the luxuriant Gothic carving above the upper arches, together with the pinnacles, sheltering sculptured saints and evangelists. St. Mark himself stands high above the central arch, his winged lion beneath him.

Before the church rise three tall masts, out of bronze pedestals. Here the banners of the Venetian Republic formerly floated.

The piazza swarms with people, and with flocks of gray pigeons. It is the centre of life in Venice, especially in the evening, when there is music, and the cafés on either side spread their tables far out into the open square.

Nearing the central doorway we pass into the vestibule, itself a marvel of costly decoration, and thence into the nave of the church.

84. *Interior of San Marco.*

We seem to have been transplanted in a moment to Constantinople. From the low domes overhead, through rings of small windows, the sunlight streams down upon gold-mosaics and polished marbles. Eastern richness of adornment and warmth of color have banished almost every suggestion of Italy and western civilization. The impression is not that of a great cathedral, but of a court-church or palace-chapel of the doges, decked out with royal magnificence. And so it was in fact.* It is like a jewel in the most perfect settings, and to this effect the relative smallness of the church contributes. This nave is less than forty feet in width, or one-half the width of St. Peter's, and the length of the interior hardly two hundred feet. The height to the crown of the central dome is about ninety-two feet.

Of the domes there are five in all, one for each of the arms of the church, and one for the crossing of the nave and transepts. They are strongly suggestive of S. Sophia at Constantinople. And they are so low in pitch that from without they would scarcely be seen at all, if those strange creations in wood and copper, which we saw from the piazza, had not been raised far above the low-browed masonry that we see from within.

Stout piers sustain the central dome, but they are pierced by arches, both below and above, at the level of the upper galleries. By these galleries one may make a tour of the church to study the mosaics. They are borne on arches and columns, like these on our right, separating the nave from the transepts. Again, the passages are carried in tunnels through the piers. As with a mountain railway, it is a succession of tunnels

* See No. 83.

and bridges, except that one may linger at will to see and enjoy scenery which glows with gold and brilliant colors.

The floor of the church shows large slabs of marble enclosed in bands of mosaic in costly stones, but inferior to the Cosmati work at Rome*. Owing to the settling of the church on its unstable ground the floor is full of hills and hollows,—pitfalls for those who wander about absorbed in contemplation of the mosaics far above.

The mosaics furnish the principal feature of the interior of St. Mark's. Sculpture, so lavish and so beautiful without, is very sparingly used within. There are few figures of saints, except upon the choir-screen, and reliefs are seldom to be found. Plain slabs of a veined Oriental marble, now browned with age, adorn the lower portions of walls and piers. At the height of the galleries the mosaic pictures begin, and cover all the remaining surface of the walls, together with the vaulting and the domes. Some forty-six thousand square feet of surface are said to be covered by this slow and costly method of decoration. Few portions are older than the twelfth century, but from that time on the taste of nearly every age is represented in the changing character of the designs. Everywhere the background is of gold-mosaic, each tiny cube having a bit of gold-leaf imbedded beneath its surface. It is this which produces that glow of light which seems to fill the church. The scenes and figures represented are usually from the scriptures,—in the central dome the Ascension, in the distant apse Christ enthroned.

From the nave the choir is separated by steps and a marble screen with columns, a crucifix, and statues of saints and apostles. On either side of the screen, under

* See No. 57.

the transept arches, are marble pulpits resting upon columns. That on the left is double, but the upper portion, with a pillared canopy so suggestive of a mosque, is the throne of the patriarch. Through the screen we can see the baldachin of the high-altar, and beneath it the altar-piece in enamel and jewels on gold and silver, a Byzantine work of the early twelfth century, usually kept under cover.

From the domes hang chandeliers,—this one in the form of a quadruple cross, with many small lamps, and a great ball above. Nothing in fact is lacking in St. Mark's to make an interior almost unrivaled in splendor. It is a jeweled reliquary, enlarged to the size of a church, and redolent with the incense of nine centuries.

After the Doges' Palace and San Marco, the Grand Canal! By gondola from the foot of the *piazzetta* we soon reach the Academy, the chief picture gallery of Venice. From the bridge which spans the canal at that point we look eastward.

85. *Franchetti Palace and S. Maria della Salute.*

In the distance on our right is the church of *S. Maria della Salute*, one of the most picturesque churches in Venice, although absolutely different from San Marco, and the product of a much later age.

On our left the Franchetti Palace, and other palaces, one after another until they are lost in the curve of the Grand Canal. Straight before us, beyond the church, is the custom-house and the *Punta della Salute*. The low tower bears a globe, and a gilded statue of Fortune serving as a weather-vane. To the left of this and in the furthest distance are the trees of the Public Gardens

in the extreme east-end, far beyond the Riva. But that is no longer the Grand Canal, which ends at the *Punta della Salute* and the golden Fortune. The whole length of the canal is about two miles, its width from a hundred to two hundred feet. In shape it is like a letter S, and hence in spite of its inviting breadth, the gondolas are always abridging their trips by short cuts through the narrow canals, and emerging into the Grand Canal again. But the steam-launches ply back and forth along this crooked thoroughfare, and of an evening it is gay with the lights of gondolas and barges.

It is far more than a thoroughfare, however; it is an almost uninterrupted procession of palaces on both sides. In other cities of Italy one seldom finds the palaces of the great in any one quarter of the city. Often it happens that a famous palace rises above dingy homes of the poor. And this is especially true in Rome, where an aristocratic family may reside in the most neglected regions of the city, provided only its social credit is saved by the possession of a venerable palace. Here in Venice there are almost no palatial homes which are not on the Grand Canal, as though nobility and a side-canal would be quite incompatible. Thus the old families of Venice have ranged their palaces on this side and that, until no street in the world quite rivals the *Canal Grande* in its impression of high birth and princely luxury. They are of all sizes and ages, and in different styles of architecture.

These upon our left are examples of the Gothic, like the Doges' Palace in their essential features, but on a more modest scale. The Franchetti Palace, the nearest of them, is a type of the Venetian Gothic palace. In two stories the central portion has arcades and tracery like those of the Doges' Palace. These were originally

open loggias, but have now been enclosed. A balcony projects over the entrance, and smaller balconies on either side repeat the same motive of a diminutive colonnade, while the angle of each balcony is marked by a sitting lion. The entrance arch below is pointed, and entirely filled by an iron grill, as are also the square-headed windows on either side. Before the doorway is a platform enclosed by a parapet of small columns, with steps descending into the water. The gaily decorated piles in front of the palace are painted with the family colors, and serve to protect gondolas lying by the steps. No Venetian palace is complete without these posts (*pali*). The first or principal floor of such a palace is at the level of the balconies. Below it is a low mezzanine, or intermediate story; below that the ground-floor,—or should it be called the “water-floor” in Venice? It is also characteristic that the front of such a palace should be symmetrical, and that the central part should receive nearly all the architectural adornment.

The next palace beyond is far less ornate, and later alterations have done much to disguise its original appearance, especially the addition of a plain upper story and baroque balconies. Just at the curve of the canal an angle of a much larger palace shows itself. The Italian flag marks it as the prefecture. But from this point of view we can form no idea of the Palazzo Cornaro, another work of Sansovino in the sixteenth century.

Across the canal the dome of *S. Maria della Salute* constantly draws attention to itself, although the body of the church is hidden by a palace. Its situation at the end of the Grand Canal has made it one of the most familiar objects in pictures of Venice.*

* See No. 89.

Returning from the bridge to our gondola, we proceed up the canal, passing the Palazzo Rezzonico, the home of Browning, to the Palazzo Foscari, a Gothic palace of the fourteenth century. Entering, we climb to the first floor of the palace.

86. *The Grand Canal, towards the Rialto.*

From the loggia of the Palazzo Foscari, we are looking up the Grand Canal. After a long stretch which is comparatively straight, the canal finally sweeps around to the left, and disappears from our view just at the Rialto. We can see less than one-half of that famous bridge in the furthest distance. The rest is lost to sight around the bend of the canal. We have before us, then, the central portion of the canal, with its succession of palaces on either hand. No church relieves with its domes or towers the almost unbroken line of palaces. A single tower near the Rialto belongs to a church back from the canal, while the dome and nave of a much larger church, still further away, are those of Sts. John and Paul, one of the principal churches of Venice, containing the tombs of the doges.

Below that distant dome is a conspicuous palace-front, in three massive stories. It is the Palazzo Grimani, one of the best examples of the Renaissance architecture in Venice. Its builder was Sammicheli, an eminent military engineer and architect of the sixteenth century.

Not far beyond the Palazzo Grimani is a modest house, once occupied by the great doge Dandolo (1192-1205), but it can scarcely be distinguished at this distance.

In general the view up or down the Grand Canal is less striking than we should have imagined. But the explanation is simple. The Venetian palaces have no

towers, and few rise very conspicuously above their neighbors. All the adornment is lavished upon the front, and they are meant to be seen only from close at hand. It is from a gondola that they are most impressive, as one passes along from front to front. Even the smaller palaces, as seen thus, have their charms, and what in the distance, and seen sidewise, appeared unpromising or uninteresting, is found to be a beautiful specimen of the decorative architecture of Venice,—a type which survived the artistic revolution of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. For the Renaissance palace often clings to the old features, and the architect was satisfied if the details were no longer Gothic, but such as sprang from the revived study of ancient buildings.

Right here on our left we have the angle of a Renaissance structure, the Palazzo Balbi. The next palace (Grimani) in a simple style belongs to the earlier part of the same period. Both have the *pali*, or piles, painted in heraldic colors, and as far as the eye can reach groups of them follow from palace to palace. To the Venetian, at least in former times, the colors at once told the story,—there was no need to ask which of the noble families occupied that particular house.

A modern feature of the Grand Canal is a line of steamboats with regular stations, now on this side, now on that, of the canal. One of these floating stations—certainly far from picturesque—is here on our left. The next may be seen some distance further up on the right, then another on the opposite side. No attempt has been made to adapt either the boats or the stations to their Venetian surroundings. They are prosaic nineteenth-century steamboats and bath-house floats, in painful contrast with the graceful forms of the gondolas.

But they have been accepted as a necessity, and any one who has had experience of a down-pour in Venice—the wettest place in the world when it does rain—will not find it possible to condemn them very strongly. And still they strike a discordant note, not literally, with their whistles, although that is true enough, but by their constant reminder that the glories of Venice belong completely to the past. From a dreamland where everything is so strikingly different from other cities, the steamboat rudely awakens us to the consciousness that many other changes have overtaken this city of islands; that most of these celebrated palaces have passed out of the hands of the old families; that many have been bought by foreigners, especially English, while others are now converted into public buildings. This one is an antiquity shop, and its neighbor perhaps a mosaic factory. All this means that Venice must continue to live in the past, her eastern commerce long ago ruined, her political position gone forever. Yet still she will attract travelers of every tongue by the romance which clings to her name, and will never depart from her venerable buildings. There is but one Venice, even if we may not revive all the pageantry which has passed up and down this Grand Canal,—the gay barges, large and small, and the famous *Bucentaur* of the doges.

Once more we take to our gondola, and slowly pass in review the double line of palaces until the Rialto is reached.

87. *The Rialto.*

Standing on the quay, we have a near view of the singular bridge which was so long the only one on the

Grand Canal. A single arch in marble seems merely an exaggeration of the little bridges of the small canals. But its great width enables it to sustain not merely a roadway, but two arcades, with shops and a wide central street—for it is very much of a street—though never trodden by horses, as indeed its steps would forbid, if there were any horses in Venice to exclude. On this side of the shops is another passage, guarded by a marble balustrade, and the same arrangement is repeated on the other side of the bridge. In the centre are two higher open arches on this side and that, allowing a free view up the Grand Canal, so far as the bend in its course allows, or down in the direction of our Palazzo Foscari.*

In its general idea the Rialto must recall the *Ponte Vecchio* at Florence†,—that is, in providing much more than a means of crossing, in furnishing space for trade to escape from the narrow streets and plant itself at a point where all must pass. Here there is no corridor overhead connecting a palace on this bank with another on that. It is doubtful if Venice would ever have permitted such a thing. Certainly there was no one family so superior to the rest of the nobles as the Medici at Florence. But here the side passages mark the contrast between the mediæval bridge, with its overhanging shops, and the modern.

The name is derived from Rivoalto, the ancient designation of the principal island of Venice, now lost among the innumerable islets which are covered by the city. As early as the twelfth century there seems to have been a bridge of boats at this point. In 1264 a bridge was built of wood upon piles, and in 1450 another

* See No. 86.

† See No. 72.

of the same kind took its place. A stone bridge was not erected until 1588-91. The heavy abutments rest upon vast masses of piles, twelve thousand in number, if we may trust the guide-books. A marble arch of seventy-four feet span is in itself a rarity, but this one is remarkable also for its low pitch and great width. Gliding under it in a gondola one is impressed by the Roman massiveness of the masonry, but no Roman bridge ever had so extraordinary a form, or carried a street bodily over a stream, shops and all.

The importance of the Rialto was increased by the fact that until the middle of the nineteenth century no other bridge spanned the Grand Canal. At that time two iron bridges were added, one at the railway station and one at the Academy.*

Under the arch of the bridge we see an arcade along the quay, while quaint battlements rise over the curved roofs of the Rialto. It is the *Fondaco de' Tedeschi*, a warehouse used by the German merchants in Venice in former times, now converted into a custom-house. It is our first suggestion of the commerce which was the foundation of Venetian prosperity. Nothing is harder to do in the dreamy city of to-day than to imagine the activity which once kept these quays and warehouses alive with merchants of every nation. The East and the West, met in Venice then, as they do, for example, in Constantinople now. All the rich merchandise of the Levant, brought in Venetian ships to this market, was displayed before the eyes of the merchants of Italy, Germany, France, or even England. And the Rialto was then a name in the commercial world, as influential as Wall Street or Lombard Street to-day, or the Bourses of Paris, Berlin,

* See No. 85.

and Vienna. Now, unhappily, the trade of the Levant has fallen to the other Adriatic city, Trieste, or to Genoa, and the merchants and bankers come to the Rialto only as tourists to this temple of trade.

In returning down the Grand Canal we turn aside near the Academy into a small canal (*rio*), past the church of S. Trovaso, to the broad *Canal della Giudecca*.

88. *A Picturesque Canal.*

We look nearly the entire length of this small canal, beyond its two white bridges, to the buildings by the Grand Canal.

Here, on our right, the houses do not rise directly out of the water, but as often happens in the smaller canals, there is a long stretch of what may be called sidewalk. It is fenced by a brick parapet capped with stone. And a gate is placed where steps descend to the water. The walk is uncommonly broad, so that the dwellers in these houses have reason to rejoice that they are not shut up to a narrow *calle*, or lane, but have the freedom of this embankment along the canal. The larger house with the balconies and the flag-staff is something of a palace, and would not be altogether out of place among the more modest sort on the Grand Canal. It has the pointed windows, and the Gothic loggia like the Palazzo Franchetti,* but the balconies are of the Renaissance.

Most of the houses are small and dingy. It is clear that this quarter of the city sees little even of the tourist life with which Venice has to content itself now in place of its old activity. On the left bank is a small

* See No. 85.

church, unknown to fame. It is the church of S. Trovaso, with a front which recalls certain features of *S. Maria della Salute*, and a simple belfry. In front of the church is a green spot of grass—a rarity along the canals of Venice—and a few trees endeavoring to see their own reflections in the still waters below. Close by on our left is a lumber-shed, perhaps for the repair of gondolas. For this peaceful quarter of the city seems to be the favorite haunt of the superannuated gondola. Here they are laid up for repairs, to set forth again in fresh black paint upon their endless cruises among the hundred islands of Venice. Here they come at last to be stripped of their iron beaks and brass ornaments, and to be put out of commission for the last time,—a sad day for the gondolier.

Other boats also come here for repairs, among them the broad freight-boats, like this one beneath the parapet upon which we are leaning. Even these have the high bow and stern, and satisfying curves, such as belong by right to every form of Venetian craft. This particular boat seems to be as much in need of paint as the canal of its morning sweeping. Even after that process has been performed in the usual perfunctory manner, and straw and orange-peels, and many things less desirable to mention, have been removed by long brooms from the bow of a boat, the waters of the smaller canals are apt to be far from inviting. Unluckily there is no tide to sweep through these narrow channels and carry everything out to sea. The tide in the Mediterranean is only to be observed by the closest attention, and is quite unnoticed as a rule, even here at the head of the Adriatic, where the minute rise and fall is more perceptible than anywhere else. With an Atlantic tide Venice would be more effectually cleansed, but the whole appearance

of the city would be different, if provision had to be made for a rise of even four or five feet. High walls and long flights of steps at low tide would utterly spoil that impression of a city belonging completely and absolutely to the sea, and living in the friendly embrace of the mastering element.

Along the wide channel between the *Giudecca* and the city proper we return by gondola to the *piazzetta*. Thence on foot to the campanile, which we climb, not by stairs after the manner of commonplace towers, but by a series of inclined planes. At each angle of the tower the incline takes a new direction, winding around and around until a flight of stairs near the top brings us to a great belfry swarming with bells of all sizes.

89. *Venice from the Campanile.*

Across the mouth of the Grand Canal we are looking over the *Punta della Salute* to the long narrow island of the *Giudecca*, and out into open water, or what appears to be open water. It is not the Adriatic, however, which lies further to the left beyond the long narrow island of Malamocco and the Lido. In this south-westerly direction the lagoon stretches away for fifteen miles, all the way to Chioggia, and to our view it seems like the sea itself.

It is only from the campanile that one fully appreciates the fact that Venice is not only made up of small islands, but also has a completely insular position at some distance from the low coast-line. In entering the city by rail over the long causeway we began to realize this fact, but the view was too limited to permit of a full understanding of the strange situation. From this

height the small canals are lost to view among the houses, and only the larger canals appear at all. The hundred islands and more seem at once to be reduced to three or four.

But to take what lies immediately before us,—we are looking down upon the roofs of the buildings which occupy the southern side of the Piazza of St. Mark. It is the *Procuratie Nuove*, once the residence of some of the “procurators,” of whom there were nine in all, the chief magistrates of Venice after the doge. The long building, with its main front towards the piazza, belongs to the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is divided by a whole series of courts, and our present view of it is limited to tile-roofs and chimneys, and flat roofs walled in for the drying of clothes. The other front looks down into its gardens, extending to the water. This is now the Royal Palace, but as the king is seldom long in Venice, it is rarely thought of in connection with the court, and still remains a monument of the old Republic, far more than a reminder of the new kingdom with which the destinies of Venice are now united.

To the right of the gardens are several palaces on the Grand Canal, most of them now serving as hotels. Over these, and across the canal rises the picturesque mass of *S. Maria della Salute*, which we have already seen in passing, and from the bridge by the Academy.* As a church it seems to have nothing in common with St. Mark’s, nor could it keep company with the Doges’ Palace. In architecture it represents the seventeenth century (1631–82), and the baroque period; but Longhena, its architect, rose far above the most of his contemporaries. The dome is buttressed by huge volutes, each bearing a statue. A smaller dome and two slender

* See No. 85.

towers support the principal dome behind. The porch suggests a Roman triumphal arch. But everywhere the classical forms have been treated with the utmost freedom. Originality and picturesqueness were the chief aims of the builder, and in these he was eminently successful. Whatever is blamed by the architects is praised by the painters, with whom the church has been a favorite subject. At all events it makes good its claim to be one of the chief landmarks of the Grand Canal.

To the left of *S. Maria della Salute*, the tall building is a seminary for priests. The low triangular structure terminating in a square tower with porches and crowned by a ball and a figure of Fortune, is the *Dogana di Mare*, or custom-house for imports by sea. Hence the many barges on this side and the vessels at anchor on the other.

Beyond the last, stretches the long line of the *Giudecca*, showing us at this distance only its houses, a church, and a factory-chimney or two, while concealing the gardens which are its chief feature. The church directly over the *Punta della Salute* is the *Redentore*, one of the later works (1576) of Palladio, the master of Longhena, and himself the last of the architects belonging to the Renaissance period. A lofty façade, a dome, a slender tower,—this is all that can be made out at this distance. It is well known among architects, all the more because Palladio built comparatively few churches.

What one sees from the campanile, however, is not single sights to be pointed out and described. It is rather one great romance of the sea that the eye reads here in everything. It is difficult to close the book, and say farewell to Venice from her lofty bell-tower, which we may never ascend again,—to return to the

prosaic world where cities are on land, and streets are streets, and palaces less stately, and no public buildings like the Doges' Palace and St. Mark's.

In leaving Venice we recross the long bridge of arches, more than two miles in length, and are once more upon the mainland. To Verona is a journey of about seventy miles, through a level country, while the Alps keep approaching upon the right.

VERONA

Arrived at Verona, we soon find ourselves in the presence of its chief antiquity, the well-known amphitheatre.

90. *The Amphitheatre.*

We have climbed to this roof in order to look northward over the enclosing wall of the amphitheatre, into the great *cavea* beyond. Tier after tier, the seats in their wide elliptical curves descend steadily, as though into some vast crater, until they are lost to our view long before the arena is reached. The stairs dividing the seats into sections can be seen, emerging from the narrow openings by which the upper part of the house was reached. The whole appearance is as though ruin had overtaken the higher portions of the amphitheatre, so that the seats rise to the very top of the wall, without a portico, or other finish, at the top. And looking more closely on the further side, at the left, we discover several arches which appear to belong rather to some other building, than to the amphitheatre itself. In reality they are all that remains of the outermost ellipse

enclosing the entire structure, and carrying the seats up to a much higher level. Recalling the Colosseum at Rome,* the case was somewhat similar; but there the outer wall still exists for about one-half its length, while here a mere fragment remains. It is enough, however, to enable us to reconstruct the amphitheatre in imagination, and to explain to ourselves the crude and unfinished appearance of these arches before us. They were, in other words, interior arches, to be seen only from the corridors, and not destined to form any part of the exterior, which must have been far more imposing with its three stories of open arches, and then, perhaps, another story of blank wall, or pierced with a few windows only, after the fashion of the Colosseum. The corbels, or brackets for masts, by means of which an awning was spread, to protect the spectators from the sun, may be seen over those highest arches in the distance. In all important respects then the amphitheatre of provincial Verona was meant to rival the great Flavian Amphitheatre at the capital. Fate has dealt with it more kindly, in preserving at least a large part of the seats, and frequent restorations and renewals have made it possible to use the amphitheatre for spectacular performances, even down to the present time.

In dimensions this belongs among the larger Roman amphitheatres. The highest part of the wall in that one existing fragment reaches a height of more than a hundred feet. The long diameter is some five hundred feet, the short diameter four hundred,—figures which will mean more if it is understood that they give this amphitheatre a length equal to the breadth of that at Rome. It is then considerably smaller than the Colosseum, but

* See No. 37.

appreciably larger than the amphitheatre of Pompeii,* and is typical of many Roman towns in different parts of the empire, as for example, Pola, near Trieste, on the eastern side of the Adriatic, and Nîmes and Arles, in southern France.

As for its history, it was built too late to have been memorable in the persecutions of the Christians, except perhaps the last, that under Diocletian, who was himself the builder of this amphitheatre about 290 A. D. What it has lacked in authentic history has been made good in legend. For in the mediæval legends of Germany, this amphitheatre figured as the home of "Dietrich of Bern," the mythical counterpart of the real Theodoric, who ruled over his Ostrogoths—and most of Italy as well—from Ravenna. In legend his capital became Verona (Bern), and his palace this impossible residence for any but a creature of fancy. Yet it was in these strange ways that the mighty works of Roman builders took possession of the northern imagination.

Besides its ancient amphitheatre, Verona boasts of many churches and palaces. Tall towers rise above the house-tops, and the spires are altogether different from any towers we have been seeing at Venice. They mark our approach to Lombardy, and the influences of the North. A wall with square towers climbs the hill in the distance,—a reminder of Verona's historic importance as a fortress, guarding one of the chief approaches to Italy, that is, the route which crosses the Brenner Pass, and follows the valley of the Adige. We seem to be nearing the frontiers of Italy, and to be casting furtive glances up the Alpine valleys in the direction of the Tyrol.

* See No. 15.

From the Colosseum of Verona to its Forum—from the amphitheatre to the *Piazza delle Erbe*—is but a short distance, through narrow streets plentifully strewn with palaces.

91. *Piazza delle Erbe.*

We have left the ancient Verona for the mediæval and modern. And yet this fruit and vegetable-market of the present city is said to occupy the site of the ancient market-place, or Forum. No trace, however, remains to remind one of the Roman town, or of its chief glory, Catullus, the most inspired of Roman lyric poets. All that is before us is characteristic of the Italian city of the North, in the centuries from the fourteenth to the seventeenth.

At the further end of the square is a tall tower, with a singular roof, surrounded by forked battlements. It is the tower of the Municipio, though the town-hall is elsewhere, and a neighboring square, the *Piazza dei Signori*, is the centre of official life in Verona. Adjoining the tower is a palace of the seventeenth century, the Palazzo Trezza (Maffei), with heavy arches below, and wildly fantastic ornament in the upper stories. It was the old-time custom to paint the palace-fronts in fresco. Of that mode of decoration some traces remain in this *Piazza della Erbe*, but most of the buildings have lost their high colors.

In front of the Palazzo Trezza stands a column, like that in the *piazzetta* at Venice, bearing the winged lion of St. Mark, in memory of the centuries in which Verona was subject to the doges of Venice.

The whole length of the square is occupied by market-stalls, each with its huge umbrella, planted in a loaded box, and bargaining is going on briskly beneath their

shelter. Out of this mushroom-growth a few more enduring structures rise into view,—first a slender shrine upon a tall shaft at our end of the piazza. Then comes a small canopy, borne by four columns,—the *Tribuna*, where judgment used to be pronounced in days when there was little which was not done in the publicity of the market-place. Almost over the *Tribuna* appears a fountain-statue of Verona, the personification of the city.

Of the buildings on the left side of the square, the most conspicuous, by reason of its columns and its variegated arches, is the *Casa dei Mercanti*, an exchange, of the time of Dante (1301). The other houses have less to attract notice in themselves, but in their variety they blend into a picturesqueness which makes this piazza a favorite haunt with all who come to Verona. It is so irregular and so haphazard, that it seems perfectly to represent the mosaic history of the city. Back of it all lies the old Forum, trodden by the foot of Julius Cæsar and Catullus. Visions of Ostrogoth and Lombard and Frank are not so readily called to mind, but the *Casa dei Mercanti*, there on the left, brings back the most brilliant period of the rule of the Scaligers. It was new in the time of Can Grande della Scala, who subdued other cities, Padua and Vicenza, and received Dante in exile. Within another century Verona had fallen into the power, first of Milan, and then of Venice. It was never again to recover its independent position.

And still this market-place remains, to suggest the old-time importance of a city which once exerted an influence of its own. This it continued to do in art, long after all political significance had passed away. Few names in the time of the Renaissance deserve to be

better known than that of Fra Giocondo of Verona, the scholar and discoverer of lost manuscripts, and editor of the one ancient book upon architecture, that of Vitruvius. The pious friar who could build a bridge over the Seine at Paris, and superintend the works at St. Peter's at Rome, was one of the most versatile men in an age when every man was thought able to do many things, and do them all well. Verona has reason to honor her Fra Giocondo, almost more than the distinguished painter Paul Veronese, who belongs rather to Venice than to his native place.

The next stage in our journey carries us from Verona to Milan. Some ninety miles of distance are to be traversed, through the broad and fertile plains of the Po, with the Alps in plain sight on the right, and the Apennines blue and dim upon the left. We skirt the southern shore of the beautiful Lake Garda for a time, enjoying the wild Alpine scenery of its northern background. Upon the narrow tongue of land, projecting into the lake from the south, lay the villa of Catullus. It is a region of fortresses and historic battle-fields, memorable in the struggles of 1859, and the victories over the Austrians at Solferino and Magenta. The rest of the journey carries us through Brescia, and over long stretches of fruitful plain, to the Lombard capital.

MILAN

For our first view of the cathedral of Milan, we climb to the roof of a building on the square, to gain the full effect of the upper portions, so easily lost to sight in any view from the piazza below.

92. *The Cathedral.*

It is one mass of white marble, from foundations to the gilt statue which crowns the spire, three hundred and sixty feet above the ground. No other material was permitted to mar this dazzling whiteness,—a whiteness which becomes more resplendent as the eye passes from the lower walls, in the shadow of projecting buttresses, up to the soaring pinnacles in the full strength of undiluted sunlight, against the brightness of the soft clouds. There is a steady increase in brilliance as one looks away from earth to the delicate lacc-work projecting itself against the sky. If one could completely disregard form, and for the time think only of color, of the play of light and shade upon the purest and most ethereal of substances, the cathedral of Milan might still be enjoyed with the same innocent rapture with which it used to be admired by all travelers, and almost worshiped by the Milanese themselves.

But however unschooled may have been our judgments of architectural form, we have not studied the churches and palaces of Rome and Florence and Venice, without acquiring a certain standard, which may now be applied to this duomo of Milan.

Its great size is indeed impressive. The total length is about four hundred and ninety feet, or a little less than the longer diameter of the amphitheatre at Verona.* At the transepts the width is about two hundred and eighty feet. These dimensions give the cathedral of Milan a floor-space second only to St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral of Seville in Spain. But one has merely to recall the façades of the greater Gothic cathedrals of France and Germany and England, to feel that the architects of Milan have almost com-

* See No. 90.

pletely failed to clothe this enormous interior with the external forms which would adequately express what is within.

As one might suspect from the first casual glance, the duomo of Milan was not the product of a single mind, or even the work of a few masters, each laboring in the spirit of his predecessor. More than fifty architects are said to have been employed in the first twenty years. Still worse, there was constant wrangling between the foreign and native builders. For unhappily Milan was not destined to raise her own cathedral with that local pride and enthusiasm which gave many smaller cities churches of the greatest beauty, erected by native masters. Freedom and patriotic spirit had been crushed out by the tyrants of the Visconti family. One of the most selfish of this brood was Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who ordered the erection of the cathedral in 1386, and instead of contributing himself, as an art-loving tyrant might well have done, he enforced gifts from the people with merciless rigor. Thus the cathedral of Milan, while it has become in time the pride of the city, was in the beginning a monument to its long-suffering endurance of the Visconti. The duke's indifference to his own people showed itself also in the preference given to German and French architects. It is true that the Gothic style was far more perfectly understood in the North than in Italy, but these foreign architects were constantly changed, and out of an indefinite series of compromises came this unique cathedral, which is neither northern, nor yet Italian, and almost completely devoid of anything which could suggest Lombardy.

Centuries passed before the church approached completion. The central lantern—a lofty dome as seen

from within—was not completed until 1775. Another generation had passed before the opening of the nineteenth century saw the completion of the façade,—but in what a mingling of styles! Gothic tracery was scorned, or relegated to the upper windows, while the five doorways and the great windows above them were calmly inserted in a debased form of the Renaissance. No one appears to have protested at the time, but, now that tastes have changed again, it is proposed to remove this entire façade, and replace it by a new one, in complete harmony with the cathedral. At the same time the huge barn-like gable, ill-concealed by buttresses and lavish ornament, will no doubt give way to some more beautiful sky-line.

In fact it is the crowning fault of the Milan cathedral that ornament has been applied in such excess that there is no resting-place for the eye, and if all this filigree-work should be removed, the bare outlines of the structure itself would be found to have no beauty whatever. Proportion of the parts and harmony of the whole, often perfectly attained in the simplest Gothic church of northern countries, are almost completely sacrificed here, in what might have been one of the noblest cathedrals in the world. For the greater and more enduring qualities of their art the jealous architects of the Visconti and the Sforzas have given us a wild revelry of ornament, glittering in the whiteness of pure marble, but incapable of blinding us to the grave defects of a work once extravagantly praised.

Winding stairs from the south transept bring us to the roof of the cathedral.

93. *Pinnacles and Flying Buttresses of the Cathedral.*

We are looking down upon the roofs of the side-aisles on the south side of the nave, our view bounded on the right by the clerestory and its pinnacles. It is a forest of slender marble spires that we have beneath and above us. The roofs themselves are almost completely hidden from view. They also are of marble slabs, no other material being anywhere employed. This, in itself, quite apart from the sculptures, gives an impression of lavishness which few cathedrals can rival. The roof of the outer side-aisle is lost amid the wealth of detail. That of the inner side-aisle may be seen through the flying buttresses. It is bounded by a broad-topped parapet with rich Gothic carving. Behind that parapet one may walk from end to end of the roof. With the roof of the nave above it is much the same, except that the balustrade there blossoms out into countless Gothic pediments, and there are no buttresses to obstruct the view,—nothing but the white expanse of marble tiles, in striking contrast with the light and airy pinnacles.

But these pinnacles and the buttresses deserve special study. As in the typical Gothic cathedral of the North, the vaulted ceiling of the nave is far too massive to be borne by the piers beneath. It was therefore customary to provide props, or buttresses, in masonry, to take a part of the thrust of the vaulting, and prevent the walls of the clerestory from being pushed out. But as such supports could not be solid, without bearing too heavily upon the aisles beneath, the French architects had adopted this method of the flying buttress. In its essence this is the half of a pointed arch, exerting a constant pressure against a pier or wall above, and in its turn firmly supported from below,

often by another flying buttress. And such a system, purely constructive in its aim, proved capable of adornment. Without disguising their real uses, the buttresses add to that aspiring effect which is so marked in the Gothic architecture, since nearly every line conducts the eye by stages from the ground to the topmost spire.

Here the buttresses are unusually complicated, being in each case double, and linked together by a slender pier. On each side the flying buttress is adorned with a lace-work of tracery, often serving as a parapet for a flight of steps ascending upon the ridge of the buttress. Thus the strength of these thrusting arches is disguised, and they are made to appear an ornamental feature rather than a positive necessity.

So the pinnacles, which in such a system serve the practical purpose of adding weight where weight is needed, and thus increase the stability of the whole, have here taken on a wild and luxuriant growth, until all limits of extravagance seem to have been passed. They bud with diminutive pinnacles up and down their stems; they blossom in canopies without number; and the full flower is always a statue. Larger statues stand upon dizzy heights at the summit of each of these pinnacles. And for every one of these that stand forth boldly, as though poised upon the tip of a needle in marble, there are many more that lurk more modestly in their quiet corners, content to remain unseen. One is not surprised in the end to learn that the total number of such statues and statuettes exceeds two thousand. What a Greek or a Roman would have said of sculpture perched a couple of hundred feet above the ground, may be left unexpressed. The schoolman of the middle ages might have been quickened to fresh zeal in his

eternal debate as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. And yet, when all has been said against this excessive ornament, one still finds a certain charm in its very exuberance. Here at least there was no counting of the cost, nothing omitted because it could not be seen from the ground. It is to be judged—not too severely—as a kind of fairy-land in itself, solidified, as dreams rarely are, into the purest of marble, and held in suspense far above the house-tops of Milan.

The city itself has not been a city of dreams. Under its old name, Mediolanium, it flourished as the chief town in the plains of the Po, and by the age of Diocletian and Constantine it had become one of the capitals of the Empire. Even the inroads of the barbarians, and the total destruction of the city by the Goths, in 539, did not prevent Milan from resuming its old position, and becoming in the middle ages one of the greatest cities in the world. Conflicts with the German Roman emperors led to destruction once more at the hands of Frederick Barbarossa, in 1162. With the fourteenth century, it became subject to the enlightened tyranny of the Visconti, who were succeeded in the next century by the Sforzas, under whom Milan became one of the chief centres of Renaissance art. Leonardo da Vinci, with his pupils, in painting, and Bramante in architecture, gave Milan a position of the first importance in the arts. Under Spanish rule, and then under the Austrians, Lombardy languished, until the war of 1859 brought about liberation from foreign control, and union with the new Italy. A new period of prosperity began for Milan, a time of great growth in every direction. It is no longer a city which dreams of its past. The busy present, in this great commercial and manufacturing centre, now absorbs all attention, except as we escape

from the noisy life of its streets and arcades, to the still heights of this cathedral roof.

Excursions from Milan carry us first southward, to visit the *Certosa* of Pavia, and then in a northwesterly direction to *Lago Maggiore*.

The *Certosa* lies between Milan and Pavia, five miles north of the city from which it takes its name, and about seventeen miles from Milan. It is a flat country, often flooded for the cultivation of rice, which is here the principal crop.

CERTOSA DI PAVIA

Driving from the station, around the extensive group of buildings which once belonged to the convent, we reach the vestibule, and passing through into the court, are confronted by the famous façade.

94. *Façade of the Certosa.*

This great church was begun within a decade after the duomo of Milan, under the orders of the same duke, Gian Galeazzo Visconti, but while the interior is Gothic, the pointed arch was almost entirely banished from the exterior, and the façade is one of the most celebrated works of the Italian Renaissance.

Begun about a century after the church, this elaborate front represents the work of many hands, and controversy still busies itself with the question to whom the chief honor belongs. Among the numerous architects is named the painter Borgognone, and it has been thought that the lower and more imaginative portion may well be ascribed to him. Painters certainly were

often called away from their brushes to design buildings, and the spirit of the painter seems here to show itself beyond all question in the thousand fanciful details which adorn, or rather compose, this unique frontispiece. No Gothic façade was ever more completely a picture-book in stone.

To begin with, the foundation is adorned with the history of Rome, as represented by medallion-portraits of her emperors, not without the suggestion that all later Italian history rests upon a Roman basis. Then came heavy basement-mouldings,—a Gothic feature, retained even in this triumph of the new style. Above these a series of sculptured reliefs is carried from side to side, framed with delicate pilasters and a classic entablature. The scenes represented in these marble pictures are drawn in part from the Bible, and in part from the life of the Visconti tyrant. Each buttress breaks the series of reliefs with a statue in a niche.

The buttresses are once more a survival from Gothic modes of building, and yet the architects of the new period did not hesitate to make them principal features in their Renaissance façade. They are further emphasized by heroic statues, rising one above the other to the highest cornice above. At the angles double buttresses, with double tiers of statues, support canopied pinnacles.

These marked vertical lines in the façade are crossed by horizontal lines of even greater emphasis. For the old arcades of the Lombard churches in the Romanesque period, used with such effect on the exterior of this church by its Gothic builders, were here employed again, but in an altered form, to suit the revived classical-taste. The slender shafts in these beautiful arcades have given way to the Roman piers, masked by pilasters

bearing the entablature. The upper lines of the lower arcade divide the façade, at about one-half its height, into two very distinct parts, of which the lower reveals that character of the painter in architecture, of which we were speaking in connection with the name of Borgognone.

Of this older portion the central features are a single portal, and the great windows on either side. The doorway has paired Corinthian columns, but an arch with the richest adornment has taken the place of a classical pediment. Still more ornate are the square-headed windows, framed in with reliefs and medallions, and inlay of colored marbles, until flat spaces seem completely banished. In the middle of each window stands a delicate candelabrum-shaft supporting round arches. And above the cornices of these windows fantastic sculpture assumes the form and functions of a pediment. The whole impression of one of these windows, apart from the statues on either side, is as though the imaginative architecture which the house-decorators of Rome and Pompeii used to paint upon the walls, had at last been realized in marble.

Above the principal arcade the ideas of the painter seem to have yielded to the soberer thoughts of the architect. The round window in its half-classical framework seems severity itself, by contrast with all that we have been observing below. Panels take the place of reliefs, and every form is restrained. How the highest part of the unfinished façade was to have been completed, it is difficult to imagine. The upper arcade is higher than the roof of the church, and it can scarcely have been the intention of the architects to add much more than a group of graceful pinnacles.

The convent to which this sumptuous church belonged was of the aristocratic Carthusian order, which

was highly favored by the dukes of Milan. Its wealth grew and its buildings expanded, until no convent in Italy could equal it in the luxury of its appointments. This wonderful façade correctly suggests the wealth of artistic works contained within the church, among them the tombs of some of the Visconti. Nowhere surely did the pride of a great monastic establishment express itself in terms at once so artistic and so impressive. And nowhere in Italy does the first flower of the Renaissance bloom with more tropical luxuriance.

LAGO MAGGIORE

A second excursion from Milan carries us a distance of some fifty miles, to the foot of the Alps. From Laveno, on the eastern shore of *Lago Maggiore*, we cross by boat to Pallanza, and thence across another arm of the lake to the Borromean Islands and the town of Stresa. Walking a short distance to the west of Stresa, we have the view over the islands and the lake.

95. *Isola Bella and Pallanza.*

Straight before us lies *Isola Bella*, the best-known member of the group. The beauty from which it derives its name is not, however, that of situation, or of natural advantages—although it is not devoid of these—but of the artificial villa and the landscape-gardener. At the right, the southern end of the island, is a marvelous series of terraces, in imitation, presumably, of the hanging gardens of Babylon. They rise one above another to the height of a hundred feet. This formal paradise was contrived in the seventeenth century on a spot where there had been nothing but unproductive

rock. But if the taste of that time ran to every conceivable form of artificiality in gardening, the Count Borromeo, who first established himself upon the island, had still a love of Nature which led him to plant trees in the greatest profusion. In this favored spot, cared for without regard to expense, for more than two centuries, these groves have flourished with all the rich foliage and tempting fruits of a semi-tropical climate. At this distance, however, we can see only the dark green mass, and are left to imagine the orange and lemon trees, with golden fruit and white blossoms at the same time on every branch; the laurels and magnolias and oleanders are also lost to view, even in so diminutive a wood.

From the stiffness of the terraces we can readily supply all the statues and vases and balustrades and grottoes, which were so necessary to the Italian garden. Here, however, its situation upon an island, of which it claims almost complete possession, gives this garden a distinction of its own, to which must be added the views in all directions, especially towards the Alps.

The villa at the north end of the island is of great size. There the princely owners have gathered a collection of paintings, and indulged a taste for palatial decorations. The family is an ancient one, having possessed these islands for six hundred years. It has also produced more than one archbishop of Milan; the best known is San Carlo Borromeo, who was canonized within a century after his death (1584).

Over *Isola Bella* lies another islet of the group, *Isola Madre*,—a mass of trees about a huge white villa. It too has a terraced garden, and a profusion of all things green or flowering, but the villa is seldom, if ever, inhabited.

To the right of *Isola Madre*, in the distance, is the little town of Pallanza, with its villas and hotels along the shore of the lake. Behind the town white villages climb the heights, in the midst of densely wooded slopes.

Mountains fill the whole background of the view as we look over these picturesque islands and the lake. Near the middle of this long panorama of Alpine ridges, and directly over the centre of *Isola Bella*, we may make out a chain of distant mountains, clad in snow, but dimly seen beneath these clouds. It is the crowning touch to the scenery of the Italian lakes,—the eternal snows of the Alps, always in sight, while the lower slopes are green with the trees of warm and hospitable regions, and the blue lake itself burns beneath an almost tropical sun. Nothing could be more fruitful than these sunny shores,—an endless succession of gardens and orchards, such as this at our feet, where the two boys with the quaint baskets on their backs stand and talk, indifferent to the rare view, so old and familiar to them. One wonders how it must seem to have been born and brought up in such a paradise,—and then to spend one's days in busily forgetting it all.

Descending through the gardens to the shore of the lake, we enjoy a nearer view along its western margin.

96. *Lago Maggiore, the Western Shore.*

The view is much more limited. Instead of the broad sweep over the open lake and its islands, to a town on the opposite bank, we have here a quiet corner, in which the work of man is insignificant, so that we can devote ourselves without distraction to the pure enjoyment of Nature.

It is a peaceful bay, opening out into the western arm of the lake. As the eye follows the line of the shore there are few villas to interrupt the green foliage clothing the lower slopes. The highway loses itself completely among woods and orchards. To the right more buildings appear over the tree-tops, and one may even suspect that some modest village is lurking there. And so it is,—the village of Baveno, with hotels for strangers, and boats to *Isola Bella*, and a diligence as often as twice a day to Gravellona. There, beyond these gray rocks, and in fact beyond the western limit of the lake, the Simplon railway passes through Gravellona, and thus after all this paradise is kept in communication with the noisy world outside.

The bare hills above Baveno, displaying their rugged granite masses—the lower rounded hill on the right, and the more forbidding mountain on the left—are a source of wealth to the village, and have sent its fame abroad, as columns and blocks of granite have been carried hence to Milan, and even to Rome. From these quarries came the beautiful soft gray columns of the new St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls at Rome.* They were first transported on barges down the lake and its outlet, the river Ticino, past Pavia, to the Po.

Lago Maggiore belongs, in fact, completely to the Ticino, which rises far away to the north, among the high Alps about the St. Gothard Pass, and flows through the lake to its southern end, where it assumes again the quality of a river. Its upper valley affords a route for one of the most famous of the Alpine railways, the St. Gothard; the lower course provides a boundary—now unimportant—between Lombardy and Piedmont, until its waters lose themselves in the Po, not far below

* See No. 56.

Pavia. But its central course is the blue lake itself,* which is to the Ticino what the Lake of Geneva is to the Rhone.

We are wandering away from the peaceful scene before us, in our desire to follow the course of these still waters from the ice of the St. Gothard, eight thousand feet above the sea, down to the Po and thence to the Adriatic. But to follow the water-courses in mind is a taste which every traveler in a mountain region finds himself forced to acquire.

Of the higher mountains we have one long irregular line of many peaks, here and there wreathed in light clouds. In its general direction our view is towards the Simplon Pass, but no snow mountains reveal themselves in that gap above Baveno. Monte Rosa itself lies too far to the left, behind the granite of this nearest height.

With Switzerland so near, it is difficult to turn away from mountains that seem almost within reach. And yet we have not forsaken Italy, in approaching so near to its iron-bound northern frontier. Certainly there is no suggestion in the foreground that this is not still Italy. The boats belong unmistakably to the Italian lakes. Their canopy-awnings upon light hoops are a sufficient reminder of the heat of the southern sun on the fisherman's head. And the inexperienced tourist, who ventures to cross the lake in a boat without such a top, will surely think himself in the tropics. The little yacht at anchor a short distance from the shore is neither Italian nor Swiss, but belongs to the cosmopolitan world of fashion, which is much the same everywhere, and knows how to make itself at home on every coast where there are good hotels and luxurious villas. For some-

* The greatest depth of the lake is 2,800 feet, or more than 2,000 feet below the sea-level.

thing genuinely Italian we must come back to our boatman, standing at his oars, or to the sunburned mother with her child and basket.

From *Lago Maggiore* we return to Milan, and then travel across the plains of the Ticino and the Po to Alessandria. Again we climb the Apennines, and descend abruptly to the sea.

GENOA

In history Genoa exercises a less potent charm over the imagination than Venice or Florence, in spite of its proud position in the later middle ages. Older than Venice by something like seven centuries, Genoa was a city of the old Ligurians, and figures in Roman history as far back as the time of the Second Punic War, when it was destroyed in 205 B. C. by Mago, the brother of Hannibal. As a seaport it was destined to maintain its importance, although it seldom finds a place in the political annals of Rome, either under the Republic or the Empire. With the middle ages the story of the city takes on a new interest, as we find Genoa in the lead in defending this coast against the Saracens, and in the eleventh century venturing upon the conquest of Corsica. The supremacy of Pisa in these waters was valiantly disputed for generations, until a great naval victory in 1284 gave a still higher position to Genoa, now that the ruin of Pisa had begun. Already the Genoese merchants had established themselves everywhere in the Levant, and the trade of the East was now divided between Venice and Genoa. At Constantinople the latter long maintained the upper hand, the Genoese having received

an entire quarter (Pera) of that city. By the walls they erected there, and by their fleets, they contrived to overawe the feeble eastern emperors. With Venice there were incessant wars, and it was not until near the end of the mediæval period that Venice at length outstripped Genoa in the race. And even in the age of discovery which followed, the maritime glory of the Genoese had not yet departed.

At home the government was torn between rival families, whose strife led constantly to foreign intervention by the dukes of Milan, or the kings of France or Naples, and to subjection for a time to other powers. From these, and from its rivals in Italy, as from the Turks in the East, Genoa suffered one blow after another, until its history becomes a painful tale of woe.

At last, after the Napoleonic storms, Genoa found her permanent anchorage in the kingdom of Sardinia, and increasing prosperity has come with the growth and progress of the kingdom of Italy.

For a view of the city and a glimpse of the Mediterranean, we climb to the upper quarters, along the line of the old walls, now destroyed to make public gardens and promenades.

97. *Genoa from an Old Palace Garden.*

From a terrace we have the city spread out before us. Away to the right is the towering lighthouse, on its rocky promontory. Above a picturesque mass of fortifications of various ages, and out of the natural rock, rises a slender square tower in two stories. There are few more imposing beacons in the world to guide the shipmaster into port. For the light is three

hundred and eighty feet above the harbor. It is a sufficient reminder that Genoa keeps her eye upon the sea.

Below the lighthouse we may easily make out the basin of the inner harbor, with steamers lying by the quays. It is there that the great liners land their passengers, and their freight from Constantinople, or New York, or the Argentina, or the Far East.

In the distance we have a long stretch of Mediterranean horizon, vague and intangible, as it often is. Against the blue waters are projected the masts of countless ships. Further to the left a straight dark line marks the outermost limits of the latest addition to the port of Genoa. It is the Molo of the Duke of Galliera, who contributed large sums for the improvement of the harbor.

Returning to what lies nearer in the foreground of our prospect, we have a charming bit of an Italian garden, composing itself as skilfully as any piece of stage scenery,—the spreading palm on the left, the wonderful tapestry pattern in a mosaic of black and white stones, the parapet itself with its century-plants in vases, and then the mass of greenness on the right, sending up one tall cedar, while in front a pine rises above the parapet. Framed in between these two trees is the most imposing of the palaces below. It is almost startling to find how different is the palace of Genoa from those of Florence and Venice, or of Rome. In the first place, the roof is here given due recognition, as something to be frankly confessed, and not to be concealed from view by balustrades, or lost to sight merely by the lowness of its pitch. We seem to have wandered back to the North again, as we look out over such roofs. And yet the classical forms are not banished because a high-pitched roof was

allowed to retain the flavor of the middle ages. The front of this particular palace shows Corinthian pilasters and ornate window-pediments, alternately round and triangular. The frieze is exaggerated in height to admit of attic windows, punctuated by the brackets which support the cornice. Near the edge of the roof is placed a low parapet, hardly amounting to an architectural feature. The chimneys have this interesting Genoese custom of boldly climbing the slope of the roof to an angle, and there ending tamely in a chimney-pot. Picturesque in itself, it has also the unfortunate suggestion that when these sumptuous palaces were built warmth and comfort were much less thought of than splendor. •

This is an entire street of palaces, running off to our left, and nearly all of them belong to the same type. It is known now as the Via Garibaldi, and speaking palatially, it is the Grand Canal of Genoa. Many of them have famous courts, with a great display of columns and staircases and balustrades. They are in fact one of the chief sights of the city, and tell their plain tale of wealth and prosperity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Less romantic and less varied than the palaces of Venice, less expressive than those of Florence, these palatial homes of Genoa still have their interest, and are carefully studied by architects and students.

Over the nearer roofs a few church towers and unimportant domes appear above the general plane of house-tops. It is not unlike the history of Genoa, a level above which few great things rise into prominence,—no great work in art or letters or education, none of the inspiration of Florence, or of the charm of Venice; but a far-

reaching commerce, bold adventure, and the unending fascination of the sea, above all the Mediterranean.

Proceeding from our palace garden to the Piazza Manin, on very high ground at the eastern limits of the city, we descend into the stony valley of the Bisagno, a mountain-torrent, and following the stream for nearly a mile, we reach the suburb of Staglieno and the celebrated Campo Santo.

With interminable corridors, grouped about a central rotunda and its Doric portico, the Campo Santo is a very extensive cemetery of quite recent date. Large courts are enclosed within its cloistered walks, and isolated tombs climb up the steep hill behind.

98. *The Campo Santo, a Corridor.*

The long corridor is vaulted and divided by broad ribs, producing this vista of unnumbered arches. No monuments are permitted to obstruct the floor, which remains unbroken from end to end. Each "bay," or section of the corridor, contains one large tomb, with sculptures. Smaller memorials find their places against the piers. In general the architectural element in these monuments is thrust into the background, and sculpture reigns with an undisputed sway. This is in many respects unfortunate, especially if one recalls the supreme qualities of Michael Angelo's tombs, where sculptured figures and architectural framework are so obviously the fruit of a single genius.* Here the architect does little more than supply a pedestal, in a few massive blocks.

* See Nos. 42 and 75.

Again, if we had hoped to find in the Campo Santo of Genoa some memorials of its best age, or some historic works of art, we are doomed to disappointment, so completely modern is the whole cemetery. It is a gallery of Italian sculpture of the last generation, and can claim no higher place. And yet the traveler in a country so full of artistic memorials of the past, although he must concentrate his attention more or less completely upon the old masters, cannot but wish to know how far the art of the present moment in that country is still following the path of old tradition, and how far it has found new ways to achieve a development of its own. A stranger cannot hesitate between the Uffizi Gallery, and an exhibition of the paintings of the year, although, if less pressed for time, he might find many things to interest and instruct him in the latter.

So the Campi Santi of Florence and Milan and Rome bring before us an exhibit of what the new Italy is doing in sculpture. And here at Genoa, too, we must not look for evidences of a loving study either of the antique, or of the ablest works of the Renaissance. The revived classicism of Canova, which dominated Italian sculptors in so large a part of the nineteenth century, had passed away before this gallery of dead men and lively statues had been opened.

But every variety of taste is represented. This figure of Hope on our right, with outstretched arms and flying draperies, might faintly suggest the Samothracian Victory of the Louvre in her triumphant pose. Yet the superb vigor and intensity of that pagan goddess is hardly to be recognized in this earthly conception of the Christian virtue. Present-day tastes in Italian sculpture, however, are not conspicuous in this first monu-

ment, and scarcely reveal themselves except in the marble flowers at her feet.

The next tomb is surmounted by a bark with the familiar lateen sail of the Mediterranean. A youthful angel, with powerful wings, is furling the sail as the port of life is reached.

Busts and statues follow in endless succession, usually aiming to represent the departed with all possible realism. Great skill has been shown in details, but a broader sense of art, as something greater and more enduring than the whims of the fashion-plate, is often conspicuously absent. The lamented wife may be represented in an elaborate Parisian gown, which must grieve her soul, now that it is twenty or thirty years out of fashion. This is essentially a sculpture of clothes, in which ingenuity and skill have run riot in the effort to depict trimmings and laces and other vanities, empty enough in the presence of death.

But, whatever be the cause, it seems to be a universal observation that every people in the world, except the Greek, has shown its feebleness, and its most imperfect taste, whenever it came to perpetuate sorrow in marble, or even to give it a passing expression. Witness this long array of wreaths worked in glass beads, purple and white and black,—the invariable symptom of correct grief in the Latin countries. These do not quite exclude other wreaths, to be sure, but they hold the field. Here and there a photograph is displayed, as here on our right, below. And then there are the ribbons inscribed in letters of gold, and the many lamps to be lighted on All Souls (2d November),—the latter, at least, a venerable custom, to relieve the obtrusive modernness of all the rest.

On our return to the city, we follow the street of the palaces, the Via Garibaldi,* and on through several piazzas and a curving street into the Via Balbi, another of the principal thoroughfares, leading past the Royal Palace and the University, in the direction of the Columbus monument and the Railway Station.

99. *The Public Washing—A Street Scene.*

From the busy Via Balbi we look down into this cross-street, which descends rapidly to the arsenal and the inner harbor. It is only one of many such streets in the closest proximity to the chief arteries of the city, and the palaces of nobility, or even royalty. But this we have found to be a common feature of most Italian cities. The great and fashionable world is reminded daily in its life at home of the fact that the poorest are always at their elbows, just as in the churches the costliest garments are jostled by beggars. Very likely this familiar contact with rags has made the well-to-do Italian rather more indifferent to the poor, except as he tosses them an occasional *soldo*.

The street before us, however, does not represent the slums of Genoa. In fact the general impression is of a cleanliness at least comparative. Certainly water is near at hand, and supplied in abundance at the public washing-place under the iron shelter, down there on the lower level, in the shadow of the tall houses. And the industry of the women who have been working there is now proclaiming itself to the public in the light of the sun. Sheets picturesquely patched, hang like banners over the street, and garments of every sort are carried on ropes across from house to house. As it happens, the street is uncommonly wide, or there

* See No. 97.

would be less sunshine to hasten the removal of these familiar decorations.

Many things serve to remind us of Naples,* but the differences also are striking. First of all, these houses have no balconies. Flowers at the windows are few and far between, and one misses that varied assortment of all possible articles hanging against the wall. In general life seems less entertaining here, certainly far less vociferous. Children are not lacking, surely, but it would not be Italy at all, if they were few in number and sedate in behavior. We may well imagine these Genoese children to have a less intimate acquaintance with hunger and privation than the Neapolitan beggars. They are better dressed and more tidy in appearance. But they could scarcely claim to be so happy, or at least their happiness is not after the overflowing kind which fills the dingiest streets of Naples with human sunshine. The whole street seems well kept, and proud of its honest and law-abiding citizens. One may perhaps assume that the garments floating on the wind above do not quite represent the entire wardrobe of the inhabitants.

It is a bit of old Genoa, which could be matched by a hundred other streets, all more or less alike, none without some interest to the stranger, who treasures just such prosaic pictures in his mind, and finds them a useful corrective to an excess of sight-seeing, when he is tired of the great and striking things, and wishes to forsake palaces with their tawdry contents, and crowded galleries and churches, to make an excursion into real life, as it is to be found in just such a street as this. From such homes went forth the sailors who carried the Genoese flag all over the Mediterranean. And if we

* See Nos. 2, 3, and 5.

wish to form some idea of the Genoa which Christopher Columbus knew, we must forget all the palaces of a later age, restore those of an earlier date, and multiply such simple streets indefinitely. Add a few churches, and the busy harbor, and we have a picture—very imperfect, to be sure—of Genoa in the time of the great navigator. It was not in the city, apparently, that he was born, although his birthplace is somewhat obscure. Usually it has been supposed that the discoverer of the new world first saw the light at a village called Cogoleto, some fifteen miles west of Genoa. As a Genoese, however, he is claimed as the chief glory of the city of the sea, and in boyhood he must have known her streets intimately, with all their sights, from the unloading of the rich wares of the East, to the drying linen stretched from wall to wall.

The Via Balbi soon enters the Piazza Acquaverde, where the Columbus monument among its palm trees is the centre of attraction. Passing the Railway Station and the Doria Palace, we climb a hill above the railway to the Palazzo Scoglietto (Rosazza) and its gardens.

100. *Genoa from the Rosazza Gardens.*

We are facing the southeast, and looking directly over the inner harbor to the older quarter of the city.

It is not the picturesque view which we enjoyed from the dreamy palace garden on the height.* This is the busy seaport, displaying to us its quays and crowded harbor, its spreading warehouses, and in the foreground the railway, with tracks enough to suggest the volume

* See No. 97.

of the traffic,—and to spoil any landscape. Even the picturesque roofs and rococo tower of this church below us fail to redeem the scene. Following the railway the triangular building in the distance on the left is the custom-house. Those directly beyond belong to the arsenal. To the right of the custom-house a long quay, covered with warehouses, projects into the harbor. There the largest steamers lie, while discharging their passengers. From that quay we shall soon take our departure from Genoa and Italy, by a steamer which has not yet arrived.

All this nearer portion of the harbor seems quite covered with shipping,—white steamships and black, large and small, liners and “tramps.” Over these vessels long rows of houses curving to the right mark the line of the principal water-front, the Via Carlo Alberto, and its continuation under other names. It is the busiest part of Genoa, alive with sailors of every nationality, as it has been from time immemorial. A relic of former commercial greatness still exists in the building of the old Bank of St. George, which was for generations the one stable institution in Genoa, with a position which one can only compare with that of the East India Company. Its palace now serves other ends, but still witnesses to the importance of what was once among the foremost banks in the world. It lies directly opposite us on the water-front, next to the long row of white bonded warehouses.

On the right the mass of indistinguishable roofs rises to one conspicuous dome and two towers,—the church of *S. Maria in Carignano*, on a height one hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. It is an obvious imitation of the older plan of St. Peter's at Rome.

The tower of the cathedral is more difficult to find, among the roofs above the bonded warehouses, to the right of the *Banca di S. Giorgio*, beneath that mountain headland which juts out into the sea, far away in the distance,—the limit of our vision along the Eastern Riviera.

On the left a nearer mountain of almost exactly similar outline forms a background for the higher quarters of the city, where tall modern houses endeavor to conceal the gardens of that favored region. The older palaces with their characteristic roofs lie at a lower level, and are lost in this distant view.

Such is Genoa from the harbor side,—a city which contributed by its extensive commerce to the knowledge of the East and the refinement of the West; and won a great place in history as the rival, first of Pisa, and then of Venice; although the latter had all the advantages of situation, while Genoa was exposed to every attack, and more certain to be entangled in foreign affairs. If Venice boasts of her Dandolo and Marco Polo, Genoa may match the former with the great Andrea Doria, and eclipse the latter's travels in Cathay with the discoveries of her Christopher Columbus.

Our old-world journey has thus brought us face to face with the new. Both in history and in present-day realities no Mediterranean port has closer ties with the two Americas than has Genoa. And surely in all our wanderings through famous scenes, nothing has impressed us so much as the continuity of all things historic,—that there is no great gulf fixed between our modern civilization and that which flourished in the old Greek cities—such as Pæstum—or at Pompeii, or Rome itself, and even on this mountainous coast

of Liguria; that the middle ages, as we recalled them at Florence and Venice, are after all not far behind us; that the very closest and most intimate bonds unite us with the Italy of the Renaissance and the age of discovery. Never again can we think that a few centuries of time constitute a real barrier between the men of other days, or their works, and ourselves. As the Mediterranean or the Atlantic, they may be able to separate by what seems to be a vast distance, but in the truer view of things, the centuries themselves are the waters of a navigable sea, daily traversed in safety and with untold profit, by the craft of every cultivated nation.

THE END

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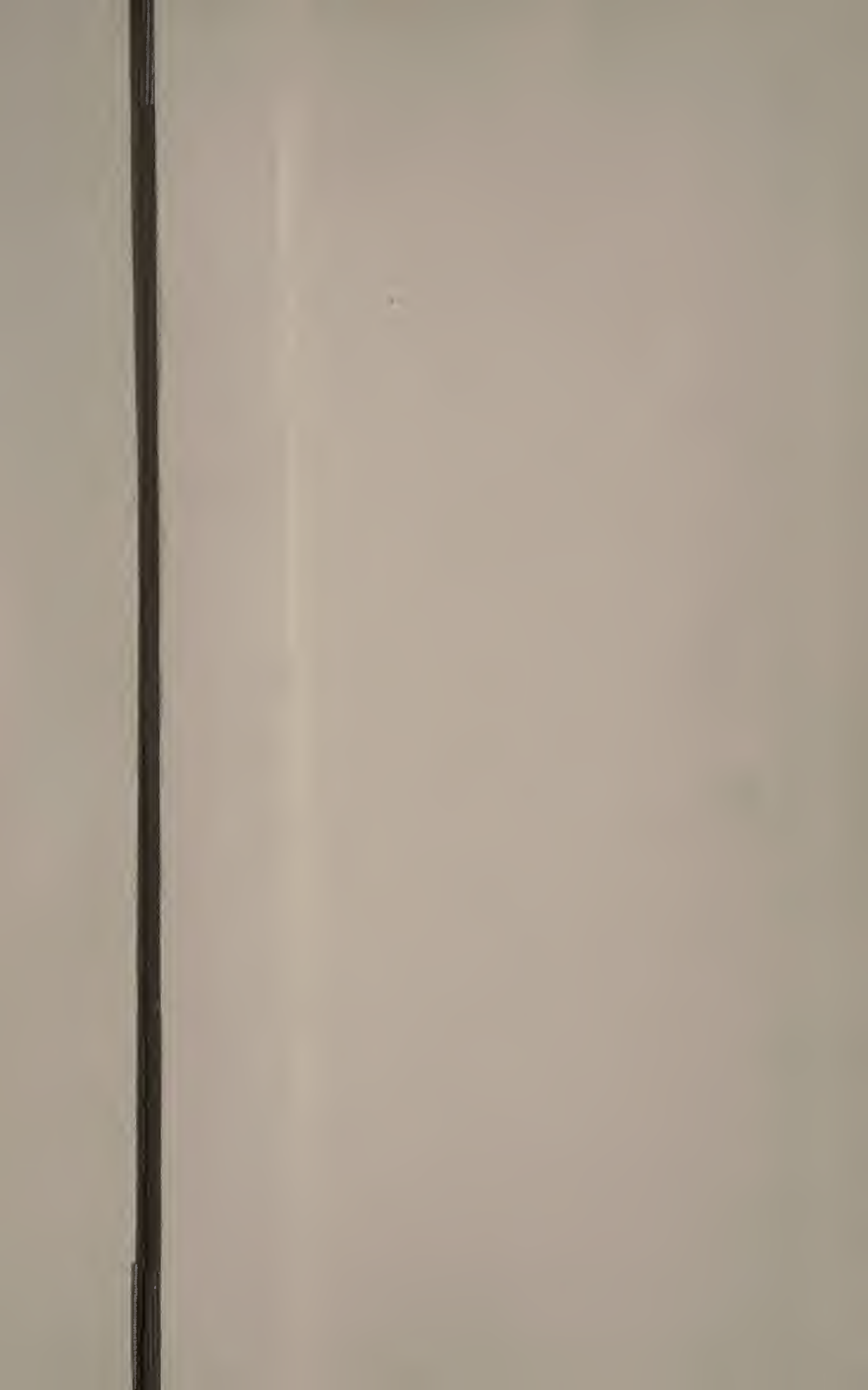
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